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SCENE—A Glade in the New Forest. *Mr. PUNCH discovered seated under the spreading boughs of a tree, with only TOBY and a tankard for "the best of all good companies."*

Mr. Punch (sings). "Under the greenwood tree,
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,

"Come hither, come hither, come hither;
Here shall he see
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather."

A Voice. More, more, I pr'ythee, more!

Mr. Punch. What, my fine, fantastical, forest-haunting moraliser, my BURTON in trunk-hose, my well-beloved Melancholy JAKUES, is it you? Welcome, I say, welcome! Though surely you have lost your way, like other rambling ruminants, for this is the New Forest, not the Forest of Arden, and it is—or was lately—haunted, not by the gentle Duke and his comrades, but by the fat Knight—him of Malwood, not of Windsor or Eastcheap—and his Grand Old Guest.

Jakues. 'Tis a far cry from Arden to Hawarden, and he who would devote holiday hours in mid-June to railways, not ruminating, to perorating, not placidity, is scarce a man to my mind. "He is too disputable for my company."

Mr. Punch. Why, verily, your maxim, "'Tis good to be sad and say nothing," would hardly commend itself to WILLIAM the un-Silent. Now I am taking it easy, under the shade of boughs not melancholy in their beautiful June leafiness, but "far from the madding crowd," and from Parliament, Morning Papers, the Special Commission, Portland Weddings, and all other forms of modish plagues and palaver.

Jakues. The wiser you. You are the latter-day TOUCHSTONE of this bosky wilderness, "a rare fellow, good at anything, who uses his folly like a stalking-horse, and, under the presentation of that, shoots his wit."

Mr. Punch. Well, well, you need not be shot standing. Pr'ythee be seated, JAKUES, if—if you are not hindered, like MARLEY's spectre, by circumstances beyond your control; and drink—if there's a passage in your ghostly throat.

Jakues. For this cool tippie—yes. Iced Champagne Cup was not known in Arden; 'tis one thing in which you have the better of us. Could the hungry and angry ORLANDO now rush in upon our feast, he might almost be excused for some "strong enforcement" in his resolve to share it.

Mr. Punch. We have our Orlandos yet, JAKUES.

"The thorny point
Of bare distress hath ta'en from them the show
Of smooth civility."

But they are to be found in City slums rather than in woodland glades, and would muster menacingly in Trafalgar Square rather than in a forest opening. Poor souls! they need my genial ministrations.

"Invest me in my motley; give me leave
To speak my mind, and I will through and through
Cleanse the foul body of th' infected world,
If they will patiently receive my medicine."

Dost remember the words, JAKUES?

Jaques. Ay, and the chiding which they earned me from the good Duke. Dukes do not chide *you*, meseems.

Mr. Punch. They durst not; though sometimes I chide them, when, *par exemple*, they snub our young Volunteers, block our City ways, or make mere impassable middens of our markets.

Jaques. Happy autocrat! You have that for which I yearned when I said—

"I must have liberty
Withal, as large a charter as the wind,
To blow on whom I please."

Mr. Punch. Nay, not so happy either—always. I was thinking, when you appeared, of the myriads of misery-stricken creatures, "in populous city pent," to whom one peep of this green, purple-pied glade would be as a glimpse of heaven, yet to whom callous capitalists, harpy-landlords, jerry-builders, and sweaters, aided half-consciously by selfish swells and lax legislators, would deny the breathing-room of a few "open spaces."

Jaques. Is't so, indeed? There is matter in that for much musing.

Mr. Punch. And more action. You, mine ancient Motley-wearer, mused too much, and too much moralised. The fool in the forest, who sat and railed on Lady Fortune in good set terms, was perhaps hardly less wise, or less useful, than the mock-melancholy Court-Gentleman who flouted him.

Jaques. Well chidden, in faith. I hope the Dukes, and other peccant personages, relish the style of your chastening!

Mr. Punch. Sir, I am but lately back from the huge Paris Show, the sky-soaring Tower, the square miles of marvels, the ant-like myriads of swarming sight-seers. And now I am—save for your presence and my faithful TOBY—alone in the forest. And there as here, here as there, my thoughts are with the toil-tied millions for whose bleared eyes are no "sights" whether of sweet Nature or wonder-working Art. The pent-up forces of grinding poverty are as the unseen lava underlying all this glad world of greenery, and all that social world of grandeur. There, JACQUES, is a theme after your own heart,—but which I must treat after mine own manner.

Jaques. Proceed! proceed! I do love melancholy better than laughing.

Mr. Punch. So do not I. Like ROSALIND, "I had rather have a fool to make me merry than experience to make me sad"—moonily and purposelessly sad. 'Tis not melancholy mooniness or aimless mordancy that will make the World patiently receive the medicine of the Motley Moralists, my JACQUES.

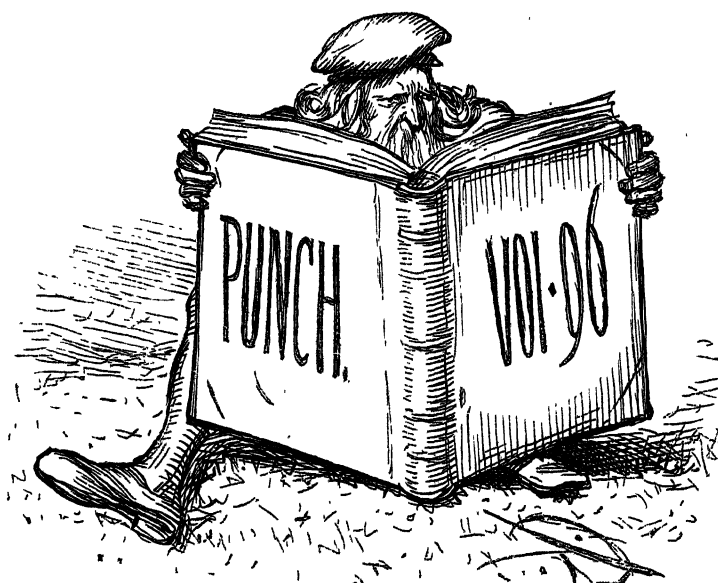
Jaques. How then, O rarer fellow than TOUCHSTONE, commend you the chalice of your wisdom to the lips of folly?

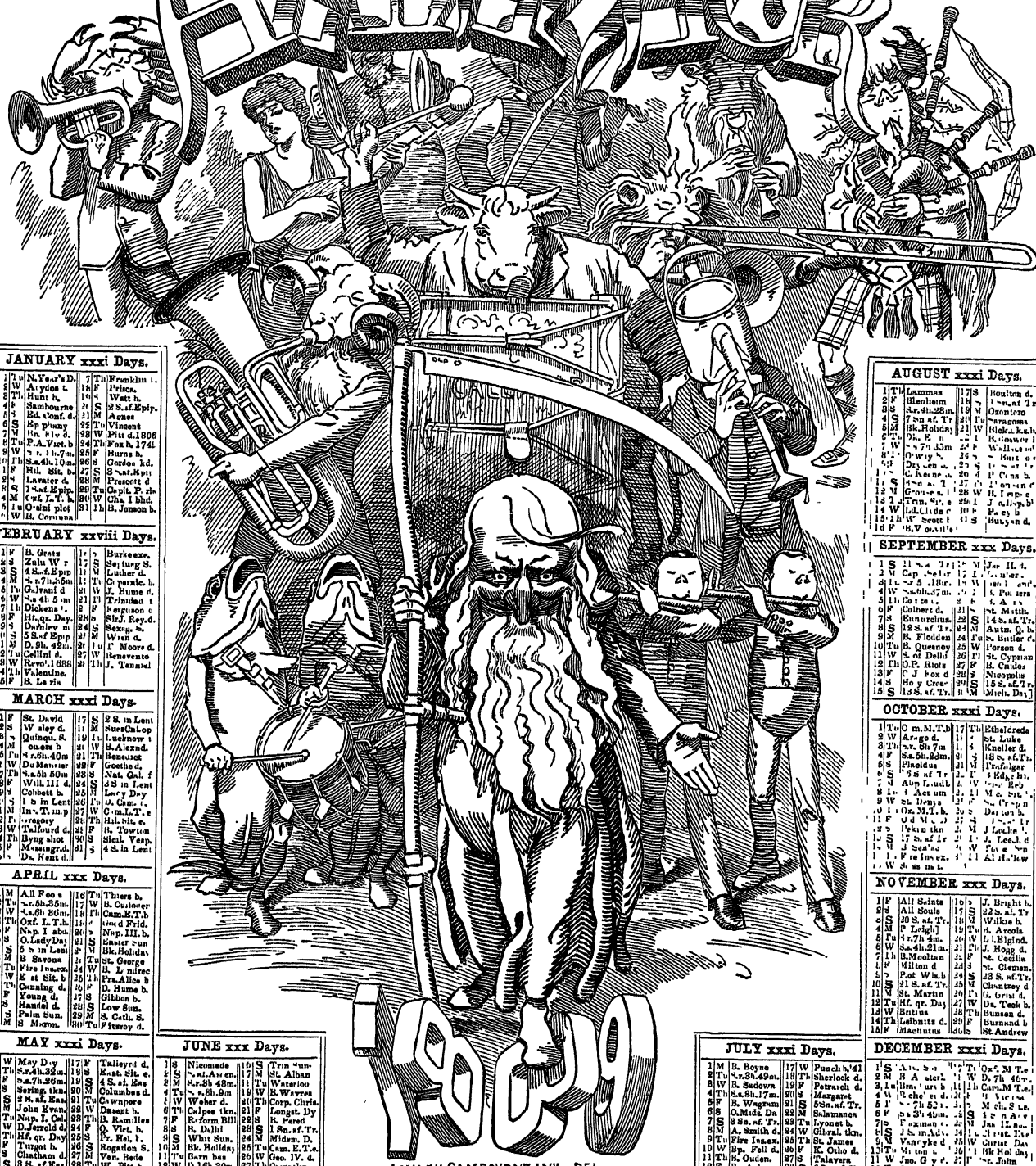
Mr. Punch. Not with infusion of rue or savour of sorrel. Like this "Cup," which you seem so to appreciate, the tonic draught of the Motley teacher should be cool, not fiery, piquant indeed, but not all tarts and bitters.

Jaques. "I pr'ythee, pretty youth (for, in faith, despite years, you are both youthful and pretty), let me be better acquainted with thee," I would know more of the greatest of Motley Moralists and his mode.

Mr. Punch. Verily? Then 'twere churlish to refuse you. I must now be off to London instantan. But I'll leave you my quintessential self for society in these sweet forest ways. You'll find it better worth ruminating upon than the dial-bearing fool, or even the poor wounded deer. It contains my wisdom and illustrates its modus. If ever you're tempted again into town ways, and care to turn up at my Fleet Street Sanctum, you shall be welcomed. Meanwhile, for cheering and edifying companionship, I leave you my

Ninety-Sixth Volume!





JANUARY xxxi Days.

1	W	N. Year's D.	7	Th	Franklin i.
2	W	Adyos t.	10	F	Price.
3	W	Hunt h.	14	F	Watt h.
4	F	Sambourne	20	S	S. of Epip.
5	F	Ed. Conf. d.	21	M	M
6	S	Kn. p. v.	22	W	Vincent
7	S	F. A. Viet. b.	23	W	Pitt d. 1806
8	W	1. 1. 7m.	24	Th	Fox h. 1741
9	Th	1. 1. 1. 7m.	25	Th	Hurns h.
10	F	Hil. S. 1. 7m.	26	S	Gordon c.
11	F	L. 1. 7m.	27	M	N. A. K. p. 11
12	F	Lat. 1. 7m.	28	S	Prescott
13	S	1. 1. 7m.	29	W	Copley
14	S	1. 1. 7m.	30	Th	1. 1. 7m.
15	W	O. 1. 7m.	31	Th	B. Jenson h.
16	W	Hil. S. 1. 7m.			

FEBRUARY xxviii Days.

1 F	B. Gratz	17	Burke, ex.
2 S	Zulu W r	17	Sturgis S.
3 S	42.4. Epip	17	Lauch d.
4 M	4.2.7.1.6m	17	C. Pernie. h.
6 I	Galvani d	18	J. Hume d.
6 I	4.4.4.5 m.	21	Trinidad t
7 W	Dickens "	21	Ferguson a
9 F	Ht. q. Day.	24	Str. Rey. d.
9 S	Darwin m	24	Seign. "
10 S	5 S. Epip.	24	Wren d.
11 M	D. Sil. 42m.	24	J. Moore d.
12 U	Cellini d.	27	Ikenavento
18 W	Rev. 1.688	27	J. Tenniel
14 H	Valentine.		
15 F	B. Le zin		

MARCH **xxi** Days.

1	F	St. David	17	S	28. in Lent
2	S	W. aley d	18	M	NuesChap
3	S	Quincke, R.	19	L	Lucnow
4	M	Fu	20	F	B. Alexand.
5	F	4 r. 6 h. 40 m	21	Th	Benevol
6	W	Manwiler	22	F	Goethe d.
7	W	4. 30 h 50 m	23	F	Nat. Gal. f.
8	F	W. H. I. d	24	S	33 in Lent
9	F	Coburn	25	F	Lucy Dry
10	S	4 h in Lent	26	Th	U. G. M. t.
11	M	In. T. in p.	27	Th	M. M. T. e.
12	F	Gregory	28	W	Hil. M. t.
13	W	Talford d.	29	F	h. Towson
14	Th	Byng shot	30	Th	Sigil. Vesp.
15	F	Maningr. d.	31	S	43 in Lent
16	F	D. Kent d.			

APRIL xxx Days.

1 M	A. F. Foa	16 Tu	Thiers b.
2 W	W. S. S. S.	17 W	B. Customer
3 Th	W. S. S. S.	18 Th	Cam. E. T. H.
4 Fr	Ox. L. P. H.	19 Fr	cius d. Frid.
5 Sa	N. T. ab.	20 Sa	Pop. III. b.
6 Su	O. Lady Day	21 Su	Emster un
7 M	S. in Lenz	22 M	Bk. Holida
8 Tu	B. Savona	23 Tu	St. George
9 W	Pire Inver	24 W	S. L. ndre
10 Th	S. St. b.	25 Th	Fr. Alice b
11 Fr	Ganning d.	26 Fr	D. Hume b
12 Sa	Young d.	27 Sa	Gibben b.
13 Su	Hamel d.	28 Su	Low Sun.
14 M	Palin Sun.	29 M	S. Cath. S.
15 Tu	S. Myron.	30 Tu	T. Stroy d.

MAY xxi Days.

1	W	May Day	17	F	Talleyrd d.
2	S	S. & S. 3d.	18	S	E-st. St. e.
3	F	S. & S. 7d. 30m.	19	S	S. & S. 1k.
4	S	S. & S. 1k.	20	S	Columbs d.
5	S	S. & S. 1k.	21	T	St. Ignace
6	M	John Ewan	22	F	Dan. & S.
7	T	Nap. I. Col.	23	T	B. McMillen
8	W	D. Jerrold d.	24	F	O. Vint. b.
9	T	H. f. cr. Day	25	S	R. Hal. i.
10	F	T. Turgo b.	26	S	Rogation S.
11	S	Clincham d.	27	M	Ven. Beide
12	S	S. & S. 1k.	28	W	W. Pitts h.
13	M	O. May Day	29	W	Chas. Liles.
14	M	Grattan d.	30	T	Ascen. Day
15	T	St. Comm'd d.	31	F	Canton th.
16	T	H. A. Buzena			

JUNE xxx Days.

1 S	Nicomede	16 S	Trin Yun
2 M	* A. A. en	17 M	St. Alban
3 M	* R. 23 48m.	11 Tu	Waterloo
4 Tu	* S. 21.9m	19 W	B. Waves
5 W	Weher d.	20 Th	Corp. Chris.
6 Th	Colpee tch	21 F	Longf. Dy
7 F	R-form Bill	22 S	B. Fared
8 S	R. Dyllis	23 M	1. Sn. st. Tr.
9 S	Whit Sun.	24 M	Midm. d.
10 M	K. Haldy.	25 Tu	Cam. E. T. E.
11 Tu	Barn has	26 W	Gov. IV. d.
12 W	D 16h. 30m	27 Th	Carrokin.
13 Th	Hastrg. hhd.	28 F	O. Vic. Cr.
14 F	B. Nesity	29 S	St. Peter
15 S	Mag Charta	30 S	2 Sn. st. Tr.

JULY **xxxi** Days.

1	M	B. Boyne	17	W	Punch b. 41
2	W	4. S. 39m.	18	T	Sherlock d.
3	W	7. Sadova	19	P	Petrarch d.
4	T	8. S. 17m.	20	S	Margaret
5	F	B. Wagram	21	S	55m. of Tr.
6	S	O. Mida. Da	22	M	Salamanca
7	T	38s. of Tr.	23	T	Luyonet b.
8	A	A. Smith d.	24	W	Gibral. tunc
9	T	Fire Insex.	25	T	St. James
10	W	Bp. Fell d.	26	F	K. Ocho d.
11	K	H. Ouden.	27	S	Talavera
12	F	B. Aguirre	28	A	68m. of Tr.
13	S	D. Orina. c.	29	M	B. Baylan
14	T	48m. of Tr.	30	W	W. Penn d.
15	M	48. Swithin	31	W	G. Pe se d.

AUGUST ~~xxxi~~ Days

1	T	Lammus	17	S	Houlton d.
2	S	Blenheim	18	W	W. of A.
3	S	S. d. 28 m.	19	M	Oxonero
4	M	7 m. at Tr	20	W	aragona
5	M	Sk. Holiday	21	W	Blek. K. K.
6	W	On. E. N.	22	W	R. H. H. W.
7	W	7 m. 30 m.	23	W	W. H. H. W.
8	W	O. W. Y.	24	W	H. H. H. W.
9	W	Dryden	25	W	H. H. H. W.
10	W	C. K. H. H.	26	W	C. K. H. H.
11	S	W. H. H.	27	W	C. K. H. H.
12	M	G. H. H.	28	W	H. H. H. W.
13	W	T. H. H.	29	W	H. H. H. W.
14	W	L. H. H.	30	W	H. H. H. W.
15	W	W. H. H.	31	S	H. H. H. W.

SEPTEMBER xxx Days.

1	S	11	a	T	M	Jan. 11, 4.
2	M	Cap. Bel	17			" n'er.
3	M	25	Bur.	14	W	Jan. 11, 4.
4	W	Abbot	7			Poulsen
5	L	Gothe	2			A. A.
6	F	Colbert	21			St. Math.
7	S	Eunuchus	12			14. a. af. Tr.
8	S	12. a. af. Tr.	43			Autn. Q. b.
9	M	B. Flodden	14			St. Butler
10	Tu	B. Queensy	15			P. orson d.
11	W	S. of Delhi	36			St. Cyprian
12	Th	O. P. Riots	27			B. Cindos
13	F	C. J. of D.	28			Nicopolis
14	S	H. of Cross	39			15. a. af. Tr.
15	S	13. a. af. Tr.	4			Miel. Dan.

OCTOBER xxxi Days.

1	T.	C m. M. T. b.	17	T.	Etheldreda
2	W.	Argeo d.	18	S.	St. Luke
3	T.	v. r. 6i 7m	19	S.	Kneller d.
4	P.	S. a. 5h. 3dm.	20	S.	18 s. of Tr.
5	S.	Phelidus	21	W.	Tragifer
6	S.	5 s of Tr	22	S.	5 Edge h.
7	S.	Alp L. udb	23	W.	Trag. Reb
8	W.	1 Aes um	24	S.	M. c. Tit.
9	W.	St. Demys	25	S.	Tr. Tr. n
10	S.	10x. M. T. b.	26	S.	Don t. u. b.
11	F.	10x. M. T. b.	27	S.	10x. M. T. b.
12	S.	10x. M. T. b.	28	S.	10x. M. T. b.
13	S.	10x. M. T. b.	29	S.	10x. M. T. b.
14	S.	10x. M. T. b.	30	S.	10x. M. T. b.
15	S.	10x. M. T. b.	31	S.	10x. M. T. b.
16	S.	10x. M. T. b.	32	S.	10x. M. T. b.
17	S.	10x. M. T. b.	33	S.	10x. M. T. b.
18	S.	10x. M. T. b.	34	S.	10x. M. T. b.
19	S.	10x. M. T. b.	35	S.	10x. M. T. b.
20	S.	10x. M. T. b.	36	S.	10x. M. T. b.
21	S.	10x. M. T. b.	37	S.	10x. M. T. b.
22	S.	10x. M. T. b.	38	S.	10x. M. T. b.
23	S.	10x. M. T. b.	39	S.	10x. M. T. b.
24	S.	10x. M. T. b.	40	S.	10x. M. T. b.
25	S.	10x. M. T. b.	41	S.	10x. M. T. b.
26	S.	10x. M. T. b.	42	S.	10x. M. T. b.
27	S.	10x. M. T. b.	43	S.	10x. M. T. b.
28	S.	10x. M. T. b.	44	S.	10x. M. T. b.
29	S.	10x. M. T. b.	45	S.	10x. M. T. b.
30	S.	10x. M. T. b.	46	S.	10x. M. T. b.
31	S.	10x. M. T. b.	47	S.	10x. M. T. b.
32	S.	10x. M. T. b.	48	S.	10x. M. T. b.
33	S.	10x. M. T. b.	49	S.	10x. M. T. b.
34	S.	10x. M. T. b.	50	S.	10x. M. T. b.
35	S.	10x. M. T. b.	51	S.	10x. M. T. b.
36	S.	10x. M. T. b.	52	S.	10x. M. T. b.
37	S.	10x. M. T. b.	53	S.	10x. M. T. b.
38	S.	10x. M. T. b.	54	S.	10x. M. T. b.
39	S.	10x. M. T. b.	55	S.	10x. M. T. b.
40	S.	10x. M. T. b.	56	S.	10x. M. T. b.
41	S.	10x. M. T. b.	57	S.	10x. M. T. b.
42	S.	10x. M. T. b.	58	S.	10x. M. T. b.
43	S.	10x. M. T. b.	59	S.	10x. M. T. b.
44	S.	10x. M. T. b.	60	S.	10x. M. T. b.
45	S.	10x. M. T. b.	61	S.	10x. M. T. b.
46	S.	10x. M. T. b.	62	S.	10x. M. T. b.
47	S.	10x. M. T. b.	63	S.	10x. M. T. b.
48	S.	10x. M. T. b.	64	S.	10x. M. T. b.
49	S.	10x. M. T. b.	65	S.	10x. M. T. b.
50	S.	10x. M. T. b.	66	S.	10x. M. T. b.
51	S.	10x. M. T. b.	67	S.	10x. M. T. b.
52	S.	10x. M. T. b.	68	S.	10x. M. T. b.
53	S.	10x. M. T. b.	69	S.	10x. M. T. b.
54	S.	10x. M. T. b.	70	S.	10x. M. T. b.
55	S.	10x. M. T. b.	71	S.	10x. M. T. b.
56	S.	10x. M. T. b.	72	S.	10x. M. T. b.
57	S.	10x. M. T. b.	73	S.	10x. M. T. b.
58	S.	10x. M. T. b.	74	S.	10x. M. T. b.
59	S.	10x. M. T. b.	75	S.	10x. M. T. b.
60	S.	10x. M. T. b.	76	S.	10x. M. T. b.
61	S.	10x. M. T. b.	77	S.	10x. M. T. b.
62	S.	10x. M. T. b.	78	S.	10x. M. T. b.
63	S.	10x. M. T. b.	79	S.	10x. M. T. b.
64	S.	10x. M. T. b.	80	S.	10x. M. T. b.
65	S.	10x. M. T. b.	81	S.	10x. M. T. b.
66	S.	10x. M. T. b.	82	S.	10x. M. T. b.
67	S.	10x. M. T. b.	83	S.	10x. M. T. b.
68	S.	10x. M. T. b.	84	S.	10x. M. T. b.
69	S.	10x. M. T. b.	85	S.	10x. M. T. b.
70	S.	10x. M. T. b.	86	S.	10x. M. T. b.
71	S.	10x. M. T. b.	87	S.	10x. M. T. b.
72	S.	10x. M. T. b.	88	S.	10x. M. T. b.
73	S.	10x. M. T. b.	89	S.	10x. M. T. b.
74	S.	10x. M. T. b.	90	S.	10x. M. T. b.
75	S.	10x. M. T. b.	91	S.	10x. M. T. b.
76	S.	10x. M. T. b.	92	S.	10x. M. T. b.
77	S.	10x. M. T. b.	93	S.	10x. M. T. b.
78	S.	10x. M. T. b.	94	S.	10x. M. T. b.
79	S.	10x. M. T. b.	95	S.	10x. M. T. b.
80	S.	10x. M. T. b.	96	S.	10x. M. T. b.
81	S.	10x. M. T. b.	97	S.	10x. M. T. b.
82	S.	10x. M. T. b.	98	S.	10x. M. T. b.
83	S.	10x. M. T. b.	99	S.	10x. M. T. b.
84	S.	10x. M. T. b.	100	S.	10x. M. T. b.

NOVEMBER xxx Days

1	F	All Saints	16	3	J. Bright b.
2	S	All Souls	17	3	22 S. af. Tr
3	M	30 S. af. Tr.	18	3	Wilkie b.
4	M	P Leigh	19	T	Arcola
5	Fu	4 r. 7 h 4 m.	20	T	L. L. Lind
6	Fu	3 s. 4 h. 21 m.	21	F	J. Hogg d.
7	H	B. Mooltan	22	F	st Cecilia
8	F	Wilton d.	23	S	st. Clemens
9	F	Pot W. b.	24	S	23 S. af. Tr.
10	M	31 S. af. Tr.	25	S	Chantry d.
11	M	St. Martin	26	F	G. Grist d.
12	Tu	Hf. gr. Day	27	T	D. Teck b.
13	W	Erasmus	28	Th	Bunsen d.
14	Th	Leibnitz d.	29	F	Burnard b.
15	F	Machutus	30	S	St Andrew

DECEMBER xxxi Days

1	S	A. W. S.	4	T	Ox. M. T.
2	M	H. A. Ster.	5	W	D. 7h 46r.
3	L	U. M. S.	6	L	Car. M. T.
4	W	R. Che. E. d.	7	W	V. C. S.
5	W	7h 52.1	8	M	Ch. S. L.
6	F	3.34.45m.	9	S	2. N. A.
7	F	Ex. m. d.	10	M	J. A. L.
8	S	W. in. d.	11	L	1. N. A.
9	M	V. m. d.	12	W	Ch. S. L.
10	T	M. T. S.	13	F	H. M. d.
11	W	J. G. Y.	14	T	S. John
12	F	C. C. S.	15	T	In. C.
13	T	L. S.	16	S	in. C.
14	S	P. C. S.	17	M	P. S. S.
15	S	3. A. W.	18	T	enter

LINLEY SAMBOVRNE, INV. DEL.

TIME AND TUNE.

(By the Monster Zodiac Band.)



The Mayberds enjoyed their Trip on the Continent immensely this Summer, the only drawback being their ignorance of the Language.
Mrs. Mayberd (to her Sister). "I WISH ALICE WOULD TRY AND PICK UP A LITTLE GERMAN. SHE'S VERY CLEVER, AND IT WOULD BE SO PLEASANT TO—" *Aunt Jemima (single).* "GOOD GRACIOUS, JANE! WHAT ARE YOU THINKING OF!? I HOPE TO GOODNESS SHE WON'T. A NICE RESPECTABLE YOUNG ENGLISHMAN'S WORTH A DOZEN OF 'EM!" [Shows what she was thinking of.]

MASTER TOMMYS DOMESTIC ECONOMIES.

How to Supply the House with a Cheap Hydraulic Lift.—It being understood that the house is provided with a well staircase, fasten a pulley to the skylight, and over this pass a stout two-inch rope, to one end of which you have fastened a five-foot bath, and to the other the butler's tray, taking care that it is long enough to reach from the top to the bottom. Having landed your bath on the fifth story, proceed to fill it from the adjacent cistern. Now make the page-boy, who is about to take five o'clock tea to the drawing-room, take his place in the butler's tray in the hall, and your



AT A SMOKING CONCERT.—*Basso.* "YES; I'VE JUST BOUGHT A CAPITAL ESTATE IN SURREY. JOIN OUR PARTY? SHOOTING OVER A THOUSAND ACRES!" *Flute (modestly).* "A THOUSAND ACRES? OH, I SHOULD NEVER BE ABLE TO HIT AT THAT DISTANCE!"

bath by this time being fully weighted with water, suddenly detach it from its position. It will rapidly descend, and, emptying itself with a crash on the pavement beneath, jerk the page-boy up to the fifth floor, where, letting go his tea-things, he will find himself clinging for safety to the outside of the balusters. Your Uncle, entering the house at this moment, and finding the water in his hall over his ankles, upon your briefly explaining the apparatus to him, will not fail to admit that, though it is not quite in satisfactory working order, you have at least supplied his premises with a cheap hydraulic lift.

DIES NON.—Night.



LIKA JOKO'S PANTOMIME.—The Haunt of the Demon Sweater.

JANVARY.
JANVS & FATHER-CHRONOS



MARCH. ÆOLVS

A CLASSIC CALENDAR; OR, MYTHS FOR THE MONTHS.

APRIL
DANAE & GOLDEN SHOWERS



A CLASSIC CALENDAR; OR, MYTHS FOR THE MONTHS.

ANECDOTAGE FOR THE MONTHS.

JANUARY.—On the 27th, in 1859, the present German Emperor was born. Consequently he is thirty years old. So many anecdotes have been told of His Majesty, that it is difficult to find a new one. However, it may be interesting to note that the Emperor, about ten years ago, when he was staying in Sydney, New South Wales, during his honeymoon, was presented by the German residents of that place with a musical box, which played only one tune. On learning this, he turned round, and smilingly observed to a courtier, "This may be well called a musical box, as we can never visit it for a *change of air!*" The German residents of Sydney laughed at the witticism, but never forgave the sarcasm.

HOW TO TAKE AN EGG.—*Cum grano sat.*

ODE BY AN ELDERLY GENTLEMAN.

(An Apology to an Omnibus Conductor.)

THE Omnibus is crammed,
We passengers are jammed
Extremely close together.

One more it can't contain.

'Tis coming on to rain;
Raw chill and cold the weather;

Or may be or may not,
Therof is broiling hot,
Whereas the interior's shady.

Room? None, Conductor; no.

"Will any Gentleman go

Outside to oblige a Lady?"

Oblige her? Wish I could,

How willingly I would

Accept your invitation;



Though I don't see the way
How she could e'er repay
That weighty obligation.

A Lady in the case,
Of course I should give place,
With pleasure, were I stronger.

Once I could scale a cliff,
But, now my limbs are stiff,
Can climb a 'bus no longer.

So, be the damsel fair,
Stout matron, old maid spare,
Or beauty past her heyday,
I must decline to ride
Your Omnibus outside,
Although "to oblige a Lady."

ANECDOTAGE FOR THE MONTHS.

FEBRUARY.—On the 18th of the month, the late CHARLES LAMB was born as long ago as 1775. Had he lived until now, he would have reached the ripe old age of 114, which would have certainly been a prolonged life for a Lamb, or, if it comes to that (to quote Dr. JOHNSON), for a sheep either. On the 9th (in 1567) DARNLEY was murdered, and just twenty years afterwards (on the 8th, in 1587) poor MARY, Queen of Scots, was beheaded. It is only just to the memory of Queen ELIZABETH, to assert that the cruel jest ascribed to Her Majesty that "she had cut off her cousin's head to prove to the world that she had one," is supposed to have been invented some years before either Queen's birth, by WILL SOMERS, King HENRY VIII.'s reputed jester.



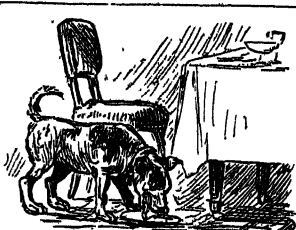
A VESTED INTEREST.

Bystander (to excited Scot, whose Friend had been run over). "NOT A NEAR RELATIVE, I HOPE, SIR."
Scot. "NA—BUT—HE HAS ON A PAIR O' MA BREEKS!"

MASTER TOMMY'S DOMESTIC ECONOMIES.

How to save your friends the expense of a visit to the Dentist's.—Get your aunt to ask some young people to tea, and having looked out an old pair of pincers, a corkscrew, some hairpins, a pair of nutcrackers, some charcoal tongs, and other useful odds and ends of the same kind, place them on a little table in the back-study, facing the window of which you have arranged a roomy arm chair. Having everything prepared, get the young people into the room, and locking the door, make one of the ROBINSON girls sit down and open her mouth. As soon as she has done this, seize upon one of her teeth with the pincers. Now tug. You will probably be rewarded with an extraction. Having operated on all the company in turns, with more or less success, you can now let them out, to return to their respec-

tive Mammass, who, though you may have not taken out the right teeth, will be bound to admit that, as you have done it for nothing, you have certainly saved them the expense of a visit to the Dentist's.



Over the "Left."

ANECDOTAGE FOR THE MONTHS.

MARCH.—On the 3rd of the month, in 1848, LOUIS PHILIPPE fled to England, where at first he was treated with some discourtesy. On learning that the name of his landing-place was Dover, he observed, "I am not surprised to find that this is Dover, as I do not admire its Folks' tone!" As LOUIS PHILIPPE did not speak a word of English, this ingenious and agreeable sally is worthy of recollection.

A CANVAS-BACKED DUCK.—The likeliest candidate to gain an election.



LIKA JOKO'S PANTOMIME.—The Home of the Fairy Queen.

EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF A DYSPEPTIC.

January 1.—Another dreary weary year to be lived through! Oh, to be done with it all! Got as far as Club in afternoon. Walked home despairing of Humanity. Considerable pain in epigastrium. *Query—internal!*

February 14.—Pairing time. No one pairs with Me! My doom to drag through the melancholy days unloved, uncared-for, alone! Remember passage in some poet—forget whom and exact lines—but to effect that the entire animal creation, down to the very rabbits, had a mate, with the single exception of the poet himself. Pathetic idea, and my own case exactly. Fortunately, I hold *all* women in secret contempt. Too depressed for regular luncheon, but snatched a Bath bun and some ginger ale at Confectioner's. Wished I was dead several times on way home.

28.—Dined with the GREENS. Took in SABINA. Was it fancy—or did she betray a passing emotion when I mentioned incidentally that I did not think I should live to see the Spring? SABINA distinctly a nice girl. Pretty, too—when she has that shy sympathetic look. But what is all that to *me*? Very fair dinner—oyster-patties especially good, but unwell all night.

March.—East winds. Blight in the air—and in my heart! What offensive worms are the majority of the people one meets—in the streets, nothing but hideous and malignant faces—nowhere a kindly look meets mine—how I hate the world! Call on the GREENS. Long talk with SABINA. Described my lonely lot, the singular fact that no woman's lips have ever yet murmured in my ears the confession that I was beloved. Had not intended to lead up to it—but somehow find myself engaged on coming away. She is a charming girl—but it is rather sudden. An engagement must make some difference in a man's life, and I hate changes. Melancholy presentiment, which I can't shake off, that Love will bring no happiness to Me. Possibly weather. Who can be blithe and hopeful without blue sky, and warmth, and the blessed sunshine?

April.—Still engaged to SABINA. The mockery of cloudless skies, and soft breezes, when there is no Spring in the heart. Cucumbers in season again. Uneasy about self. Pimple on left cheek—is it the precursor of some disfiguring eruption? Horrible to be unsightly to all the world, and to SABINA! Now I shall test her affection. Consult Doctor—prescribes "exercise and green food."

May.—Really affecting interview with SABINA. Begged her to visit my tomb at least once a day, suggested that she might stay in town for purpose, this year, at all events. Have an idea that she did not acquiesce with entire cheerfulness. Can she be selfish? New and curious symptoms after meals. Incipient—*what*?

June.—In better spirits all day. Composing my epitaph, and rather pleased with it. Took it to show SABINA, who wept I quite composed and resigned. No regret (except for others) at the summons.

Queer shooting-pangs about region of heart. Doctor's Prescription—"eat more slowly and less." And this is all that their boasted Science can do for me!

July 15.—I knew it! Always felt my happiness was not destined to endure. *Sabina is weary of me!* Would not see me in Row to-day—unmistakable cut. Met her at dance in evening, and would not see *her*. What Tragedies lie below the surface of Life! Sat at table in supper-room with my back to her, eating lobster-salad, while my heart was braking.

16.—Letter from SABINA, imploring explanation, pretending ignorance of how she has offended me, &c., &c.; the unspeakable duplicity of Woman! Shall leave it unanswered,—the breach between us has gone too far to be mended *now*.

17.—Meet SABINA unexpectedly at picnic. All explained. She had no idea I was in the Row that day. How infinitely petty seem even the deepest injuries when Life is ebbing fast. Feel I can forgive and understand. We ate strawberries and cream together in silent harmony. Severe spasms in boat coming home.

August 8.—Down at the GREENS' Country house. Wish SABINA would be a little more lively. Hint to her that I do not break down—so why should she? Lawn-tennis. Prepare her, delicately, for my dropping a corpse on any violent exertion—won every sett easily.

26.—SABINA's Cousin CHARLES staying here—a beast. I believe he would chaff me while I lay in my coffin!

September.—In town again. Had to make excuses before they would let me go. Left, ostensibly, to see my doctor; really, because I couldn't stand that confounded prig of a cousin. Wander disconsolate about empty squares, visit Her house, now all silent and shut up. She is enjoying her life away in the country, while I—oh, the heartlessness of healthy girlhood! No letter for last twenty-four hours, and I write regularly once a week.

October.—The fall of the leaf. Soon I too shall shed my leaves! (Mem. for letter to SABINA.) Find I have not lost my old relish for



"IN TERROREM."

Street Boy (to Old Lady). "THE BOARD O' WORKS IS A COMIN' UP THE NEX' STREET, AN' IF THEY SEES YOUR DOOR AIN'T SWEP—YOU'LL KEICH IT!"



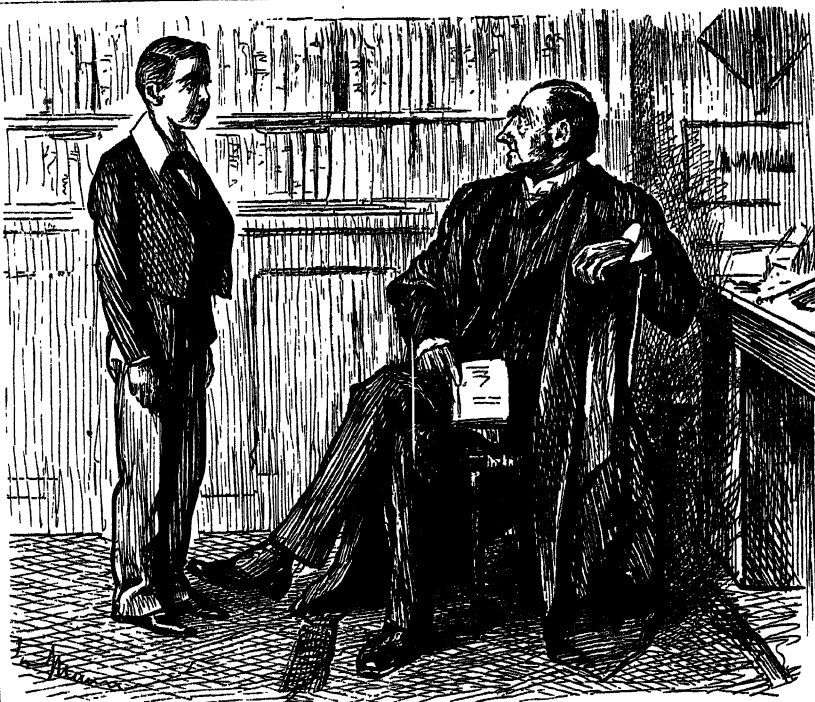
"WHERE THERE'S A WILL," &c.

"Hi! Hi, Sir! WHERE ARE YOU COMING TO? THERE'S NO ROAD THROUGH HERE!"
 "PRAY DON'T APOLOGISE, SIR. QUITE GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME, I ASSURE YOU!"

walnuts. Excruciating pain all day. Write to SABINA; tried to appear in my ordinary spirits, but could not refrain at end from warning her that if she wished to see me *alive*, she must lose no time.

November.—Life still flickering. Actually almost enjoyed stewed eels and venison last night at dinner. To day the inevitable reaction has overtaken me. The GREENS back in town. Explain to SABINA that I wish her to consider herself free to marry when I am no more. Make one exception—CHARLES.

December.—SABINA neither so pretty nor so sympathetic as she used to be. Less upset at any reference to mourning. Told her to-day *not* to send a wreath; she said (*dry-eyed, too!*) that she thought it "a senseless custom." How use habituates us to impending sorrow. I myself was almost gay last night, helping her to roast and eat chestnuts (ever a weakness of mine). Alas! since, im-



AN AWKWARD REPORTEE TO DEAL WITH.

Head Master. "IT'S DISGRACEFUL, SIR! WHY, YOUR BROTHER, WHO IS TWO YEARS YOUNGER THAN YOURSELF, KNOWS HIS GREEK GRAMMAR BETTER THAN YOU DO!"

Dunce. "AH, BUT MY BROTHER'S NOT BEEN HERE SO LONG AS I HAVE, SIR. IT'S ONLY HIS FIRST TERM!"

pressive reminder that my state will bear no trifling.

25.—Diced with the GREENS. "My last plum-pudding in *THIS* world," as I said, in a solemn whisper, to SABINA. Think her laugh may have been only hysterical. If not—calculus in extreme. She will think of my words *next* Christmas, perhaps!

31.—A Chapter closed in my life, not unwillingly. SABINA's shallow insensibility has revolted me at last! She actually told me to my face this morning that she "could not see there was so *very* much the matter with me!" If she could see *within!* But I have done with her. The shock almost seems to have revived in me the Will to Live. If I can only get rid of these swellings in the head, after eating, I may live yet to witness her remorse. Off to Monte Carlo to-morrow.

CALCULATION OF AGE.—If nonage is minority, how old is a Non-agenarian?



LIKA JOKO'S PANTOMIME.—The Grand Procession.



AN OFFENSIVE WEAPON.

Careful Sportsman (whose gun has gone off, as he declares, "of its own accord"). "HULLO! BAILEY! YOU DON'T MEAN TO SAY THE CHARGE WENT THRO' YOUR HAT?" Keeper. "YES, SIR—NEARLY BLEW MY 'ED OFF!"

Careful Sportsman. "BY GEORGE!—I'LL NEVER SHOOT WITH THIS GUN AGAIN!"

MAXIM BY A MARTYR TO THE MULTITUDE OF (VOLUNTEER) COUNSELLORS.—Advice gratis is never worth what it costs.

CORRUPTIO OPTIMI PESSIMA.—Haunch of Venison too "high."

MOTTO OF THE FASHIONABLE FEMALE OF THE DAY (MORE SHAME FOR HER!).—A bird in the hat is worth two in the bush.

APOLOGY FOR SPIRITUALISM.—There's a Medium in all things.

MASTER TOMMY'S

DOMESTIC

ECONOMIES.

How to Procure a Wild Turkey at a Moderate Outlay.—Having purchased a tame turkey, bring it home, and shut it up in the coal-cellar. Now proceed to drive it wild. This you will do by bursting in upon it at odd times, now frightening it by beating a drum, and springing a large rattle, or by pelting it with squibs, crackers, and other detonating fireworks. Alternate this with waking it up suddenly at the dead of night, and jumping about it, enveloped in a sheet, with a dark lantern, and giving it an occasional chase



EXPENDED!

Guest. "WILL YOU GIVE ME A LITTLE CHAMPAGNE?"

Hibernian Waiter. "SHUMFANE, SOR? BEDAD, I'VE HAD NONE MESELF THIS TWO HOURS!"

round the back garden, pursuing it with a cab-whistle, and an open Japanese umbrella. After a fortnight of this, it will show signs of dementia; and when it has flown at the cook, and bitten the butler in the calf of the leg, may confidently be regarded as fit for table. Should it, however, not possess a distinctly gamey flavour, or eat "delicious," you may certainly point with triumph to the fact that the turkey with which, at a moderate outlay, you have provided the household, is, to all intents and purposes, undeniably quite "wild."

THE LOGIC OF AGRICULTURE. — A Silogism.

JULY
HYLAS & THE RIVER NYMPHS



SEPTEMBER . DIANA

A CLASSIC CALENDAR; OR, MYTHS FOR THE MONTHS.



A CLASSIC CALENDAR; OR, MYTHS FOR THE MONTHS.



RESIGNATION.

Sympathetic Old Gentleman. "I'M SORRY TO SEE YOUR HUSBAND SUFFER SO, MA'AM. HE SEEMS VERY——"
Lady Passenger (Faintly). "OH DEAR! HE ISN'T MY HUSBAND. 'SURE I DON'T KNOW WHO THE GENTLEMAN IS!"

THE SWITCHBACK.

HERE we go up,
 up, up!
 And there we go
 down, down,
 down!
 I feel as I do when
 on pork-chops
 Is up,
 And I can't keep
 my hat on my
 crown.
 My children have
 gammoned me
 in it;
 I feel very fright-
 ened and hot.
 Eh? Get in again,
 Pa! No, not for
 a minute!
 Or may I be in-
 stantly shot.
 Pheugh! They
 would beat it all
 day.
 A wonderful
 thing is this
 youth!
 For me, all my
 clothes seem to
 set the wrong
 way.
 And I fear I have
 loosened a tooth.
 There they go up,
 up, up!
 And there they
 go down, down,
 down!



FROM THE "OTHER SIDE."

"A—DO YOU REMEMBER, MISS VAN TROMP?"—"I GUESS NOT." "A—DO YOU SING?"—"WELL, NO, DUKE. I'VE BEEN TAUGHT NO PARLOUR TRICKS!"

I'd almost as soon
 be shot out of a
 Krupp,
 Or ride a wild
 horse. Not for
 BROWN!

ANECDOTAGE
FOR THE
MONTHS.

APRIL.—On the 10th the Battle of Toulouse was fought in 1814, when the Duke of WELLINGTON exclaimed, "Toulouse!—no, I mean to win!" On the 16th another memorable battle has its commemoration day—Culloden. It was here that the Butcher Duke of CUMBERLAND, in 1746, was informed by the then Duke of MARLBOROUGH of the death of his connection by marriage, Queen ANNE. Many aged females are wont to obtain their dividends on the 6th; it is consequently called "Old Lady Day."



A QUESTION OF SOCIAL PRECEDENCE.

Scrubby (the gifted but diminutive Author of "Lip to Lip under the Linden Trees," &c., &c.). "FIRST LOW COMEDIAN AT THE PARTHENON, IS HE? I SEE! AN ACTOR!! THAT ACCOUNTS FOR THE SQUIRE'S GIVING HIM THE BIG BED AND THE BIG BED-ROOM, INSTEAD OF ME!"



HAPPY THOUGHT.—*Billy.* "OH!—LOOK AT GRANDMAMMA, DOTTIE! WHAT A CAPITAL SWITCHBACK SHE'D MAKE!"



Rustic (to dismounted Horsey Equestrienne, who is on the Runaway's trail, in hope of his having been stopped). "BE THIS YOURN, MEASTER?"



A SOCIAL DIAGNOSIS.

Fair Visitor. "THERE'S THAT LOVELY WOMAN AGAIN. I WONDER WHO SHE IS?"
M. le Baron (an experienced observer). "MADAM, I TINK SHE MUST BE A *ENGLISH DUCHESS*, BECAUSE SHE IS VER PRETTY, SHE DRESS VELL, SHE SPEAK SROO HER NOSE, SHE SAY, 'YOU BET,' AND SHE TALK ABOUT DOLLARS AND CARS!"



LIKA JOKO'S PANTOMIME.—Joko's Harlequinade. (Lika Joko Clown.)

ANECDOTAGE FOR THE MONTHS.

MAY.—On the 10th, in 1796, occurred the Battle of Lodi, memorable for the only recorded attempt of NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE at an English witticism. Referring to the use he made of his artillery, after the engagement, he said, "Good names for fightee—free, free, after Lodi, Lodi!"

JUNE.—On the 4th, in 1859, the Battle of Magenta was fought, and appropriately gave its name to a popular *dye*. On the 15th, in 1215, Magna Charta was sealed, when, according to MACAULAY (in his unpublished MS.), King JOHN produced the wax. On the 18th the Battle of Waterloo was fought, in 1815, when WELLINGTON, meeting BLUCHER at the end of the engagement, is reported to have observed, "My Lord, this will be a great day for our boots!"—a prophecy verified by the subsequent popularity of Bluchers and Wellingtons.

MASTER TOMMY'S DOMESTIC ECONOMIES.

How to utilise the Family Portraits for the purpose of Christmas Amusement and Recreation.—Get a ladder, and having taken a sharp pen-knife, cut out the eyes from all the family portraits in the dining room. Now fix behind the vacant spaces thus left a sliding slip of cardboard on which you have already made a large black spot as big as a threepenny piece to represent the pupil, and attaching a lever and string to this, bring it down at the back of the picture, so that when you pull it, the eyes will shift. The family being assembled on Christmas Day, work your string and call attention to the fact that *all their ancestors are winking at them*. Though he may deplore the cutting of the canvas, your Uncle, as head of the family, will be bound to admit that the effect is most grotesque, and has caused him no little Christmas amusement and recreation.



“‘APPY ‘AMPSTEAD!”

“IN THE SPRING”—(AND LIKEWISE IN THE SUMMER, AND IN THE AUTUMN ALSO; AND EVEN IN THE WINTER TOO)—“A YOUNG MAN’S FANCY LIGHTLY TURNS TO THOUGHTS OF LOVE!”

ANECDOTAGE FOR THE MONTHS.

JULY.—On the 4th the Independence of the United States was declared, in 1776, since when the day has been observed by Americans in commemorating their escape from everything British save the Irish Vote. On the 30th, in 1689, Derry was relieved, to the great surprise of WILLIAM THE THIRD, who, in his quaint Anglo-Dutch, observed, with a smile, that “at dirst he was Derryified!”

AUGUST.—On the 1st, in 1798, the Battle of the Nile was fought, when NELSON produced (after years of patient preparation) his celebrated classical witticism. “Can you tell me, my Lord,” said Lady HAMILTON, “anything about your latest victory?” “Oh, Madam,” returned the hero, “it was just nothing. *Nil*—nothing—*Nile*!”

SEPTEMBER.—The 1st is usually known as the feast of St. Partridge, although it is really the *fête* day of St. Giles, and, equally popular, (as once sportively observed by WILBERFORCE, the philanthropist and jester) of St. James. This is a great month with accountants, who devote an entire day to the Leger with a running account. On the 20th the anniversary of the Battle of the Alma recalls the now half-forgotten *jeu d’esprit* of the present head of the British Army. Pointing to the officers of the Guards, Lord RAGLAN observed, “Our victory is attributable to their gallantry in a great degree,” “A great degree?” repeated H.R.H. with emphasis, “certainly—this is neither Oxford nor Cambridge, and yet here is their *Alma mater*!”

OCTOBER.—On the 16th, in 1834, the Houses of Parliament were burnt, ending appropriately, however (as was observed by JOSEPH

MILLER, wit and centenarian) in smoke. On the 20th, in 1875, the Deanery of Chichester went off the (P.) Hook. On the 25th, the Battle of Agincourt (or as it was anciently pronounced, A-gin-court) was fought, according to contemporary writers, most appropriately, with much spirit. On the same day, nearly four and a half centuries later, the Battle of Balaclava was contested, giving rise, as everyone knows, to a number of serious charges.

NOVEMBER.—The 5th and the 9th have for the last three hundred years been devoted, in London, to the processions of Guys. At the Mansion House the reign of Lord Mayor WHITEHEAD will expire on the latter date, if, like a torpedo, he does not go off sooner. On the 28th, in 1814, the *Times* was first printed by vapour-worked machinery. “How is it going?” hiccupped Lord BYRON, who took an interest in all literary matters. “Like steam,” replied the Archbishop of CANTERBURY, as he assisted the noble bard to rise from the gutter. The remainder of the anecdote for November is lost in fog.

DECEMBER.—On the 10th, in 1768, the Royal Academy of Painting was instituted, a date which may be given for the commencement of the decay in the pavement pastel industry. Yule brings professional anecdote to an end, as, at that joyous season of the year, everyone tells his own stories, the biggest of which is sometimes the wish that an objectionable acquaintance may enjoy “A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!”

CON FOR THE RACE-COURSE.—If a rascally “prophet” adapted a motto from the cricket-field what would it be?—“Tip and run!”



ONDON.

(Allegorical-Almaniacal Picture for 1889.)

OLDING PLACE TO NEW."—TENNYSON.



THEME WITH VARIATIONS.

SEATED to-day at the organ,
Ready to play what you please,
I gaze like an infinite Gorgon,
Till you feel hardly at ease.
Hark to the sough of the bellows
Storing harmonious gales,
When the pipes speak to their fellows—
Well, I will play you the Scales.

Out of this simple material
Music's vast multitude throngs,
Festal and plagal and ferial,
Operas, dirges, and songs.
Here is a clue to unravel,
Here is a theme never fails;
A Switchback unending to travel
Over the smooth-running Scales.

Hark, how we rush up the gamut,
A ladder in fiercest need;
And now, like a hind who says, "Dam ut!"
We play very low down indeed.
Up, like a storm-beaten packet,
Down, and the passenger pales:
Here comes the steward, thro' the racket—
Gaily I play you the Scales.

Off goes the right hand, convulsively,
Up to the manual's end;
Left hand pursues it impulsively,
Like an unauthorised friend.
Fashion's caprices may criticise
Aught of its standard that fails;
Fearing scorn's finger nor pity's eyes,
Boldly I practise the Scales.

This is a wedding march—*trousseau*,
Presents, and favours, and rice;
Now 'tis the Dream of a ROUSSEAU
Changed to a waltz in a trice.
Thus, unencumber'd, indefinite,
Each his own melody hails,
Each sees the hand of a *chef* in it,
Safe in the haven of Scales.

Some may interpret them leatherly,
Thunder of fort and of fleet;
Others will warble them weatherly,
Milkmaid and ferry complete;
Vesperish, cloister'd, and choirsome,
Heimweh with mill-wheels and dales,
Frankly unmeaning and tiresome,
All are embraced by the Scales.

Trade, with its spacious surroundings,
Spices, and bullion, and bales,
Argosies, sinkings, and soundings,
Postage for far-away mails;
Justice with eyes in a bandage,
Fish who are chivied by whales—
Ah, you might live to a grand age
Ere you could play out the Scales.

BRENNUS and Rome, and its history,
Alpenstocks, axes, and veils,
Dragons and creatures of mystery
Swingeing their horrible tails.
Jockey, and boxer, and rower,
Men who climb walls out of gaols,
Butterflies—both a blower!
He's let the wind out of the Scales!

NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS.

Lord Salisbury.—To be more cautious in my expressions, more temperate in my judgments, and generally more reticent all round.

Mr. Gladstone.—To fire away at Home Rule, hammer and tongs, as hard as ever, and keep it up red-hot till an unexpected flare-up somewhere gives me a chance of cutting in, and, by hook or crook, carrying my point.

Mr. W. H. Smith.—To let myself be quietly effaced, and imperceptibly yield my position as Leader of the House to my bland and amiable friend GOSCHEN.

Mr. Goschen.—To gracefully and stealthily

eclipse and supplant my revered and respected colleague, Mr. W. H. SMITH.

Mr. Stanhope.—To hit upon some scheme by which, with or without the aid of the Department, I may, within the next ten years, hope to make good the deficiency of guns at the present moment experienced keenly by both the Services.

Lord George Hamilton.—To calm and appease public opinion by a further flourish over fresh "Manœuvres," and to lull Lord CHARLES into quietude by showing him (on paper), what gigantic efforts I am making to put the Navy into proper condition.

M. de Lesseps.—To save my own vanity from disastrous defeat by appealing to the vanity of my fellow countrymen to bolster it up by contributing £20,000,000 for the purpose.

General Boulanger.—To get into the Dictator's chair, somehow, and then watch to see which way the National Cat means to jump.

Prince Bismarck.—To take care that not a halfpenny out of the Imperial Exchequer is wasted over this East African Business, but to see that it is nevertheless backed up by the assistance of my pliant and accommodating friend, SALISBURY.

Mr. Balfour.—To keep the whip-hand of that rascally pack of bloodhounds, the Irish Party in the House of Commons.

The Irish Party in the House of Commons.—To lose no opportunity for yelping, growling, and snarling at that miserable cur, the Irish Secretary.

The Chief Commissioner of Police.—To take care that, now I've got fairly into WARREN's boots, I don't manage to "put my foot in it" quite so often as he did.

Mr. Irving.—Not to cut short the run of my newly-mounted "*Macbeth*" at the Lyceum, till the public shout to me, "Hold! Enough!"

GOOD RESOLUTIONS FOR 1889.



Lindsey Sambourne. Del.

Mr. Punch (to John Bull.) "Now, JOHN, YOUR FIRST MEM—AN EFFICIENT NAVY."

WHAT! opening your new Diary, dear BULL?
Well, at this special season "we all do it."
Strange things may happen ere that book is full!
One "resolution" make, or you will rue it.
Mems: many will, no doubt, fill the first page;
Things to be done, avoided, altered, mended;

But whatsoe'er to settle you engage,
Whatever 's to be saved or be expended,
Take *Mr. Punch's* most particular "tip,"—
That 'tis a wise one you may take your davy—
The first resolve, never to be let slip,
Should be *this*:—"Mem:—GET AN EFFICIENT NAVY!!!"

"HASHIN."—Instead of going to the Handoub district, our cavalry have gone on an aimless skirmish in the direction of Hashin, a name of ill omen, for we're always hashin' our Egyptian business.

WHO SAID IT?—I don't know, but it is worth recording here. My

authority was EDMUNDUS ED-MUNDI. An old stager, *laudator temporis Macreadi*, remarked that HENRY IRVING did not possess the physique necessary for the part of *Macbeth*. "He has SHAKSPEARE's authority for doing without it," was Somebody's reply; "for doesn't he make *Macbeth* himself exclaim, 'Throw physique to the dogs, I'll none of it!'" Lovely! says JACK OUT OF THE BOX.

MEMS FOR THE NEW YEAR.

FOR A DINER OUT.

NEVER to tell *that* story again.

Not to accept an invitation which will involve the necessity of drinking Mr. SKIMPINGTON's "Champagne."

Not to be tempted to take two helpings of — (*Here let each Epicure insert the name of his own "particular poison."*)

Not—if I can help it—to sit next to that elderly ogler, Miss FLORENCE DE FRYSKIE, again.

If I do, not to be drawn into discussing the question, "Is Marriage a Failure?"

Never to mention Mr. GLADSTONE's name until after the *entrées*, at least.

Not to allow that persistent monologuist and much-overrated *raconteur*, BOLATIE, to rile me into rivalry, and so spoil both my temper and my digestion.

Never to dine out at all—or, at least, "hardly ever."

FOR A LITERARY MAN.

On no account to be drawn into a Press quarrel.

Never to review a friend's book.

Never to review the book of an enemy.

Decline *all* applications for my autograph, and every request to write my name, and a few lines of any sort, in Birthday Books.

Abstain from even looking at "tall copies," and on no account be beguiled into buying a "first edition" of *anybody*.

Read a little—that is something besides the papers and magazines, French Novels, and Shilling Shockers.

Shun the temptations to "smartness" and "slating."

Resolutely avoid making the most distant reference to *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*.

FOR AN ARTIST.

Paint no more profitable Pot-boilers.

Make a real start in that long-meditated *Magnum opus* of mine.

Limit my contributions to the Academy "line" to four.

Decline to paint old Mrs. HARRIDAN's portrait at *any* price.

Shirk Show Sunday.

Refuse to write rambling and egotistical "Reminiscences," for *any* magazine on *any* consideration.

Never be "interviewed" by anybody.

Never write to the papers about anything.

Cut Swelldom and Show Houses, and go in for *painting* once more.

FOR A PRETTY GIRL.

Avoid fishing for compliments.

Appreciate *other* pretty girls, and especially endeavour to see the much-vaunted loveliness of "that Miss DIMPLER."

Never kiss another girl except in spontaneous kindness, or for any "bye end," such as looking sweet or aggravating CHARLIE.

Never sneer at "elderly girls," or snub "wall-flowers."

Dance a square dance occasionally, just for the sake of the many who are not "in it" at waltzing.

Avoid "tantrums," even when Papa is stingy with cheques, or my ball-dress is ten minutes late.

Give up tight-lacing, and *never, never* touch chloral again.

Throw away that private box of cigarettes.

Read some good books, and think of the poor occasionally.

Forget sometimes—at any rate for a few minutes—that I am a Pretty Girl.

FOR A POLITICAL SPEAKER.

Never say two words when one will suffice.

Get up my facts and figures more carefully.

Sedulously examine my impromptu epigrams before delivery, to see if they are not two-edged.

Avoid verbal missiles of the boomerang sort.

Never mock to-day what may be uppermost to-morrow.

Never sneer, save at persons who are powerless or sentiments that do not influence votes.

Get up geographical compliments and local flatteries suited to all places and peoples. Take care not to get them *mixed*.

FOR A MIDDLE-AGED PERSON INCLINED TO PORTLINESS.

Get up earlier, and never breakfast in bed.

Go to bed in better time, and never read after getting between the sheets.

Cut cabs, or at any rate limit myself to two Hansoms *per diem*.

Buy a tricycle, and *ride* it.

Always mow my own lawn, weather permitting, and when at my country crib, make a point of chopping a certain quantity of wood before breakfast, like my friend LUCAS.

Always make a point of passing *one* dish at dinner, never indulge in a heavy lunch unless I have had a comparatively light breakfast, and, if I dine after eight, avoid eating a solid supper until after twelve.



A GALLANT ATTEMPT.

"HOW THIS HORRID GAS IS FLARING!"

"PRAY ALLOW ME, MRS. JONES!"

Never have more than two helpings of turtle soup, lobster salad, or *pâté de foies gras*.

Avoid bulgy shirt-fronts and buttoned-up frock coats.

FOR A WIFE.

Avoid bothering GEORGE for cheques when I see him scowling over his "Times" at breakfast.

Never miss a chance of doing so when I notice him smiling in a self-satisfied way after dinner.

Try and minimise my too plaintive references to "the dear children" and their sumptuary deficiencies.

Endeavour *not* to fall asleep when GEORGE reads aloud to me one of GOSCHEN's "capital" speeches.

Take advantage of any success in this difficult act of self-denial to fix him on the subject of GERTIE's new set of furs, or our trip on the Continent.

Try and prevent Mamma from putting his back up needlessly, or too often.

Coax him at an opportune moment into cutting that confound—ahem!—really very needless and expensive "Mutton Chop Club" which he is so fond of.

Make dear GEORGE so comfortable and happy all this year—by above and other means—that next New Year's cheques may be—well, one never knows *what* may happen if good resolutions are really adhered to.

FOR A YOUNG MAN ABOUT TOWN.

Cut down my Cab fares, and Sodas and Brandies, by Jove.

Cut TOTTIE—if she'll let me.

Try and take the Guv'nor's tip about horse-racing. (*Forty to one I don't succeed in this, though; his tip being "Never bet at all." Great Scott!!!*)

Drop the Blue 'Un. (*Only, hang it all, what else is there for a fellow to read?*)

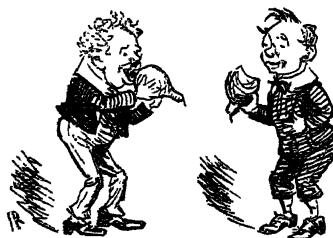
Slacken off a bit with some of the Johnnies I know. (*First-rate Sportsmen, but jolly expensive at close quarters somehow.*)

Try and manage with ten suits a year, and fifty cigarettes a day.

Sell my black hack "Beelzebub," and take shares in a Building Society, as Uncle HUNKS wants me to do. (*Uncle H. has the oof, but what is a Building Society, I wonder?*)

ANGLERS TO THE FRONT!

PASSING the other day down Cheapside, I saw the LORD MAYOR in his handsome State Carriage, with his two protecting outriders, in the shape of mounted Policemen, looking as if they had him in charge. He was accompanied by a gentleman wearing a bearskin



"Ripe-pear-ian Owners."

hat, and armed with a remarkably long sword, which, I was afterwards informed, was never drawn except in the presence of Royalty, and which, being of English manufacture, was never known to bend under any amount of pressure that its somewhat stalwart Bearer could bring to bear upon it. His Lordship's other companion was a tall young gentleman, of somewhat aristocratic appearance, who carried what is called a gold Mace, which I learned was the very identical weapon with which the Lord Mayor of Walworth slew WAT TYLER, several years ago. Having a leisure hour or two, I followed his Lordship into Guildhall, and found a seat in the gallery of the exceedingly beautiful Council Chamber that the Common Councilmen have lately built for themselves, or possibly for their successors. *Adieu!*

The first thing that arrested my attention was the appearance of His Grace the Duke of WESTMINSTER, and some three or four other illustrious swells, who came to ask the City to assist them in securing "North Woolwich Gardens"—well, but not favourably, known, when under the management of "the People's Caterer"—as an open space for the enjoyment of the natives of what was described as the dreariest and most dismal portion of the whole Metropolis. His Grace, with his illustrious friends, were allowed to sit on the dais among the Aldermen, at which they all seemed much pleased, and listened with much apparent respect to all the proceedings. A Member, apparently of the Hebrew persuasion, cross-questioned his Grace as to the probable cost of maintaining the said Gardens when secured as proposed, and which duty the Corporation was requested to undertake, to which his Grace replied "a mere trifle." But his questioner was not satisfied with that reply, observing, as I thought, with great intelligence, as well as courage, that what might be considered a trifle to a Noble Duke, "rich beyond the dreams of avarice," might be a considerable annual expenditure to a Corporation somewhat impoverished by the suspending of the Coal Dues; but his Grace, smilingly observing that a few hundreds a year would be all that would be required, the bold Hebrew sat down satisfied.

After His Grace's departure, a well-dressed young fellow appeared at the Bar of the Court and presented a Petition to which I listened with as much surprise as admiration. It appeared that the Petitioner was, like myself, a lover of the "Gentle Art," and after having for some years past been accustomed to devote his few holidays to fishing in the beautiful upper waters of the River Thames, he had some time since been ordered by a certain Ripepearian owner, as he was somewhat strangely termed,—probably an aristocratic name for a fruit-grower—to cease from his accustomed sport in the neighbourhood, as far as I could understand it, of Messrs. MAPLE AND DURHAM's well furnished establishment, on pain of fine or imprisonment. The good-looking young fellow had boldly defied the would-be Ripepearian tyrant, and, the law being invoked against him, he had successfully defended his right on three several occasions, but a fourth trial being now about to take place, he, having already expended hundreds of pounds of his own money in defending a great public right, now naturally sought the assistance of the old Corporation to help him to carry on his great struggle. An ancient City Deputy, who announced himself to be a Thames Conservative, supported the prayer of the petition, and explained that the Ripepearian owners of the Thames, strange to say, not content with themselves enjoying the River that flowed past their beautiful Lawns, seemed really to hate the very sight of any of the mere Public who sought to share their enjoyment, and actually claimed to possess its very bed and soil, on the somewhat silly plea that whenever the River ceased to flow, or in other words ran dry, the said bed and soil would then legally be theirs.

The Thames Conservative mocked at their claim, and proposed adjourning all consideration of it until this event happened, at the same time he demonstrated its palpable absurdity by stating that the Conservatives were constantly giving permission to persons to dredge away portions of the bed of the River which were taken away by them and sold, without the slightest notice being taken of the so-called rights of Ripepearians. Besides, even this monstrous claim had nothing to do with the rights of Anglers, as if there were no water of course there could be no fish, and no grasping Sourapple-arian had as yet claimed the water.

It was also stated that sometimes, when the patient and contem-

plative Angler was pursuing his harmless, but exciting occupation, possibly being drenched to the skin by one of those welcome showers which have the strange effect of making fish both hungry and reckless, a fiend in the shape of a Ripepearian would shout to him from the shore to be off; and if, as usually happened, he declined to obey the stern mandate, the fiend in question, who was generally accompanied by a large Newfoundland dog, would throw a stick near the Angler's punt, and send his dog in to fetch it, thereby spoiling all sport for hours to come.

The loud applause with which the Petition was received, and referred to a Committee to consider the whole question, sent me away smiling and happy, and with a higher opinion of the jolly City Fathers than I had previously entertained, which was even increased when I afterwards heard that they had come to the resolution to assist the Petitioner in his great battle of Right against Might, an example which, I trust, will be followed by every Angling Association in the Metropolis.

I got a portion of my information from the City Beadle, who, although armed with the customary Stick of Power, was very civil and communicative to me. JOSEPH GREENHORN.

A NAPLES JOURNALIST.

Villa Roccabella.—Here I am at last in sunny Italy! Nasty journey. Heard of Colchester Election just before starting. Depressing, though these occasional deviations from common sense on part of constituencies must be expected, I suppose.

No end of a reception at Station. Made 'em a speech, however. Ended up with "*Evviva Napoli!*" Populace immensely pleased.

Next Day.—Lovely sunshine. Cheering letter from MORLEY, assuring me that Colchester Election due to local influences. So I thought. Bulk of Colchester populace intensely Home-Rule, he says: but Unionists had all the public-houses, and drowned natural voice of constituency in floods of gratuitous liquor. If so, the "flowing tide" seems to be with our opponents! Must be in good spirits to joke like this. Am in good spirits. Question is—shall I go up Vesuvius to-day, run over to Rome and see POPE, or HUMBERT, or visit Ruins of Pompeii?

Afternoon.—Walk along Posilippo and into town. Gratifying enthusiasm of populace when they see me—especially *lazzaroni*, who are becoming almost a nuisance. No more coppers left. Seem to think, because I've been Prime Minister, I carry the Bank of England about with me. But the "*vivas*" are constant. Must look up local baptismal registers. Am I quite sure I was born in Scotland? Feel that at the very least a near ancestor must have been a Neapolitan.

Day After.—Vesuvius? No: reminds one too much of Dizzy's "*mot*" about the "row of extinct volcanoes." Capri? That's where TIBERIUS lived when he sent the "verbose and long epistle" to the Senate that doomed SEJANUS, isn't it? Hem! Feel almost tempted to imitate TIBERIUS—but who is *my* SEJANUS? HARCOURT? HARTINGTON? On the whole decide to defer Capri visit to another day, as weather rather capricious. Fancy that "*mot*" cuts out Dizzy's, though I don't profess to be a humorist.

Third Day.—To-day feel much friskier; so shall go over to Ischia! (Dizzy nowhere again!) Delightful island, except for occasional earthquakes. A good way from Italian mainland, so certainly ought to have Home Rule! Ask Syndic if he wouldn't like a Local Parliament? Syndic says "earthquakes had enough, but a Parliament would ruin the island." Asks me not to mention the idea to anyone. Evidently a bigoted Unionist. On return, some *lazzaroni* (who are dissatisfied, apparently, with extent of my largesses), shout out, "*Viva SALISBURY!*" Awkward. Shan't look up baptismal register. Think I shall go on to Florence soon.

Fourth Day.—Florence? No. Naples for ever! My Neapolitan ancestry now beyond doubt. Visit from Municipal Deputation, assuring me that "the cause of Ireland is also the cause of Italy." Wish me to tell "Signor PARNELL" so, when I see him, and to accept illuminated address which they bring with them, calling me "The Liberator of the Captive." Allusion to BOMBA, I suppose. Tell them in reply that Naples is the most beautiful city I ever saw, and its Municipality more enlightened than any in the world. Keep Syndic to lunch; tells me confidentially that "they've got an institution in Naples very like the Land League." Called "the *Camorra*." Don't encourage Syndic to go on in this strain. Evidently doesn't understand English politics much. Sitting up to write pamphlet which will astonish the Romans.

Cut down cypresses for exercise. Walk to Capua. Rest. Still at pamphlet.

SUITABLE SPOT FOR THE NEXT DRAUGHT MATCH.—The Law Courts.

DRURIOLANUS TRIUMPHANS.

En iterum DRURIOLANUS! "Here we are again," and better than ever! How can DRURIOLANUS beat his own record? The domain of



Little Herbert Campbell as Cupid.

"Tell me, my heart,
Can this be Love?"

scène, group succeeds group until the exclamations "How beautiful!" "How pretty!" "How exquisite!" "How graceful!" became wearisome by repetition, and one sits "in amazement lost" at the fertility of the design and the perfection of its execution. Then Madame KATTI LANNER comes smilingly forward, and curtsies her grateful acknowledgments, clearly intimating that, "By strict attention to business, she means to deserve the continued favour of the admiring public." When this clever lady has retired to the wing whence she directs the movements of her numerous pupils, the discriminating public insist on the Founder of the Feast presenting himself before them to receive their unanimous verdict of highest possible approval. Recognising the fitness of things, DRURIOLANUS is too old a bird to appear among the gorgeous Cockatoos, Golden Pheasants, Humming-birds, and the rest of the glittering feather tribe, nor will he come in under KATTI LANNER's wing,—the proscenium wing,—but waits for the change of scene to a Baronial Hall, and then he enters and bows, beaming, hopeful, and so far satisfied, as a man may well be who has done his very best to please his patrons; and then on we go again, with that Dog of LAURI's—a poodle this time—full of amusing antics, with DAN LENO, capital as the Wicked Aunt, and VICTOR STEVENS severely humorous as the Wicked Uncle. The topics of the day are lightly touched upon, and "Mr. G." as a Wood-cutter, who is ready to make a speech without axe-ing, is recognised with mixed greetings.

As for the ladies, they are all like the ladies of Mr. Pickwick's time in Ba-ath, where, as the mincing M.C. observed, "There was nobody old or ugly." All young and lovely, of course. Miss HARRIET VERNON "semper virescens," as bold Robin Hood should be; Miss FLORENCE DYSAERT is never dysartened, except when away from Robin Hood; and, when she meets his glance, it is a case of Hood-winking her. Miss MAGGIE DUGGAN is sprightly beyond imagination; little ÆNEA, so "Æ-near, and yet so far," "Up above their heads so high, like a fairy in the fly"—and a whole bevy of smiling beauties, besides a lot of "sweet little mites" from KATTI LANNER's Nursery Grounds, who must not be omitted from this mitey Kattilogue. The Ruffians are bold, resolute, and sanguinary, while the music, being killing, makes the work of Slaughter complete.

There is not a single scene which is not picturesque and effective. The Forest scenes by Messrs. PERKINS, KANTSKY, and CANBY—an

uncanny or uncane name for little school-boys to meet with in holiday time—are charming. The Palace of Games by JULIAN HICKS is splendid. Once more, "Bravo Hicks!" RYAN's Paradise of Birds is brilliant, and EMDEN's Transformation Scene is magnificent, and extending over the whole stage, cannot be spoken of as an 'Emmed-in Scene! (Oh!) At last HARRY PAYNE came on the stage with "Here we are again!" and he might have added, "Better late than never," as it was considerably past eleven. DRURIOLANUS will give the young ones who cannot stay at night a chance of seeing their favourite "comic business" at *Matinées*, when the harlequinade will be played first. But twenty visits to *The Babes*, the fun of which will be nightly developed by Messrs. NICHOLLS and CAMPBELL, will not exhaust the treasures and the pleasures of this great Pantomime, put together by the veteran E. L. BLANCHARD, the playwright, HARRY NICHOLLS the Joiner, and AUGUSTUS DRURIOLANUS TRIUMPHANS.

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Excellent position for seeing the Stage obtained by our Multum-in-Parvo Artist on Boxing Night.

TO A THOUGHTFUL LADY.

[On her sending me, as an invalid, a year of months, weeks, and days on cards, inclosed in a handsome upstanding frame of burnished steel.]

ANOTHER Year! No, not a week
Of suffering! I declare it.
The gift at no one's hands I'd seek,
Unless were added the physique
Courageously to bear it.

And you have given me, fair dame,
A brand new year. You've bought it.
But you've been careful all the same
To add a strong and splendid frame
Of steel, which can support it.

DREAMS FOR THE NEW YEAR.

The Czar of Russia.—A contented people and a solvent Exchequer.
The Emperor of Germany.—Self Government and the effacement of the BISMARCKS.

King of Italy.—A really united Italy and an invitation to the Vatican.

The Emperor of Austria.—A pleasant family gathering of husband, wife, and son.

The King of Spain.—A comfortable rocking-horse in a cheerful nursery.

President Carnot.—The final disappearance of General BOULANGER.

Prince von Bismarck.—A quiet time with a new and sensational young master.

M. le Baron de Lesseps.—The completion of the Panama Canal.

The Khedive of Egypt.—The capture of the MADHI and OSMAN DIGNA.

Lord Salisbury.—A prosperous ending to the Anglo-German Partnership.

Mr. W. H. Smith.—A run of luck at Monte Carlo, and a coronet in another place.

Mr. Balfour.—Peace and quiet in Ireland and the House of Commons.

Mr. Goschen.—A Budget that will be popular with everybody.

Lord Wantage.—A satisfactory substitute for Wimbledon.

Mr. Gladstone.—Furnished apartments in Downing Street.

Sir Wm. Vernon Harcourt.—The reversion of the Leadership.

Mr. Joseph Chamberlain.—A Testimonial from the Members of the National Liberal Club.

Mr. Commissioner-of-Police Monro.—Intelligence in Scotland Yard.

The Lord Mayor.—A Knighthood, and the thanks of those who admire the "equestrian element."

The Hon. Artillery Company.—The return of the PRINCE and the DUKE without the Adjutant.

The Metropolitan Board of Works.—A costly Monument, erected by public subscription in its honour.

The Parnell Commissioners.—The end of their labours before 1890.

And the Public Generally.—A Happier Year than 1888.



Druriolanus gives *The Babes*, dear little Cissy Nicholls and sweet little Bertie an airing.

"He loves both wisely and too wheel!"



LE MONDE OÙ L'ON S'ENNUIE.

(Enter General and Mrs. Borington Smythe.)

Mrs. Stodgury (Hostess). "How do you do, dear! I'm sorry to say the SPARKLEBY KNIGHTS HAVE DISAPPOINTED US AT THE LAST MOMENT—AND YET I SPECIALLY WROTE AND TOLD THEM THEY WERE GOING TO MEET YOU AND THE GENERAL!"

HIS FIRST APPEARANCE.

HEY presto! Time, the Thaumaturge,
Once more at his old occupation,
And posted at the morning's verge,
Essays his prestidigitation.
HEY presto! As he turns the glass,
The magic mists make rapid clearance,
And as the shadows part and pass,
The Young Year makes his first appearance.

His first *début* on any stage;
And few performers, it is certain,
At such a very early age
Await the lifting of the curtain.
From darkness shaping into light,
An inexperienced adolescent,
The Past in smoke-wreaths takes its flight,
And leaves him fronting the glad Present.

Glad? Well, to fresh unfrightened youth
The actual is ever gleesome.
The prick of pain, the sting of truth,
The ruthless sweep of sorrow's besom,
Are strange to him; but could he task
The memory of that Necromancer,
Not each gay question Youth might ask
Would have from Age a hopeful answer.

He will *not* ask; he too must live
And learn, and prove, and dare, and suffer.
Brave boyhood's buoyancy who'd give
For sapience of the dull old buffer?
Wisdom's a yoke, and Wit a joke,
And Power a vision swiftly flying;
These too shall end at last in smoke,
Like the Old Year in darkness dying.

Hey presto! Here's the youngling Year,
Fresh from the tripod and the censer.
Before his face the shadows clear,
Behind his back the mists grow denser.
Bodings avant! A festal chaunt
Befits fresh friends at their first meeting;
Croakings the youngster shall not daunt,
We'll hail him with a hopeful greeting.

Old Edax Rerum may devour,
But the old fellow still begetteth.
Sunrises still pierce the clouds that lour,
Summer still dries what Winter wetteth.
The watchers at a New Year's birth
Should not too tamely bow to sorrow,
But hail the boy with manly mirth,
And hopefully await the morrow.

TAKEN TO PIECES.

DEAR JACK,—I promised you when we said good-bye at old BIRCH's to let you know how I was getting on in London. Fact is, I have been taking the Governor about a good deal. He's been with me here, there, and everywhere. On Boxing-Day he went to two pantomimes, and I expected to have fairly tired him out. However, it seemed to do him good, and at Drury Lane he actually wanted to wait out the "afterpart" of the *Babes in the Wood*, but of course I could not quite stand that, so I took him off, and gave him a few oysters and a glass of stout in Maiden Lane where you can get such things to perfection. The Governor said it was a

shame not to stop and see Mr. PAYNE, who was most amusing and always made him laugh when he got hold of the wrong end of the red-hot poker. But the Governor, although an excellent fellow in his way, is rather old-fashioned in his tastes, and doesn't move with the times as quickly as I do. See?

The very day I came home, I looked in at the German Reeds', where they have a first-rate entertainment. It is called *The Bo'sun's Mate*, and when I tell you that Mr. ALFRED GERMAN REED is the Mate, you may be sure there's lots of fun in it. Miss FANNY HOLLAND (who the Governor declares grows younger with every "illustration") was also first-rate. Mr. CORNEY GRAIN, too, sang one of his capital songs, taking everybody off, and making us all roar. When I say he took "everybody" off, I don't mean he took me off! If he had, I don't think I should have laughed so much. See?

No more at present. Off to see HENGLEY's and IRVING's *Macbeth*. Yours, BOB.

The Lady Macbeth Puzzle.

SOME say she was meant to be thin,
Some say she was meant to be fat;
Some say she was meant to be this,
Some say she was meant to be that.
But, whatever WILLIAM meant her to be,
She is, for the present, a Mys-Terree.

WHAT THE CLOWN DOESN'T WANT NOWA-DAYS.—"A magnificent opening."



TIME'S "ANNUAL!"



"LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP."

(The Horse did, and this is the Result.)

CHRISTMAS ON VIEW IN 1888.

(Dictated by Prophetic Phonograph.)

MY DEAR KING PUNCH,

YOUR Majesty having expressed a wish to learn how we spent our Christmas, I hasten to comply with your Royal desire. We decided to throw ourselves back a century, and in spite of our advanced civilisation, to follow as much as possible the rude habits of our semi-barbarian ancestors. In fact, your Majesty, we proposed living through the season as it was lived one hundred years ago—that is to say, in 1888.

Dispensing with our self-conveying post-bags, we employed some men (at an enormous expense, for nowadays everything, as you know, is done by thought-electricity)—to carry certain hideous pasteboards round to our sky palaces. These hideous pasteboards a century since were known as Christmas cards, and were remarkable for the most grotesque designs. Some of them seemed to have been intended to be amusing, for they displayed pictures of candles, old gloves, and tattered paper. We were able to secure quite an assortment for models, but, I am sorry to say, they did not please even the children, who you will remember, are better artists than RAFAEL, COPE, R.A., and even that glorious light of the nineteenth century Professor SIR BALDWIN-LEIGHTON. Here I may note that contemporary records seem to suggest that Professor SIR BALDWIN-LEIGHTON was not only an artist but also a gentleman who used to drop from the clouds in a parachute.

Having examined our Christmas Cards (after trying hard to discover a cause for their use), we had breakfast, absolutely taking with our tea a mixture of milk and sugar, as if we were eating beef! It was then time to go to Church, and I need scarcely say we went, although it seemed rather senseless leaving our telephones idle, where we had only to sit before them, and listen to any sermon in the world without moving from our own fire-grass side! But our ancestors were wont to go to Church, and so did we. My aunt—my maiden aunt—insisted that the chief object of our visit should be to examine the bonnets of our neighbours. I fancy this is putting our earnestness a little low, but certainly our predecessors were fond of display.

Returning from Church, we had what used to be called a "children's early dinner," which I fancy in ages gone by must have been rather a ghastly affair. We had the baby brought down by a genuine old-fashioned nurse, and took it by turns to praise it after the olden

fashion. The infant was much disgusted, having just taken a double First at Oxford. However by promising him a treatise upon mixed mathematics we kept him quiet.

After dinner we had a representation of what used to be called a Christmas Pantomime. Therein appeared a hideous monster with cheeks daubed with red, a feeble and corrupted old gentleman, a bold-faced hussy dancing about in the most idiotic fashion, and lastly, a lanky trifter wearing spangles! Then an ancient policeman was introduced, and the monster struck him across the knees with a seemingly red-hot poker! I was absolutely ashamed that such an exhibition should have been seen by my innocent children! However I am told that in "the good old times" (save the mark!) this brutal buffoonery used to be rewarded with great applause!

After this, we had what was called a "grown-up dinner," when all our relations gathered together to devour some underdone beef, and a fearfully indigestible comestible called "plum-pudding." A doctor, who was present, warned us to eat neither, saying that he would not answer for the consequences. However, my Uncle BOB persevered, and hasn't been the same man since—which some of his relatives say is rather an advantage than otherwise.

Now all this time we were feeling strange,—this kind of Christmas was so entirely unlike that to which we are now accustomed, when suddenly Aunt MARIA accused Cousin WHITECHAPEL of having unduly influenced Uncle JEREMIAH in the making of his will. In a moment we all were talking in the angriest tones conceivable. Brothers abused sisters, fathers mothers, and children parents. We nearly came to blows. Suddenly I remembered reading of a similar incident in 1888. I held up my hand for silence, and, having secured it, delivered the following speech:—

"My good friends," said I, "we made up our minds to go back a hundred years to live amongst our ancestors. It has been a failure. I don't think they *could* have liked in their heart of hearts the sort of Christmas cards, pantomime and dinners that we have seen to-day. If they did, I think they must have managed these things better than we can. But there is one institution that has come down to us that is not affected by the age. We are just as good as our forefathers were in carrying out a fine say-what-you-like do-what-you-like jolly old Christmas family row!"

I am, with the greatest possible respect, the slave of your Majesty,
(Signed) BROMPTON, DUKE OF ISLINGTON.

Lightning Gardens, The Clouds, N., December 30, 1888.



A FRIEND IN NEED.

Blind Man. "NOW THEN, SIR!—LOOK WHERE YOU'RE GOING TO!"

Jones. "I BEG YOUR PARDON, MY GOOD FELLOW—THIS BEASTLY FOG—COULDN'T SEE YOU—LOST MY WAY—DON'T KNOW WHERE THE DICKENS I AM!"

Blind Man. "FOG, IS THERE? AH—JUST YOU TAKE HOLD O' MY ARM, AND TELL ME WHERE YOU LIVE, AND I'LL SEE YOU SAFE HOME. FOG MAKES NO DIFFERENCE TO ME!"

TWO LITTLE (MRS. JOHN) WOODEN SHOES.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

UNCLE SECUNDUS and me and Granny took BOBBY and SIBYL to see *Goody Two Shoes*, at the Court Theatre, on Boxing Day. We should of taken MABLE too, but she is going to act in the Pantomime at the Vicar's, so of course she was obliged to go and rehearse the *Queen's Maies* instead. The Play was very pretty, but I think there is too much sermonising in it for the holidays. But first I must tell you about the muel, which was very amusing, and his rains kep getting in the way; and a man behind the scenes, who we couldn't see, said quite loud, it would trip you up; so the muel left off pawring the rains, and put them over his head, and Granny said it put her quite in a fever. But first I must tell you about BOBBY calling out quite loud, "Here's the blackbird!" It wasn't a blackbird, but a raven—not a real raven, of course, but an artificial raven, made out of a boy, with wings, and a false head. He was called *Jack Jumps*, but his real name was CHARLES GROVES, JUN. I got read, becoss I thought Uncle SECUNDUS would be ashamed; but he kep BOBBY on his knee, and laughed quite as much as he did. Granny said *Goody Two Shoes* was a perfec little angel; but of course Granny doesn't go much to theatres now, but certainly she is a very nice little girl.

But first, I must tell you about *Graspall*, a wicked overseer, such a rum little chap who aaked well, something like *Ralph Rackstraw*, and something like *Gaspard*. But best of all I think I liked *Miss Flimsy*, Queen of the Land of Leisure. This was capatilly aaked by a little girl called GEORGIE MARTIN, but I forgot *Molly*, the Rude Child of Nature, who was Miss CELIA TUCKER, and I think she must of been *Graspall's* sister, becoss he is called *Tommy Tucker* in the menu. There was a lot of Fairies, and the scenery was very nice. I liked the *Fairy ballet*, and *Goody Two Shoes* danced beautifully. Her name is DOT HETHERINGTON. SIBYL said she would like to of kissed her, but SIBYL is only a child and a girl. Certainly I shall recommend *Goody Two Shoes* to the other fellows.

Your affectionate friend, TOMMY.

P.S.—It was an artificial Muel, as well. F. KITCHEN aaked inside it. So was the Cat.

THE REAL COMIC BUSINESS AFTER THE TRANSFORMATION SCENE.—Finding your carriage or securing a hansom.

A QUESTION FOR THE NEW YEAR.

[The Rev. GEORGE W. MCCREE, who has been a Christian worker in London since 1848, writing to the *Daily News*, asks the question, "Is London growing Better?" and answers it in the affirmative, giving his reasons for doing so.]

Is London growing Better? Question strange
To meet us thus at the New Year's beginning!
Have Science, Love, Religion, the whole range
Of bettering influences indeed been winning?
Have forty years of urgent effort wrought
Some palpable redemption from old evils?
Has Wisdom slain some fiends with which it fought?
And are men more of men and less of devils?
Aye, says the ardent worker, champion stout
Of all good causes, all remedial measures.
Gladly the heart shakes off some clinging doubt,
And the divine's calm optimism treasures.
Yes, streets are cleaner; cleaner is the speech
Of those who walk them, as their hands are cleaner.
The "tub" has done its work; more cheaply each,
Who cares, of knowledge may become a gleaner.
Halfpenny 'bus fares, penny books no doubt
Have had their influence on our throngs of toilers;
The brute in man is somewhat bound about
By wholesome law; the tempters and the spoilers
Find eyes upon them in their darksome lair,
And there is less necessity for yielding
To slow corruption or to swift despair.
When agencies abound for help and shielding.
Yes, brave MCCREE, *Punch* reads your record o'er
With acquiescence and with admiration;
There is more sympathy 'twixt rich and poor,
And we are less a horde, and more a nation;
Philanthropy is now much more alert,
And modish Vice less vauntingly victorious,
Than in the old bad days of crime and dirt.
The conquest, though but half-achieved, is glorious.

And yet, and yet, amidst the New Year Chimes,
Recur remembrances less glad and cheering.
The Sweater's greed and the Slum-farmer's crimes
Abide with us; is their extinction nearing?
Fights and foul language? Read the penny Press!
It spreads the knowledge of such things 'midst others.

Worn waifs still starve in London's strain and stress,
Although 'tis freely owned all men are brothers.
Red crime roves undetected, and men gloat
Upon its records crude with zest unholy.
Ribaldry roars from the street-ruffian's throat,
And childhood's life is bondage melancholy.
The devilries of Drink are rampant yet,
The revelries of Lust leave wreck behind them,
And eyes of ruined women still are wet
With the hot, helpless, hopeless tears that blind them.
Much has been done; how much remains to do!
Yes, life in London may be sweeter, purer;
Vice flaunts less barely in the public view,
Comfort abounds, our highways securer.
But People's Palaces and penny books,
Board Schools, Blue Ribbon Armies, Children's
Dinners,
Scarce touch the horrors of the Town's foul nooks.
The nameless woes of greed-enlaved bread-winners,
Mammon's cheap tools worn blunt, and cast aside,
From Bands of Hope get scant alleviation,
Nor will the pleasures of the halfpenny ride
Gladden the hapless victims of starvation.
Forty years' toil in London gives a claim,
My good MCCREE, to reverent attention,
But there are floods of ill and swamps of shame
In Babylon still that need the intervention
Of larger wisdom, strength of wider scope. [ringing]
With the New Year whose chimes e'en now are
Dawns a new day from which wise watchers hope
The rise of better things. What is it bringing,
This large reform with whose initial stir
London shall soon from end to end be quickened?
Will it wake Hope? Shall the blue eyes of her
Cheer hearts whom Babylon's shame so long hath
sickened?
Come, County Councillors, men of England come,
Stint mutual charge, snap every party fetter,
Toil for our helots in their misery dumb,
And our huge London shall indeed grow better!



TOBY M.P.
DRINKS TO
ABSENT FRIENDS

SUGGESTIONS TO AN EDITOR.

SIR,—The idea recently started in your columns of "relieving" the dulness of the average English home by "Music at Home" is a noble one, as all your ideas are. It is, moreover, capable of infinite extension. There are thousands of deserving organ-grinders at this moment earning a precarious existence in the streets of our Metropolis, whose solacing strains would surely be welcome to sufferers from various kinds of nervous disorders. In certain cases of paralysis and failure of muscular action, what would be more likely to rouse the invalid to instant and vigorous movement, and to call all his energies into play, than the repetition for the hundred and twentieth time of our great classic airs, "Two Lovely Black Eyes," or "Queen of my Heart"? While no home could possibly be called dull where these lively tunes were in constant course of performance by the patient and indefatigable executant.

I trust, Sir, that you will throw open your columns to receive sub-

scriptions for providing all sufferers of the classes I have named with immediate attendance from a chronic organ-grinder or German band. Any case of *ennui*, however slight, should entitle the victim to receive instant treatment. To show that my heart is in this noble cause, I inclose you a cheque for one hundred guineas, and this is not the only sacrifice I am making on behalf of this great movement, inasmuch as, when all the organ-grinders are removed to their new sphere of employment, I shall miss the constant exhilaration of their presence in the square beneath, so helpful to me in the completion of my great work, *The Key to all the Mythologies*, the twenty-seventh volume of which is now in course of publication.—Yours, &c.,
EDWARD CASAUBON.
39, Muffin Bell Square.

P.S.—If your columns are not engaged next Summer for the discussion of a more important topic, will you allow me to suggest that the "Solar Myths" would prove an interesting successor to, "Is Marriage a Failure?"

THOUGHTS

ON GAZING AT A COOK'S TOURIST TICKET. (BY A PERSON OF QUALITY.)

How many times
Must I, who was so obviously planned
To boss, and thus to bless, my native
land,
Scuttle to other climes?

Again, and ever yet again I come—
Whitewashed by time, by hope, by
exile—home,
Deeply resolved to play a game discreet,
Sober as BACON, though with beans
replete;
And then what happens? Scarce do I
begin
To show the nobler mood that I am in—
To prove myself a man misunderstood,
Who, sternly great, can yet be sweetly
good,
Than all is lost once more! The imp
in me,
Seizing the very opportunity
That should my loftier attributes
display,
Rises to make hay!

Hay will he make, the imp in me, of all
My vows as home-returning Prodigal,
My penitential oaths henceforth to be
A Chesterfield of wise humility,
My prudent resolutions to forgive
And evermore in gentleness to live. [a glance
One glimpse of ST-NH-RE—(wizen youth!)]—
At G-SCH-N's testudinean countenance;
SNEEGROVE to meet; only to be awhile
Involved in MARSHALL's cat-of-Cheshire smile,



And all my store of resolutions sage
Is fired by mischief and explodes in rage.

And is it to be ever thus? Am I,
In the full manhood and maturity
Of genius vast, ever to be foredone
By that survival in my mother's son,
Her most outrageous Pickle of a boy?
So must I fear: and, therefore, farewell joy!
No more for me the exquisite delight
Of flooring Dignities to left and right;

Bigwigs from place no longer meekly go,
Obedient to my indicative toe;
And while my wooing's vain, 'tis vainer
yet

To kick my way into the Cabinet.
Thrice have I played the terrorising
game,

Twice have I bolted in excess of shame;
And now a fresh *fiasco* bids me fly
Far from that terror to me, the mocking
eye.

Just one more kick at parting, and I
pack;
And when I do—ay, when I do come
back,

This gang of goitered idiots shall see
What comes of sniggering o'er the wall
at Me! [to say?]

But softly! Shall I go? Why, who's
As soon as I am well upon my way,
Some bloody news from Black Land yet
may come

To make me curse the hour I turned
from home.

Go? That I will not; far too good the
chance

Bestowed on me by timely circumstance.
I will remain! And why I do not go,
Let GR-NF-LL stumble and the gang shall
know!

From thy resounding halls, my Paddington,
Such lava-floods of righteous ire shall run,
That Greenlands smug, that Hatfield's loathly
sties,

Shall scorch at the reflection in the skies!

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

WHAT is against Mr. FARJEON's clever story of *Devlin the Barber*, is its grotesque title, and its burlesque frontispiece representing the Mephistophelian hero of the tale. It seems a mistake to have given *Devlin* such a theatrically diabolic make-up, but, on the



Exhibiting a Strong Grasp
of the Subject.

other hand, the novelist must have chuckled over the artful manner in which he has misled his readers as to the real character of the man. The plot is simple, but it is quite a *boîte à surprise*, and *Devlin the Barber* is—, well, you'll see. Read it.

There is a good short article on *Pickwick* in the December number of the *Cornhill*, illustrating the hap-hazardness of genius in the matter of details. *Pickwick* was started with no idea in the author's mind except of writing up to SEYMOUR's illustrations; the story grew; the Pickwick Club practically ceased to exist after the "BILL STUMPS his mark" incident, and the Pickwickians went on a roving commission, with powers to add to their number such characters as the author chose to introduce them to. Contradictions and irreconcilable difficulties are of frequent occurrence, and yet what did it matter to the first readers, and what does it matter to us now, except as one more among the many conclusive proofs that genius—writing *currente calamo*—is above rules. *Pickwick* is immortal.

Excellent in illustration, and interesting in matter, is the Double Number for Christmas of the *English Illustrated Magazine*, especially the article on *Macbeth*, anent its revival at the Lyceum.

There is rather a De Quinceyish article in the *Fortnightly* by OSCAR WILDE on WAINWRIGHT, the penman, pencilman, and poisoner. When I say De Quincey-like, I mean that it reminds me of that bizarre "Essay on Murder considered as one of the Fine Arts," which, with another on a certain historical character, I wish the Opium-eater had never written. Yet there is a weird fascination about DE QUINCEY's cynicism as there is about THACKERAY's detestable *Catherine*. O. W.'s article is "not too De Quincey-ish, but just De Quincey-ish enough." In the same magazine EDMUND GOSSE gives a fair enough literary criticism of IBSEN's Social Dramas, but wisely does not attempt to treat them from an English practical dramatist's point of view. As we have them, not one could be placed in its entirety on the stage without wearing an audience, and I fancy not more than two would repay the trouble. Of these two *The Pillars of Society* would be one, and powerful writing (beyond mere adaptation), ingenious stage-management and

rare acting would be required to make it a success. As long as IBSEN's Dramas are not placed on the English stage, they will be enthusiastically praised by a certain *clique*, who flatter themselves on knowing a great deal of everything, especially the drama. To a Manager I should say, "Trust them not, they're fooling thee. Beware! beware!" THE BARON DE BOOK WORMS.

THE MOAN OF THE MONSTROSITY.

[The Islington Vestry wants to put down the public exhibitions of "giants, dwarfs, and abnormally fat women."]

PITY a poor Monstrosity! Hope's gone,
If on our trade the Vestry works its will.
What once was known as "Merry Islington,"
Is down upon us! 'Tis a bitter pill!

Giants and dwarfs, fat women and the rest,
Till now could earn a pittance—in a Show.

But, if they treat us as a public pest,
What shall we do, wherever shall we go?

Inimical to public morals? Gracious!

We never looked upon ourselves as such.

'Tis true our pictures are not *quite* veracious,

But then a penny is not very much.

We never knew the Public was a sinner

Because its coppers to our Show 'twould give;

And then a dwarf, though small, requires some dinner,

And e'en a Living Skeleton must live.

Think of it, Vestrydom! Your high pomposity

O'erlooks the piteous fate we now must dread.

If BUMBLE had been born a poor Monstrosity,

How, how would he have earned his daily bread?

"THE MAYER THE MERRIER" at this festive season is M. MAYER, who has revived that very comic piece, *Trioche et Cacolet*, at the Royalty. M. MAYER has rightly Caocolated upon its success.

A GENUINE BEAR-BACKED STEED.—The horse that carries Bruin round the Circus at Covent Garden.

THE "LOCK OUT" AT THE LYCEUM.—The omission of Lock's music to *Macbeth*.

JODRELL THEATRE.—PATTY ROSA only a "Bob!" and yet she is a little dear!

NOTICE.—Rejected Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will in no case be returned, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. To this rule there will be no exception.



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

"YOU CAN'T GO HOME WHEN IT'S RAINING LIKE THIS. YOU'D BETTER STAY AND HAVE DINNER WITH US!"—"OH, IT'S NOT QUITE SO BAD AS THAT!"

A PROTEST.

[There is talk in Germany of a Crusade against Socks and Stockings, as unhealthy, and a hindrance to marching.]

ABOLISH Stockings,—and at Santa Claus' time?—

The proposition really is too shocking.
Think what we'll lose in prettiness and pastime
If we discard the stocking!

Fancy how much Society owes to hose,
Soft-woven, trimly drawn with handsome "clocking."
No, they are trade's worst friends, and taste's worst foes,
Who rob us of the stocking.

LEIGHTON himself, though he paints feet—such loves!—
In beauteous bareness, might esteem *this* mocking;
Is 't not proposed now to divide, like gloves,
The five-toed Stocking?

Abolish it? Society to its base
At such a fundamental change seems rocking,
A bas les bas! Nay, there's at least one race
Won't sacrifice the Stocking.

The Teuton is a Titan in his way,
But his rough tastes for BISMARCK, bullying, "bock"-ing
Don't qualify him in his bearish play
To supersede the Stocking.

No, pretty girl and *bas-bleus*, artists, lovers,
In the defence of hosen will come flocking.
They will not lose that daintiest of foot covers—
The sex's Silken Stocking.

"MYLES AHEAD OF 'EM ALL!"—In spite of fog, frost,
Railway Commissions, and troubles, somebody's railway
lines do fall in pleasant places at the commencement of the year;
and in the L. and S.E. district we read of "Nods and becks and wreathed Sir MYLES." Who is to be tomorrow Knight?
And what is the L. C. & D. Chairman to be made? A Baronet, nothing less.

"Follow the Flag!"

QUITE so, dear ROSEBERRY; 'tis a glorious rag;
Enthusiasm, though, must stand *expense*.
If hearts determine to defend the flag,
Exchequers must not flag in its defence.

DRILL AND DROLLERY.

In *Infantry Drill, as Revised by Her Majesty's Command, 1889*, just published, there is much new and interesting matter. According to the Army Order introducing the work, signed by "WOLSELEY, A.G. by command of His Royal Highness the Commander-in-Chief," the Regulations now promulgated "are based on the principle of demanding great exactitude in the simplified movements still retained for drill, while conceding the utmost latitude to all Commanders, of however small a unit, in manœuvre. The first must be carried out literally, the second must be observed in the spirit more than the letter." As to the "simplified movements still retained for drill," they seem to be quite as numerous as ever they were, and, in spite of their "simplicity," appear to be just as likely to puzzle the sucking subaltern in the present and the future as they were wont to do in the past. The "utmost latitude" matter, however, is something new, and introduces a novel principle into army organisation.

Under the heading of "Manœuvres," the compilers of the new book have a great deal to say on the subject of tactics, and explain everything to TOMMY ATKINS most carefully. For instance, a sentry has no less than fourteen duties assigned to him, which are set forth at length. One of them is suggestive of the order given to the younger members of a family when permitted to "come down to dessert;" it runs as follows:—"His duty is to see and listen, without being seen or heard; and to report the result of his observations," the latter part, no doubt (in the case of infantry) being added by an inquisitive nurse.

Another "duty" is to learn "the names of villages, rivers, &c., in view; and the places to which roads and railways lead," which is rather suggestive of a School Board standard in Geography. The Authorities seem to fear that the sentry may become too polite and amiable (which, of course, would be unprofessional, as things military are never civil), and consequently publish for his guidance the rule, "he is to pay no compliments, nor allow anyone to distract his attention." The last regulation (which amply proves that the idea of "conceding the utmost latitude" to the smallest unit is to be carried out with the greatest possible

generosity) runs as follows:—"If attacked, he should defend himself by firing or using his bayonet, as circumstances may require."

Perhaps this "utmost latitude" has been carried rather too far in the compilation of the book itself. In dealing with "Flags of Truce" (page 292), the authors suggest "that a smart officer, conversant with the enemy's language, and of a cheerful disposition, should be selected." Surely this should have been amplified by showing how the officer should be smart, linguistic, and cheerful. To supply the omission, we give a few regulations, that can be incorporated in the next edition.

Duties of Officers Carrying Flags of Truce.

1. On reaching the enemy's lines, he shall take ten paces to his front, laugh heartily, to denote that he is of a cheerful disposition, and observe, *Bong jaw, jer swee onchawntay der voo rav, vooley voo preenny ung drink?*

2. He then may ask a riddle, and, if possible, should stand upon his head, or perform some other feat of skill calculated to impress the enemy with a sense of his liveliness.

3. If brought before the enemy's Commander-in-Chief, he should approach him by the side (or closing) step, and thump him suddenly on his back when his attention is attracted in another direction.

4. He should, when ordered for instant execution, if possible, escape, with the assistance of the paraphernalia of the vanishing lady illusion—a trick with which he should have made himself thoroughly familiar before entering upon his hazardous undertaking.

The compilers themselves seem to be of a "cheerful disposition," as they suggest to the officer bearing the flag of truce, and his trumpeter, that "they should not retire until satisfied, *after being persistently fired at*, that they have been seen by the enemy, and that he will not receive them." This touch of waggery proves the whole world (inclusive of "GEORGE, Ranger," and "WOLSELEY") kin!

To sum up, *Infantry Drill* will be found as amusing in times of peace as it is to be hoped it will prove as valuable in the hour of war. As the Adjutant-General and His Royal Highness the Commander-in-Chief would no doubt humorously observe, as a proof of their "cheerful disposition," "It is a Red Book that should be read!"

MARIUS-SHAW AMIDST THE RUINS OF LONDON.

A VISION OF A POSSIBLE FUTURE.



MUSIC OF THE FUTURE.

WE have before mentioned Dr. MACKENZIE'S coming work, *Jubal's Lyre*, about which there are naturally many stories. JUBAL'S Lyre was the biggest Lyre anywhere in ancient times. Its notes were all false, it was such a Lyre. A fragment of one of the principal songs we are enabled to give to the public, though warning them that we have it straight from JUBAL'S Lyre, and therefore the information must be taken *cum grano* :—

SOLO.

OH, had I JUBAL'S Lyre,
Or TUBAL'S big bassoon,
If either I could hire
Just for an afternoon,
I'd play such lively measures,
The neighbours all would cease

Their business or their pleasures,
And send for the police.
I have no coin to hire—
To neighbours 'tis a boon—
Our old friend JUBAL'S Lyre,
Nor TUBAL'S big bassoon.

OLD SAW RE-SET FOR ENGLISH PUBLISHERS OF CHRISTMAS CARDS, &c.—“They manage these things much better in—Germany.”

FROM NORTHERN LATITUDES.—The Colonel's Fancy Dress Ball at the Métropole, last Friday, was a grand affair. The guests danced and supped at keep-it-up-all-night-rate.

A VISION—yes, but it should seem
A dream which is not all a dream.
Our firemen are no dreamers;
But this may come if we're so rash
As stint them of support and cash,
And fire-escapes, and steamers.

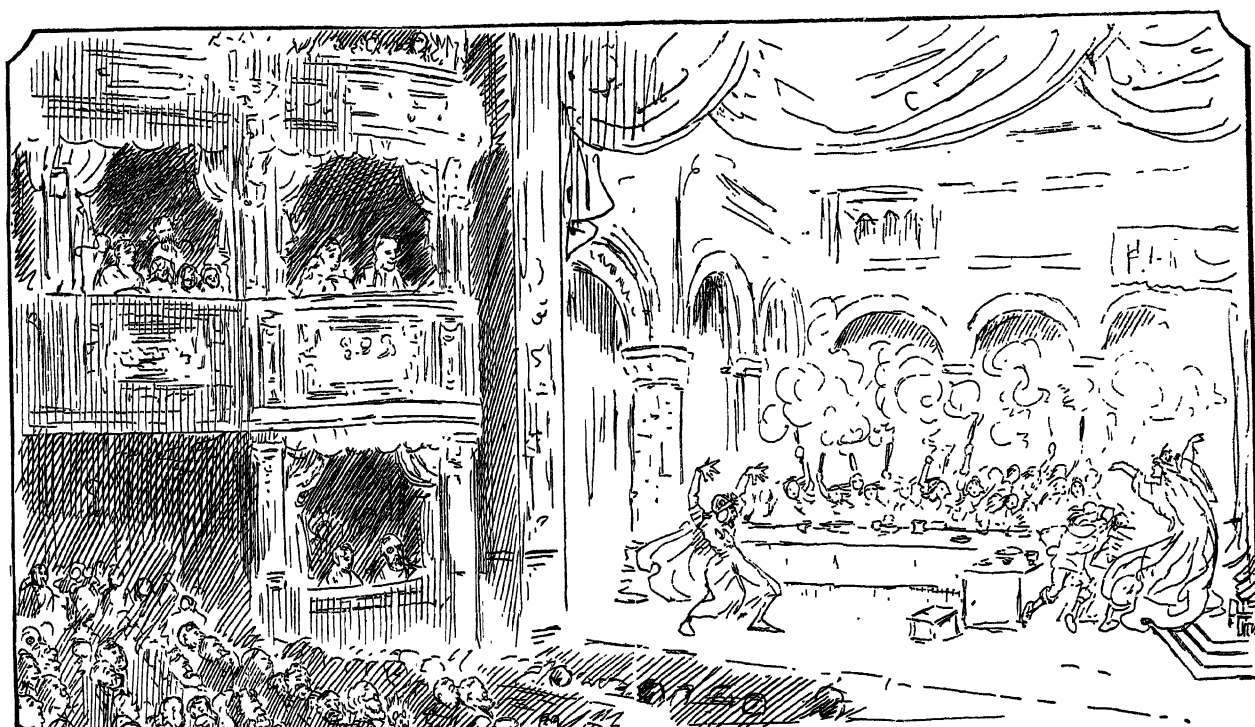
Our MARIUS warns us in good time,
And not to heed him were a crime
For which the town would suffer.
The Citizen who would not aid
SHAW and his gallant Fire Brigade
Must be an arrant duffer.

Let every man read SHAW'S Report;
'Twill give him knowledge of a sort
That wisdom will find well met.
London's Palladium it must strike
The slowest wit is wondrous like
A Fireman's brazen helmet.

And if the time should come, oh Cits!
When SHAW, another MARIUS, sits
'Midst London's blackened cinders,
You will not dare to blame him much,
For it is really he who such
A consummation hinders.

THE Sugar Syndicate appears to have collapsed. Is this because the Promoters have been in want of a *Lump Sum*?

SHAKSPEARE IN TOWN.



A NIGHT W/ MACBETH.

MACBETH's character is defined in his wife's taunt, "infirm of purpose." She knew him; and all that he lacked she possessed, and much more besides. Mr. IRVING's *Macbeth* is, as it seems to me, admirable. There is only one point where I am sure he is wrong, and that is at the very outset of his stage career—I mean, when he first enters. Instead of marching on as the victorious Chieftain, to whom any achievement *vi et armis* is possible, he comes on as though he were brooding over a defeat.

His first few words should be delivered in a cheery tone to *Banquo*, "So foul and fair a day I ne'er have met." This is the grim pleasantry of a Scotchman on the state of the weather, which is more than usually "soft," even for Scotland. His wife has told him he ought to be this, he ought to be that, and so forth, and he has begun to think that prowess such as his could achieve anything. But to murder *Duncan*—to knock the King on his head for the sake of his crown—this has never crossed his brain until the three Witches—out for a lark, mind you, and disobeying *Hecate's* orders—suggest it to him. But *Macbeth* has a great personal

regard for *Duncan*, and, if it hadn't been for his wife, he would not have hurt a hair of the old King's head, though he might have managed to pick a quarrel with *Malcolm* and *Donaldbain*, and have settled the pair of them in fair and open combat; and, indeed, to settle the Prince of Cumberland is the first step that occurs to muddle-headed *Macbeth* at this early stage of his "criminal procedure."

A propos of the Witches, why is *Hecate's* scene in the Third Act omitted? In this the Queen of the Witches gives *Macbeth's* character as "a wayward son, spiteful and wrathful," and then she foreshadows what by pre-arrangement the answers of the Spirits in the Cauldron Scene are to be, and how they are to urge this "wayward son," this man "infirm of purpose," to be "bloody, bold and resolute;" to assure him beyond doubt of his bearing a charmed life, and so to make him "spurn fate" and "scorn death." If he were "bloody, bold and resolute" by nature, to what end do the Witches take all this trouble to make him so? No: *Macbeth* is just what Mr. IRVING shows him to be, what his deuce of a wife and *Hecate* know him to be, and, in my humble opinion, what SHAKSPEARE meant him to be.

Miss ELLEN TERRY's reasoning about her impersonation of *Lady Macbeth* seems to me to have been this:—"The grim gaunt female, the awful Tragedy Queen with whom we have been accustomed to associate *Lady Macbeth*, could never have been the woman to whom *Macbeth* was so devoted that he writes to her whenever he has a moment's leisure, a letter, not of commonplaces, but revealing the innermost thoughts of his heart, and whom in his most playful moments, when trying to resemble her in masking his murderous design under a gay aspect, he styles 'dearest chuck.' Surely an interiorly fixed, firm, and deadly purpose is compatible with a fascinating exterior; if not, what becomes of our historic traitresses and murderesses, our *DEILIAHS*, *LUCREZIAS*, our *MARCHIONESS DE BRINVILLIERS*, and many



Is this the Wicked Uncle dragging away one of the Babes to be killed? No, it is only *Macbeth* bringing on Sir Arthur Sullivan to receive the congratulations of the Audience.

others who would not have been so terrible had they not been so fascinating? These, to the men they deceived, and to the man to



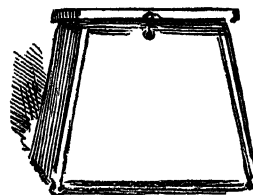
This is the Lady Macbeth, "The Dearest Chuck" of the past.

kind permission, kiss his charming wife under the mistletoe. But a horror-struck, nervous *Lady Macbeth*, listening for the result of her husband's murderous visit to *Duncan's* bed-room is not *SHAKESPEARE'S Lady Macbeth*, but *Lady Macbeth Terry-fied*.

Miss *TERRY* strikes a note of tenderness on which she fondly dwells when she describes *Duncan's* resemblance to her father as being the sole reason why she did not kill him as he slept. But the real *Lady Mac-*

whom they were true, were 'dearest chucks,' and, consequently, as, whether I would or not, I cannot be the grim and gaunt Tragedy Queen, I will be, for I must be, the 'dearest chuck.' And the "dearest chuck" of a *Lady Mac* Miss *ELLEN TERRY* is: and as long as she is with her husband, in certain moods, this is right and consistent. She is admirable when reading the letter; but she is too fond and doting when looking at and addressing her husband's miniature. She is admirable when receiving *Duncan*. She is making him "quite at home," and in another few moments, after supper, you feel that the courteous old King will, with *Macbeth's*

PROPOSED IMPROVEMENT FOR BANQUO'S GHOST.



This is the Trick Seat at the Banquet.

beth, soliloquising, would have despised herself for this momentary weakness. As for the Sleep-walking Scene—I was not in the least impressed by it. Now there was just one scene that *Madame RISTORI* could play to perfection, and that was the Sleep-walking Scene. Never have I seen anything like it. I can never forget it. It was simply awful. We were looking on a dying woman, and, therefore, were not unprepared for the intelligence of her decease, which so immediately follows this our last view of *Lady Macbeth* on earth.

Miss *TERRY* looked the "dearest chuck" to the life, and personally I should say men would be sooner led to the commission of crime by a Syren than driven to it by a Gorgon. Miss *TERRY* is probably

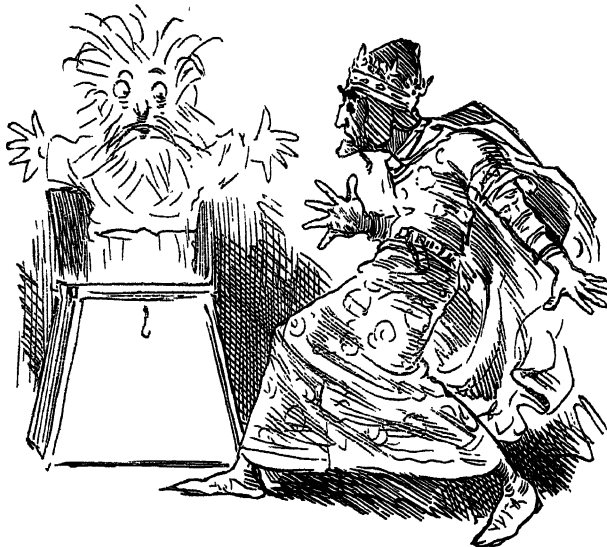
right as to the fascination of the *Thane's* wife. But

she must be the tiger-cat as well as the purring domestic cat; and when alone the tiger-cat only. Velvet and iron is *Lady Macbeth*.

For the *mise-en-scène* there can be but a chorus of unanimous praise, except for the Ghost Scene. This, I have heard, has since been altered. I intend to see the revival again, as I am sure do many others; but, *en attendant*, I offer a practical suggestion for improving the *Banquo* Ghost trick.



This is the "Dearest Chuck" of the present.



Spring released. Sudden appearance of "blood-boltered Banquo."

But the revival offers so many opportunities for suggestions, that I must resume the subject as soon as possible, when I hope to give more attention to the three classical Weird Sisters, *ALEXANDER MACDUFF*, *WENMAN BANQUO*, and the Scenic Artists, all of whom contribute to make the production what it is, an unprecedented success.

"*Merry Wives*" at the Haymarket, charmingly placed on the stage, but I do not think *SHAKESPEARE* would be best pleased at the omission of the "Budget" and "Mum" intrigue, which makes the last part of the play unintelligible. Mr. *KEMBLE* as *Dr. Caius*, and Mr. *RIGHTON* as *Sir Hugh Evans*, are capital, but it is yet open to them to make their comic combat still more comic by introducing some of the business of "*The Two Macs*," which is of quite an Elizabethan character, and would have enraptured the Queen at whose royal command this farcical comedy was written and acted. Also the verses sung by *Dr. Caius* might be brought up to date with a few topical allusions.



Macbeth rushes up, presses down lid, and sits on it, "Why, being gone, I am a man again!"

What a Frenchman of the Sixteenth Century was like, a Nineteenth Century audience has the same opportunities of knowing as a Nineteenth Century actor. But I should say that he would be rather more Frenchified in accent and gesture than Mr. *KEMBLE* makes him. I have rarely seen Mr. *RIGHTON* to greater advantage than as *Sir Hugh Evans*.

Mr. *BROOKFIELD* looked *Master Slender* to the life, but, after all his "*Oh, Sweet Anne Page*," is a monotonous iteration which would irritate an audience if it were not traditionally accepted as the subtle humour of a Shakspearian classic. It seems a difficult task to make anything of this part, except in the scenes with *Sweet Anne* herself.

Mrs. *TREE* as *Sweet Anne* is far too melancholy. It is more *Ophelia* than *Anne Page*, especially in the last Act, when she enters dressed all in white singing a sad ditty, and might be *Ophelia* on her way to the pond, or *Joan of Arc* going to execution, instead of a sprightly young lady, pretty sly too, about to take part in a merry

practical joke, and determined to run away with the man she loves, by way of a little practical joke on her own account.

Mr. VOLLATRE did justice to *Justice Shallow*. But the life and soul of these low-comedy scenes, entering thoroughly into the spirit of it all, was that thorough Shakspearian droll, Mr. LIONEL BROUGH. As *Mine Host* of "The Garter" he is simply inimitable. The Play, as performed at the Haymarket, is well worth seeing, if only on account of LIONEL BROUGH'S *Mine Host*, and the thoroughly "merry" *Mistress Page* of Miss ROSE LECLERCQ.



The Beer-barrel Tree.

And last, but certainly not least, when padding is taken into consideration, is Mr. TREE'S *Falstaff*. In everything that Mr. TREE has hitherto undertaken there is evidence of considerable care and cleverness. To play *Captain Swift* by night and *Falstaff* by day is a memorable feat in histrionics. In the one, nature assists art, in the other, the actor has to rely upon his art alone, for nature is dead against him. That, in the process of evolution, he may extricate himself from the costumier's upholstery of padding, release himself from various other difficulties of his own creation, and become at some future time the second-rate *Falstaff* that SHAKESPEARE drew in this second-rate comedy, I am not in a position to deny; but that he is not even this second-rate *Falstaff* at the present moment I can conscientiously assert. Mr. TREE is no more physically fitted for *Falstaff* than he is for Hercules, and, keen as may be his perception of the humour of the fat old reprobate, he gives no evidence of it from the first scene to the last of his impersonation. Of course it interests all playgoers, as a matter of curiosity, to see what thin, adroit, quiet Mr. TREE, will make of fat, broad, boisterous *Falstaff*. In the incongruity of the impersonation lies its chief attraction.

Then, as to costume, why did not he adopt the perfect and picturesque costume designed by JOHN TENNIEL for MARK LEMON when he appeared in the part? As far as appearance went, MARK LEMON was a model *Falstaff*, whereas Mr. TREE'S *Falstaff* looks like an obese, weak-kneed, overgrown Pantaloon.

I very much doubt whether there be anyone now on the stage who can play *Falstaff*, for if an actor be physically unfitted for the part, the necessity for padding, and the assumption of a hoarse sack-and-fog voice, and of a roar instead of a laugh to match, are enough to stifle any really humorous conception. At present Mr. TREE doesn't give himself a chance, so I must give him one, and see him again.

JACK IN THE BOX.

AN "EVENING OUT;" OR, SOCIAL GOSSIP À LA MODE.

ONE of the most pleasant and startling parties which has been given during the present winter season took place on Tuesday evening last at the charming residence of Mrs. G. W. SMITHKINS, at Polydore Gardens. The rooms which had been tastefully decorated with a dozen penny coloured lamps presented a most *recherché* and fascinating appearance, and everything, from the taking of the hats by the disguised Greengrocer down to the music which was supplied by an itinerant street Cornet, was provided for on that scale of luxurious abandon for which the delightful premises in question are so well-known. The place was crowded with pretty faces, and the dresses of some of the smart people who came in shoals were quite remarkable.

Mrs. BOLDERINO, in a damson *redingote*, trimmed with pompons of *pommes de terre au naturel* looked majestic, accompanied by her charming daughter whose sympathetic simper was tastefully set off by a tea-green calico *Directoire* gown, *chiffonné* with *Pompadours aux points d'Asperges*. Mrs. OTTO VON STUMP was dressed in a yellow cotton velvet brocade, relieved by *dentelles d'imitation de Norwich*, and from head to foot literally blazed with paste. Miss WITHERSKIN wore a simple arrangement of white *tulle*, but with her magnificent auburn wig and *parure* of sham emeralds, she created quite a flutter of admiring consternation wherever she went.

Much of the success of the entertainment was due to the indefatigable efforts of the amiable host, who, in a suit of dress clothes hired for the evening, was specially active in the supper-room in his endeavours to induce his guests to swallow the champagne provided for the occasion, which was "Jorson & Co.'s *Cuvée Reservée*, 1888," and cost twenty shillings a dozen.

The feature of the evening was, however, unquestionably the *cotillon*, and the evidently pleasurable surprise evinced by all on the production of the presents, which consisted of cocked-hats for the gentlemen and fans for the ladies, made from back numbers of the *Daily Telegraph*, must have more than satisfied the genial hostess that she had succeeded in not only amusing but in fairly astonishing her guests. The somewhat familiar attentions of a drunken linkman, who volunteered his services at the conclusion of the party, invested the departure from it with a lively character, that cannot fail to have impressed the minds of the invited with the fact that they had assisted at an altogether unique and exceptional entertainment.

Q. E. D.

MORE Naval Demonstrations? Rival cants
Should hush, and rival squabblers cry *peccavi*!
The Naval Demonstration England wants,
Is demonstration that she *has* a Navy.

A LAST WORD.

"By Jove," Sir ROBERT shouts in wrath, "thus calmly you insult us!
Well, mark me, though a MORIER, *non moriar inultus*!"

ALL ROUND MY HAT.

(By a Sufferer.)

TAKE it in front,
in rear, askew,
Perspectively,
by bird's-eye
view,
Afar or near,
It really matters
not a jot,
'Tis an abortion
and a blot,
A shape of
fear,
Incarnate ugliness,
bald,
tasteless, flat,
My stove-pipe
hat!

A rigid cylinder
that engirts
My cranium
close, and heats,
and hurts
My head most
frightfully.

It cuts, it chafes, it raises lumps,
Each vein beneath it throbs and thumps
Fiercely and spitefully.
An Incubus of woe, and yet I wear it
And grin and bear it.



Its pipy structure, black and hollow,
Would make a guy of bright Apollo,
Clapt on his crown.

It takes one's top-locks clean away,
And turns the scanty remnant grey,
Once thick and brown.
And oh! how terrible its torrid tether
In sultry weather!

Ever the same, though fashion's whim
Wide-bell the body, curl the brim,
Or more or less;

Play little tricks with shape or size,
And Yankee or Quakerise
Design or dress, [or that,
Long, short, broad, narrow, curled this way
'Tis still a hat!

Comfort? Had Tantalus once been tiled
At other torments he had smiled.

Pray don't suppose
Adjusted with posterior rake,
Or tilted till the brim shall take
Bark from your nose,
Perched jauntily aside which way you please,
'Twill give you ease.

Tight-jammed 'tis apoplexy, loose
'Tis wind-dislodged and you a goose
In muddy chase.

Direct negation altogether,
At any time, in any weather,
Of ease and grace
Is that curst aggravation of man's lot,
The Chimney-Pot!

Mad as a hatter? Pooh, what's that?

Mad as the wearer of a hat
Conveys some meaning,

As any victim can avouch.
The three hats on a Houndsditch smouch
Like Pisa leaning
Is the most subtle satire on the insanity
Of tiled humanity.

ATTENTION!—Our cavalry establishment appears to be in a tolerably lively and hopeful condition, there being several thousand horses short of the required number, and as a consequence, six or seven regiments able to show a muster-roll of at least two or three hundred troopers apiece who have provided for them no mounts whatever. In this dilemma the Authorities appear to have applied to a tramcar company, but whether with a view to utilising the vehicles or the horses,—the former would seem the more likely under the circumstances,—is not distinctly stated. It would be interesting to follow the drill of a horseless trooper. What does he do? Mount behind a comrade as a sort of reserve,—or what? Yet it must be clear that a lancer on foot, in a real battle, would be very much at sea! Talk of manoeuvres for "Mounted Infantry," indeed! What evidently is wanted is a field handbook for the instruction of our "Dismounted Cavalry!"



LE MONDE OÙ L'ON S'INSTRUIT.

(Mrs. Professor Borax at Home. Conversazione.)

Young Masham (to Hostess). "A—A—HOW D'YE DO?—A"—(glances round the room)—"A—M—A—GOOD-BYE!"

[Exit.]

IS IT PEACE?

"It is with the greatest satisfaction that I state my belief that for this year also peace is assured."
—King Humbert at the Quirinal on New Year's Day. "I... hope that with this alliance (of the Central European Powers), and in view of the fact that there is now no State in Europe which absolutely desires war, we shall succeed in preserving this year also the blessings of peace."—M. Tisza, to the Liberal Party in the Hungarian Diet, on January 1.

PEACE! Is it Peace? The New Year chimes
Ring mellow music round the earth.
'Midst Party strife, class feuds, foul crimes,
The Peoples snatch some hours for mirth;
And hand meets hand in greeting glad,
Princes and Premiers smile and glose;
And who so sour, so cynic-sad,
As seek the thorns beneath the rose?
Yet who is it that meets us here
Upon the threshold of the year?

Peace! Know we not that placid face,
Those flowing robes, those trailing wings?
Is it not she whose gentle grace
The Monarch lauds, the Minstrel sings?
Credentials hers from Court and Camp:
The firm and faithful friend of all.
Who hears the legions' mailed tramp?
The music of her soft footfall
Drowns in men's ears the war-hosts' hum,
The blare of trump, the throb of drum.

Who loves her not, who doth not land?
Truculent Kaiser, braggart Chief,
All bow before her, and applaud
The bearer of the olive leaf.

The very ravens chorus loud

In praise of her snow-plumaged dove.
Sweet Peace! She must be truly proud
Of such strong proofs of general love.
Potentates pass, and statesmen stray,
But hers is undisputed sway.

Look closer! In one forward hand
She holdeth forth the olive wreath,
But—is't Bellona's biting brand
The other grips, though set in sheath?
And those white wings, their plumes a-point,
Look lethal at a nearer view.

Surely the times are out of joint,
Surely men's aims are all askew,
When she, who boasts such conquering charms,
Like other conquerors, takes to arms.

Not shepherd DAVID's sling and stone,
But grim GOLIATH's panoply
The form, the raiment seem her own;
But sure her best-loved bird might flee
From that soft hand set to the hilt,
Those pinions so unlike the dove's.
Whose is the burden, whose the guilt,
That Peace, whom every Emperor loves—
In perorations—fronts our eyes
In so equivocal a guise?

Do they equip her thus, her friends
Who sing her praise in strains so loud?
Whither is it her way she wends,
With face so pale and step so proud?
What friend is it of hers who thinks
To mail her as for stricken fields?
When, like TARPEIA, down she sinks
Crushed by the burden of your shields,
Then will your hollow pæans cease,
Loud hymners of an armed Peace?

MEMS. FOR A COUNTY COUNCILLOR.

1. To make it quite plain in my Manifesto—
A—That I have nothing particular to do, and am a personage of independent means, and, consequently, of some social importance. B—That I have never had a relative in the Vestry. C—Nor had any dealings with the Board of Works. D—And that my wife is second cousin twice removed to Lord FODDLE.
2. To buy some cheap popular handbook dealing with the Poor Law and that sort of thing, and endeavour to make head or tail of it.
3. To have a ride somewhere on a steam-roller, and try and pick up something about it from the stoker.
4. To visit the Workhouse, get a lot of statistics from the Master, and a recipe for making water-gruel.
5. To go in for understanding "Drainage," and perhaps ask the Sanitary Inspector to lunch.
6. To get up the "Coal Dues," have them at my fingers' ends, and be in a position to floor the other side when I have made up my mind which one I am going to take myself.
7. To acquaint myself with the law as it relates to the "Freeholder" and "Leaseholder," and, when I have mastered the subject, toss up to see which I mean to go for.
8. To take private lessons in Elocution, with a view to future performances on the public platform; and meantime to comport myself with dignity, urbanity, and a general condescension of manner, as befits the status and character of a candidate for the position of a London County Councillor.



PEACE (?). 1889.

“ — WITH A HAND AGAINST THE HILT,
WILL PACE THE TROUBLED LAND—*LIKE PEACE* ”!—TENNYSON.

THE GRAND OLD "MANDOLINIST."



AIR—"Mandolinata."

OH, this is really prime!
My soul it buoys and braces.
Ah, tinkle-tum-tink!
I verily think
'Tis better than "Camp Town Races."

The Banjo, after all,
With the Mandolin's not in it.
Ri-tootle-tum tay!
I've mastered the way,
Or shall do in a minute.

Though Irish songs of late
Have been my vocal staples,
'Tis fun to essay
An Italian lay
By the beautiful Bay of Naples.

'Tis chilly, of course, but dull,
For the Irish Vote to angle.
'Tis much better sport
Naples' charmers to court,
With the Mandolin's soft twingle-twangle.

A' Bella di Napoli
Is not a Hibernian beauty,
'But to serenade
An Italian maid
Is a change from more arduous duty.

To thrum Ould Erin's harp
My business may be to-morrow;
Meanwhile I may win
From the sweet Mandolin
Some present relief from sorrow.
My fingering's really fine,
Rum-tinkle-tum-tinkle-tinkle!
Italian eyes
Are quite a surprise,
Like the stars in their skies they twinkle.
"See Naples and die," they say;
But that is irrelevant—very.
'Tis late to begin
On the Mandolin,
But at least I may rest and make merry.

OLD MASTERS' COLLECTION ROYAL ACADEMY
WINTER SHOW.—A sporting farmer came out
of Burlington House very wroth. He de-
manded his shilling back again. "Pictures
of Old Masters!" he exclaimed, "why there
isn't a single picture of any Old Master
as I've ever heard of! There isn't even an
Old Master of Harriers among 'em!"

RECORD OF THE LAST DAY OF 1888 IN
LONDON.—"Black Monday." Impenetrable
Fog.

TO A MALE SCOLD.

OH! GOLDWIN SMITH, great GOLDWIN SMITH,
Who set such store by manly pith,
You have a most effeminate fashion
Of getting in a towering passion!
Your last attack's a regular rough rage
Excited by that Female Suffrage
Which SALISBURY, a solid person,
Can look without a shriek or curse on.
I seem to see your angry jaw set
Against the pleas of Mrs. FAWCETT.
You will not yield to she-seductions,
But set your back up, and raise ructions.
But, gracious goodness, GOLDWIN, you
Are *always* in a phillaloo.
Since you took quarters with the Yankee,
Your temper has been getting cranky;
You bounce, and flounce, and pounce, and
trounce,
Almost all men—and things—denounce.
You're always game to "drink up Esil;"
GLADSTONE was bad enough, but CREOL
Is really worse, so far to dote,
As to espouse the Female Vote.
It may, or it may not, a hold win
Upon the land, but oh! my GOLDWIN,
Your tantrums—there's no other word—
Are just a trifle too absurd.
The way in which you whirl and twirl
Reminds one of an angry girl;
Not of a man composed and bold.
Women you flout?—then do not scold;
For that is quite a woman's way,
And imitating her won't pay.
It surely is not wise for you,
Great virile sage, to play the shrew.
'Twill spike your guns, silence your battery;
For imitation is mere flattery.
So GOODY—I mean GOLDWIN—please
To moderate your ecstasies
Of anger, lest the feebler sex,
Whose aims your manly soul so vex,
Should think you share—wildest of notions!—
Their "irresponsible emotions."

THE HORRORS OF EVICTION.

WE are sometimes assured that the heart-
rending accounts we read of the scenes that
take place at Irish evictions are purposely
exaggerated. But a report, furnished a few
days since to the *Daily Telegraph* by one
of its correspondents, has an indubitable ring
of truth about it, while it contains one para-
graph in particular which no Englishman, be
he Unionist or Separatist, can read without a
blush of shame, a tingling wonder that
such things can be. The eviction occurred
on the Olphert estate, at a place called (not
inappropriately) Bedlam, and, in attempting
to overcome the gallant tenant, we are told
that a Policeman was injured by a pitchfork
in the lip and leg. This is as it should be—
but mark what follows:—"The ugliest wound
he received," says the telegram calmly, "was
a gash on the back of the head, which, it was
asserted, was thrown at the inmates of the
house by an Emergency Man, a view shared
by the Police." Will not Dr. TANNER or
Mr. CONYBEARE demand the name of that
Emergency Man when the House reassembles
for its duties? Are Emergency Men to be
permitted to throw "ugly wounds," or
"gashes," or even "the backs of their
heads" at the devoted inmates of Irish home-
steads with impunity?—and is this a view
shared by that "effeminate Nero," Mr. BAL-
FOUR, as well as by the Police? The country
has a right to know whether such things are
done, and will continue to be done in its
name. Mr. *Punch* is very sure that neither
NICHOLAS of Russia, nor King BOMBA himself,
was ever guilty of such incredible atrocities,
and he still hopes that the account may prove
to be inaccurate in some of its details.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THOUGH the sketches from *A Tour through Holland and Germany*, by Messrs. MAHAFFY AND ROGERS, and brought out by Messrs. MACMILLAN, are not within measurable distance of Messrs. BROUGHTON AND ABBEY'S tour in Dutchland—which was full of Broughton-and-“Abbey Thoughts”—yet it is an interesting book, if not a particularly amusing one. Mr. LOFTIE'S *Kensington*, published by FIELD AND TUEB, is a charming work. It is the Queen's Christmas book par excellence, for on the first page I read, “By Command!” and “Dedicated to Her Majesty the QUEEN,” which are indeed LOFTIE phrases. Would that the historian had not been so intensely serious, or that the QUEEN had seen fit to “command” some light comedy pen and pencil to assist Mr. LOFTIE in his work. A little ‘umble wit and light-heartedness would have relieved the letterpress of its dry guide-book tone. Instead of *Kensington*, by LOFTIE only, I should have liked to have seen *Kensington*, by Loftie and Lowly. Then, as the acrobats used to express it, we should have had an entertainment of “ground and lofty tumbling.”

I don't particularly care for *Lady Bluebeard*—not the book itself (BLACKWOOD), but the lady who flits through Persia and its pages, and gives the story its name. The author is apparently genuinely in love with her; but she strikes one who has never looked into her “sad grey eyes,” or “kissed her in the moonlight just before we sighted Bombay,” as a trifle ill-bred, and disagreeably self-conscious. Bear with the heroine, and the rest of the book is delightful—not in quite a new way, because it recalls *Eothen*, but in a combination of new ways, because, with memories of KINGLAKE before he took to history, there are in the book flashing touches reminiscent of GEORGE MEREDITH. The scenes are fresh, and described with skilful pen. Bagdad, Bussora, Bushire, the Persian Gulf, the Gulf of Oman, Muscat, and so on to Bombay, sighted under the soothing circumstances already noted. After Bombay, Baroda is visited, and in the description of the *fêtes* given by the GAEKWAR the anonymous author equals any chapter in *Eothen*. Apart from pictures of unfamiliar tracks on the way to India, the pages sparkle with shrewd observation and quaint conceits. The book is accredited to “the Author of *Zit and Zoe*,” a little story reprinted from *Blackwood* two or three years ago, which made its mark as something really fresh. *Lady Bluebeard* is better still. BARON DE BOOK WORMS.



“IS MARRIAGE A FAILURE?”

Doctor. “AND WHAT IS YOUR OCCUPATION?”

Rustic Patient. “I’M A MARRIED MAN, SIR,—I’M——”!

LOWERING THE STANDARD.

In the New Year's Day Number of the *Standard* there appeared a remarkable article on the English Drama in general, and the Shakspearian revival of *Macbeth* in particular, worthy of the good old *Gamp* and *Harris* days, but not quite up to the *Standard* of more recent date. From among the number of clever things written by this anonymous genius, we quote the following superb passage:—

“If SHAKSPEARE'S *Macbeth* is not like Mr. IRVING'S, so much the worse for SHAKSPEARE'S *Macbeth*; and if we cannot conceive *Lady Macbeth* having been such as Miss ELLEN TERRY represents her, whose fault is that?”

“So much the worse for SHAKSPEARE'S *Macbeth*!” In old days *Mrs. Gamp* would have chuckled over this, and exclaimed, admiringly, “Why, drat the bragian boldness of the boy!”

A little further on, this genius, who clearly knows all about the stage, states his opinion that could SHAKSPEARE have foreseen the triumphs of HENRY IRVING and ELLEN TERRY, he would have written *Macbeth* and *Lady Macbeth* to suit their “special gifts.”

Then he says, speaking evidently from his own personal and peculiar knowledge—

“Why, what is the very basis, system, method, and almost universal practice of play-writing for the English stage? Does a dramatist conceive and write his play, and then take it to a Manager and say, ‘There is my piece; please act it!’ No doubt some persons are so unsophisticated as to do so; but they are soon undeceived as to the chances of its being produced. The very opposite process takes place. ‘Write me a play,’ says a Manager, ‘and in it there must be a part for me, a part for so-and-so, another part for so-and-so, and then the rest of the piece may take care of itself.’ In a word, the play is written to suit the physique, personality, peculiarities, and special gifts of the actor or actress; which saves the actor or actress a great deal of trouble, and ensures the production of the piece.”

From the above quotations it will be at once seen what sort of a genius the writer of this article is. Clearly a disappointed Dramatist, one of The Rejected, who, with his blank-verse Tragedy in Five Acts under his arm, went to a Manager,—to any number of Managers, probably, one after the other,—and said, “There is my piece: please act it.” To whom the Manager courteously replied, after a careful perusal of the first ten pages, “There is your play: please take it away.”

No wonder this Rejected Dramatist speaks with so much intimate knowledge of how plays are produced, and speaks so feelingly on the “decline of the Drama,” the Drama in question being his own, which was “declined with thanks.” But can't this genius take heart of grace, give up the leader-writing (a great loss to the public, and some, perhaps, to himself), and write a Drama to suit HENRY and ELLEN, or a farce for JOHNNIE TOOLE, or a comedy for the KENDALS, or a domestic drama for TERRY, or a melodrama to suit the “special gifts” of TERRISS and Miss NETHERSOLE, or a burlesque for the “special gifts” of ARTHUR ROBERTS and VANONI? Let him do any one, or all, of these,—he has only to call on the several Managers for orders, and we sincerely wish he may get them (as no doubt he will, of one sort, where the business is not particularly flourishing) and though we shall miss his contributions to the *Standard*, yet we shall console ourselves by knowing that the English stage will be in due time enriched by the work of a Dramatic Genius whose light had been so long hidden under a bushel of journalistic prose.

THE LATEST FROM EGYPT.—People are asking whether the Government intend to let the flame of rebellion die out at Suakin. Apparently not, for it seems they have again installed a *Küchener* on the spot.

THE DIARY OF A NOBODY.

December 17.—As I open my scribbling Diary I find the words "Oxford Michaelmas Term ends." Why this should induce me to indulge in retrospective I don't know, but it does. The last few weeks of my Diary are of minimum interest. The breaking-off of the engagement between LUPIN and DAISY MUTLAR has made him a different being, and CARRIE a rather depressing companion. She was a little dull last Saturday, and I thought to cheer her up by reading some extracts from my Diary, but she walked out of the room in the middle of the reading without a word. On her return I said, "Did my Diary bore you, darling?" She replied, to my surprise, "I really wasn't listening, dear. I was obliged to leave to give instructions to the laundress. In consequence of some stuff she puts in the water, two more of LUPIN's coloured shirts have run, and he says he won't wear them." I said, "Everything is LUPIN."



It's all LUPIN, LUPIN, LUPIN. There was not a single button on my shirt yesterday, but I made no complaint." CARRIE simply replied, "You should do as all other men do, and wear studs. In fact I never saw anyone but you wear buttons on the shirt-fronts." I said, "I certainly wore none yesterday, for there were none on." Another thought that strikes me is that GOWING seldom calls in the evening, and CUMMINGS never does. I fear they don't get on well with LUPIN.

December 18.—Yesterday I was in a retrospective vein—to-day it is prospective. I see nothing but clouds, clouds, clouds. LUPIN is perfectly intolerable over the DAISY MUTLAR business. He won't say what is the cause of the breach. He is evidently condemning her conduct, and yet, if we venture to agree with him, says he won't hear a word against her. So what is one to do? Another thing which is disappointing to me is, that CARRIE and LUPIN take no interest whatever in my Diary. I broached the subject at the breakfast-table to-day. I said, "I was in hopes that, if anything ever happened to me, the Diary will be an endless source of pleasure to you both, to say nothing of the chance of the remuneration which may accrue from its being published." Both CARRIE and LUPIN burst out laughing. CARRIE was sorry for this, I could see, for she said, "I did not mean to be rude, dear CHARLIE, but truly I do not think your Diary would sufficiently interest the public, to be taken up by a publisher." I replied, "I am sure it would prove quite as interesting as some of the ridiculous reminiscences that have been published lately. Besides, it's the Diary that makes the man. Where would EVELYN and PEPYS have been if it had not been for their Diaries?" CARRIE said I was quite a philosopher; but LUPIN, in a jeering tone, said, "If it had been written on larger paper, Guy, we might get a fair price from 'a buttermilk for it.'" As I am in the prospective vein, I vow the end of this year will see the end of my Diary.

December 19.—The annual invitation came to spend Christmas with CARRIE's mother. The usual family festive gathering to which we always look forward. LUPIN declined to go. I was astounded, and expressed my surprise and disgust. LUPIN then obliged us with the following radical speech:—"I hate a family gathering at Christmas. What does it mean? Why some one says, 'Ah, we miss poor Uncle JAMES who was here last year,' and we all begin to snivel. Someone else says, 'It's two years since poor Aunt LIZ used to sit in that corner.' Then we all begin to snivel again. Then another gloomy relation says, 'Ah, I wonder whose turn it will be next?' Then we all snivel again, and proceed to eat and drink too much, and they don't discover until I get up that we have been seated 13 at dinner."

December 20.—Went to SMIRKSONS', the Drapers, in the Strand, who this year have turned out everything in the shop and devoted the whole place to the sale of Christmas Cards. Shop crowded with people, who seemed to take up the cards rather roughly, and after a hurried glance at them, throw them down again. I remarked to one of the young persons serving, that carelessness appeared to be a disease with some purchasers. The observation was scarcely out of my mouth, when my thick coat-sleeve caught against a large pile of expensive cards in boxes one on the top of the other, and threw them down. The manager came forward looking very much annoyed, and picking up several cards from the ground said to one of the assistants, with a palpable side-glance at me, "Put these amongst the sixpenny goods; they can't be sold for a shilling now." The result was, I felt it my duty to buy some of these damaged cards. I had to buy more and pay more than I intended. Unfortunately I did not examine them all, and when I got home I discovered a vulgar card with a picture of a fat nurse with two babies—one black and the other white, and the words, "We wish Pa a Merry Christmas." I tore up the card and threw it away. CARRIE said the great disadvantage of going out in Society and increasing the number of our friends was, that we should have to send out nearly two dozen cards this year.

December 21.—To save the postmen a miserable Christmas, we follow the example of all unselfish people, and send out our cards early. Most of the cards had finger-marks, which I did not notice at night. I shall buy all future cards in the daytime. LUPIN (who ever since he has had the appointment with a stock and share brokers, does not seem over-scrupulous in his dealings) told me never to rub out the pencilled price on the backs of the cards. I asked him why. LUPIN said, "Suppose your card is marked 9d. Well, all you have to do is to pencil a 3—and a long stroke after it—in front of the nine-pence, and people will think you have given five times the price for it." In the evening LUPIN was very low-spirited, and I reminded him that behind the clouds the sun was shining. He said, "Ugh! it never shines on me." I said, "Stop, LUPIN, my boy, you are worried about DAISY MUTLAR. Don't think of her any more. You ought to congratulate yourself on having got off a very bad bargain. Her notions are far too grand for our simple tastes." He jumped up and said, "I won't allow one word to be uttered against her. She's worth the whole bunch of your friends put together, that inflated, sloping-head of a PERKUPP included." I left the room with silent dignity, but caught my foot in the mat.

December 23.—I exchanged no words with LUPIN in the morning; but as he seemed to be in exuberant spirits in the evening, I ventured to ask him where he intended to spend his Christmas. He replied, "Oh, most likely at the MUTLARS." In wonderment I said, "What! after your engagement has been broken off?" LUPIN said, "Who said it is off?" I said, "You have given us both to understand—" He interrupted me by saying, "Well, never mind that! It is on again—there!"

ENGLISH SOCIETY AS SHE IS SEEN.

(Through Atlantic Mists.)

Now that the more respectable among English Dukes, and the bluer blood of English gentlemen, are finding brides in the United States, a keener interest in high life in this effete country is naturally circulating throughout the States. The *New York Tribune*, fortunate in the possession of a London Correspondent to whom no baronial gates are barred, takes the lead in supplying the demand for news in this department. "G. W. S." himself has contributed a series of articles on London Society and upon "The American Girl" as she flashes through it. "Royalty," writes this unconscious humorist, "is a caste apart. An intercourse with Royalty has, I admit, an etiquette of its own." That understood, "G. W. S." rams with patronising step through the inner circle of English Society both in town and country. Never, since CHARLES EDWARD HARRINGTON FITZROY YELLOWPLUSH laid down his pen, has so masterly an exposition of the greatness and the littleness of London Society been set forth in print. Like CHARLES EDWARD, "G. W. S." is too intimate with the "hupper suckles" to think much of them.

"G. W. S.'s" latest contribution is supplemented by one from another hand. It lacks something of his lofty style, but displays all his intimate knowledge of the subject. "A Common-sense Duchess" is the heading of the article, which treats of a lady lately dead. "Ridiculous as it may seem to Republican readers," says this high authority,—

—"the Duchess was severely criticised for her habit of walking forth alone from her sombre mansion and calling a cab when in a hurry, instead of letting a half-hour go to waste while the cumbersome vehicle appropriate to her station should be made ready. The entire precinct was once thrown into a flutter by the report, doubtless correct, that she had personally entered the little bakery in St. James's Street, in which a postal agency was established, and had there purchased stamps and affixed them to her letters, precisely as one of the untitled multitude might have done."

Nor was this all.

"In the winter of 1869 the sentinel who mounts guard over the palace wall of Cleveland Row had the opportunity of relieving his dreary routine by saving a child from being run over—a radical cab-horse from Pall Mall having so forgotten the proprieties as to break loose and endanger human life, as well as the drowsy tranquillity of that solemn region. A day or two later the Duchess was seen to stop and speak to the guardsman, who was so overcome by agitation that he could hardly hold his rifle steady. He would have faced the cannon's mouth with less trepidation than exchange ten words with this exalted Peeress."

This seems to have created a sensation equalled only by that with which the West End heard of the indiscretion in "the little bakery in St. James's Street." "The verdict of the austere middle-class throughout the neighbourhood was, that the Duchess had been reprehensibly unmindful of the dignity of the position, and that she would have done better to send the soldier half-a-crown by her footman." "And yet," exclaims the *New York Tribune*,—

—"there are people on both sides of the Atlantic who profess to wonder that the social sensibilities of Americans and Englishmen cannot at all points be brought into sympathetic and symmetrical accord."

There are, indeed.

"WHEN THE 'CAT'S' AWAY!"



Mr. Punch (log.). "Now, my fine fellows, this is how I should like to see you, armed, hunting in threes; you'll be even with the rascals, and then a taste of this will finish the scare as it did garroting."

The Burglar burgles on, and criticises solemnly on his doings by the column; Meanwhile the brute gives sleeping law the slip.

First catch your burglar—MONROE's business that—[dog the cat—] And, when you've caught him, give the That's Mr. Punch's tip!

A PROSPECT OF PEACE!

At a meeting of the forces under the command of General BOOTH, lately held in St. James's Hall, Dr. CLIFFORD, President of the Baptist Association, desired to "express his sympathy with the new departure which the Salvation Army had taken." The majority of respectable people would certainly share in that sympathy if the new departure of the Salvation Army were a departure altogether, singing

"Never come back no more, boys;
Never come back no more.
We're going away,
Away we will stay,
And never come back no more!"

Oh, that would be, indeed joyful, my dear brethren, and our Sundays in London and elsewhere would be tranquil, undisturbed by the belaboured drum, the tinkling cymbals—an objectionable form of "religious symbolism"—and the noisy brass of General BOOTH and all the Salvationist lads and lasses.

"POOR RICHARD!"—Mr. RICHARD MANSFIELD, who has been Dr. *Jekyll*, and Mr. *Hyde*, and Prince *Karl*, is now, by Sir MORELL MACKENZIE's orders, going to give the public and himself a rest. Both Mr. MANSFIELD and the Public should be grateful to the eminent Doctor, and we trust that soon "RICHARD" will be "himself again"—not *Jekyll*, or *Hyde*, or *Karl*, when, as he announces, he will essay the light and airy part of *Richard the Third*. RICHARD playing *Richard*. Why doesn't he double-gloster the part with that of *Richmond*? *Hyde* and *Jekyll* would be nothing to this *tour de force*. "Perhaps I have it in my eye," says DICK, "*Di!*"

ECHO'S ANSWER.—"Does anybody ask what the Republic has done for France?" inquires the *St. James's Gazette*. Well, according to some, the answer would be a simple one—*Echo's* answer, in fact; viz., "The Republic has done for France"—completely.

THE TURBOT'S DIARY.

Off the North British Coast.—Well this is jolly. Here we are, hundreds of us, floundering away in shoals. Worth, I should think, about a penny a dozen. Talk about there being "as many good fish in the sea as ever came out of it"! Nonsense. The proverb ought to be altered. There are a good many more. Halloo! though,—what's this? Blest if it isn't a net, and what's more I'm in it. By Jove, it's a case. I'm caught.

On a Local Wheelbarrow.—Two or three score of us flung back into the sea again, just to keep up the price. A downright shame I call it. However, they want two shillings for me here, and as no one will give it (and quite right too), I'm packed off to London.

At Billingsgate.—Find I've got hopelessly into the "Ring." No chance of being sold at my real price, which, including railway charges, would even now be only about twopence a pound, but I've been consigned to a leading West-end fishmonger by an enterprising middleman, and goodness only knows what price they won't stick on me now. Wish I could open my mouth! Wouldn't I let 'em know what they really ought to pay for me.

On a Fishmonger's Slab in a Leading West-End Thoroughfare.—Here I am displayed along with some lobsters for which they are asking five shillings apiece—and which, I'll be bound didn't cost sevenpence! As for the price they've put on me, it's monstrous. If cut up, I'm to go for one and sixpence a pound, yet if they were to get rid of me at twopence-halfpenny they would still make a good profit. As to those red mullets at two shillings and sixpence apiece, and those oysters at four shillings a dozen, I wonder they're not ashamed to be seen in the place; but I suppose, poor beggars, like me, they can't help themselves. Oh! if I could only speak!

On a Table in Mayfair.—Over at last! Dished up whole at a fashionable dinner-party of eighteen. Appear to have given satisfaction. But, what a swindle! Overheard the Cook say that the Fishmonger had priced me at one pound five! and my real price ought to have been one and ninepence. Downright robbery; that's what it is! Why don't the public take it up? But, there—I'm only a poor fish, and with the best will in the world—I can't help it!

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

The Toilers of Babylon. This, as an unsensational novel, is among the best, if not quite the best of Mr. FARJEON's books up to now. The characters are original, the plot well-constructed and worked out, and there are no pages of dialogue that the accomplished novel-reader knows at a glance can be skipped without losing a single essential point. No skipper need take this in hand. It is interesting, and sufficiently absorbing without being unhealthily exciting. The dialogue is throughout easy, but never commonplace; the humour is unforced, and the pathos natural. The influence of DICKENS, the master, may be always seen in the work of one of his most apt disciples, and it is most happily evident when Mr. FARJEON does not labour, as he has done in the lighter chapters of some of his other novels, to be Dickensianly funny, but is spontaneously and quietly humorous. I strongly recommend it.

My faithful Co. has been spending a part of his vacation in reading *The Fairy History of England*, a companion volume to the *Fairy Geography*, published some time ago. He reports that he has been greatly entertained by the light touch of the author, and has, with the latter's aid, quite "rubbed up his knowledge." He says that, after reading this unconventional account of the darker pages of BRITANNIA's biography, he has felt himself in a position to hold his own in the company of his children, even when they begin discussing the invasion of JULIUS CÆSAR and the Battle of Hastings. Both events are recorded in a style that does not lack either humour or instructiveness. So far, the *Fairy History* extends only to the PLANTAGENETS, but he lives in hopes of seeing several other volumes in the near future.

BARON DE BOOK WORMS & Co.

STARS AND SPANGLES.—Yankee *Hamlet* and Company protest against the invasion of foreign Star Companies. Very natural, their country is sufficiently "star-spangled" already.

PROTECTION WANTED IN STAFFORDSHIRE.—German measles have come over, and are doing double the work that English measles can undertake in less time and at half the price.

LITTLE ROSEBERY'S SONG.

(With acknowledgments to the Author of "Little Buttercup.")

"It requires a great deal of energy to sweep anything."—Lord Rosebery's Speech on County Councils.



Little R. "PLEASE SPARE A VOTE FOR YOUR HONEST CITY CROSSING SWEEPER!"

Enter Little ROSEBERY, with big broom in his hand.

RECITATIVE.

HAIL, County Councillors, hope of the nation,
 Who'll help reform, and put down pecculation!
 Whate'er your Party, you can well afford
 To welcome Little ROSEBERY at your Board.

ARIA.

For I'm called Little ROSEBERY—smart Little ROSEBERY.
 Some sneering Tories ask, "Why?"
 But still I'm called ROSEBERY—cute Little ROSEBERY,
 Sleek Little ROSEBERY, I!

Whate'er your opinions, in your new dominions
 I hope you will deign to find room,
 (Since streets in your keeping will need so much sweeping)
 For me and my useful new broom.

My case is most critical; if on political
 Grounds I your suffrages sought,
 I fear at a handy date, I, as a candidate,
 Likely to naught should be brought.

But who'd ask his barber, "My friend, do you harbour
 Or not, matrimonial desire?"
 "I claim clear response, or you are not my tonsor."
 Then why, friends, my Party require?

Me—"unemployed"? Oh, no! I labour *pro bono*
 Er—*Publico*—yet I've some leisure,
 And if you elect me, the task you expect me
 To try I shall tackle with pleasure.

I am not a lackey, nor faddy, nor quacky,
 I'll work for our big busy hive.
 You see, Gents, my case is upon a broad basis,
 For London, not Party, I'll strive.

A well-meaning "toff" is as worthy of office
 As any good soul *not* a nob.
 Public spirit I'd kindle, against knaves who swindle,
 And rascals who rob and who job.

My broom, I may mention, will work for prevention
 Of dirt piles—that's better than cure.
Sans Party or passion, I'll work in a fashion
 True Sweeping Reform to ensure.

Then vote for your ROSEBERY—good Little ROSEBERY,
 I have explained to you why;
 So vote for your ROSEBERY—smart Little ROSEBERY;
 Come Little ROSEBERY try!

Mr. Punch. Aye, Little ROSEBERY—and well called—
 for you're the roundest, the rosiest, and the raciest candi-
 date in all the City.

Little Rosebery. Round, am I? and rosy—and racy?
 May be, for I have temper and humour! But hark ye,
 my merry friend—hast ever thought that beneath a gay
 and genial exterior there may lurk a force that is slowly
 but surely working its way to the very front?

Mr. Punch. Rather, my Little ROSEBERY. Here's
 success to your candidature; more power to your
 energetic elbow, and free play to your New Broom!

[Gives him a vote, and exit.]

Supply and Demand.

THE unbounded resources of our Colonies receive fresh
 and novel testimony in an incident which REUTER tele-
 graphs from Sydney. It appears that the Hon. J. H.
 WANT moved what was practically a Vote of Censure
 on the Government, which was carried on a division.
 "The Ministry," says REUTER, "consequently tendered
 their resignation to the Governor, who has sent for Mr.
 WANT." The Want was immediately supplied.



JONES FINDS HE CAN THROW MORE PASSION INTO THE LETTERS HE SENDS HIS
 BELOVED BY USING THE TYPE-WRITER.

SOME CANDID CANDIDATES.

To the Municipal Electors of the Sewer Hamlets.

ON presenting myself to the notice of this enlightened municipal
 constituency as a Candidate for the London County Council, I may
 perhaps be asked in what way I am specially qualified to serve the
 interests of the ratepayers. The question, however, shows a lack of
 appreciation of the true bearings of the matter. I can assure the
 electors that while incidentally I shall be happy to do what I can to
 benefit them, the interests which I intend principally to serve are
 my own. As a late Member of the Guzzington Vestry, and a repre-
 sentative of the district in the Board of Works, I have consistently,
 and I think successfully, studied the art of providing snug little
 contracts for my personal friends, in addition to taking a fair share
 myself. Whenever there has been presented to me a choice between
 doing my duty or doing the ratepayer, I have unhesitatingly selected
 the latter alternative. "Self-help" is my motto, and accordingly,
 I have helped myself, whenever it has been practicable, to any little
 pickings that might be going. I shall attempt to follow exactly the
 same course if elected to the Metropolitan County Council, and I can
 only hope that the good sense of the constituencies will result in
 returning to that body as many members as possible who can claim
 to be, like myself, both in name and in spirit—especially the latter
 —complete and unmitigated Vestrymen.
 A. JOBBEE.

To the Free and Independent Voters for the N. W. Slumshire County Council.

IN response to an influentially signed request, made by the
 farmers of the district—most of whom happen to be my own tenants
 —and the neighbouring clergy and gentry, I have consented to come
 forward as a Candidate for the Council of this part of the County. I see
 no reason why these new-fangled bodies should have been invented,
 but, as they have been, I think the proper sort of men should
 be elected as members. I entertain very strong opinions as to the
 necessity which exists of importing more hares and foxes into the
 country, and prohibiting farmers from using wire fences. I also
 am of opinion that the rating of country mansions is absurdly high,
 considering the prices one has to pay nowadays for good hunters;
 and I would vote for all such expenses, as well as those of county
 education, asylums, paving, lighting, and highways, coming out of

the pockets of the ratepayers of the nearest borough. Remissions of
 rent to farmers I theoretically approve of, when possible; but I think
 that "grants in aid" should be employed to compensate landlords for
 any loss of revenue they experience on this score. I may add that I
 shall be much surprised if anybody has the assurance to offer himself
 as a rival Candidate to myself. MOWBRAY DE BOOTS PROUDFOOT.

To the Same.

I OFFER myself for the County Council of this Division of the
 County because I am a Dissenter, and because religion has nothing
 whatever to do with the contest. I rely for getting in on the dis-
 content of the labourers with things in general, and on the fact that
 there is a very large Anabaptist community in the various villages
 of the shire, who may be confidently counted upon to vote for any-
 body who will promise to have a slap at the Squires and Parsons
 whenever practicable. Of the details of County management I am
 absurdly ignorant; but I would pledge myself, if elected, to impose
 such a rate on country houses as would cause most of them to be at
 once shut up; and I am perfectly indifferent to whether or not such
 a state of things would mean loss of employment to hundreds of
 families in the counties, with corresponding increase of business to
 shop and hotel-keepers in London, Nice, Cannes, and elsewhere.

EBENEZER MUTRONED.

To the Electors of South Clamberwell.

I OFFER myself for the Metropolitan Council on a frank political
 basis. I am an out-and-out Democratic-Conservative-Radical-
 Unionist. I am aware that all enlightened citizens deprecate the
 intrusion of politics into these elections, and that if political con-
 siderations are allowed to be paramount, jobbery will flourish, and
 the ratepayers' interests will go to the wall. The Caucus of my party,
 however, are of opinion that it will look well if it can be said that a
 majority of the new Councillors belong to their own political per-
 suasion, and they also believe that a distribution of future contracts
 among business men of the same party will tend to an increase of
 public virtue, and of Electors devoted to its views. As I happen to
 possess what is called local "influence," consisting of three breweries
 and a hundred public-houses in the district, the aforesaid Caucus has
 requested me to stand for the position which I unblushingly solicit
 at your hands. GUY PARTIMAN (*Ex-Col. 27th Free Lancers*).

WHAT MR. PUNCH'S MOON SAW.

INTRODUCTION.

THIS title may need some explanation. It is *not* intended to imply that *Mr. Punch* has a private luminary all to himself. Great and truly distinguished as he is, he would scorn such ostentation, and is modestly content



with precisely the same quality of moonshine as that, to quote a certain advertisement, "supplied to Dukes, Marquises, Earls, Viscounts, Barons, and the Nobility and Gentry"—to say nothing of humanity in general. Nevertheless, he conceives that the Moon is quite as much his as any other person's.

HANS ANDERSEN—as who needs to be reminded?—was, or represented himself as being, on sufficiently intimate terms with the Moon to be favoured with hints for many charming word-pictures, which, under the title of *What the Moon Saw*, have for many years delighted the

world. It is true that the Moon herself disclaims any share in the authorship of these sketches, and it is, to say the least, suspicious that, according to the German text, ANDERSEN'S Moon should be represented as of the masculine gender. However this may be (and *Mr. Punch's* science and scholarship warn him from drawing too decisive conclusions from either circumstance), it struck him lately that a little tact and enterprise would enable him to secure the Moon as a contributor to his world-famous periodical. It is surprising, indeed, that this has not been already accomplished by the Editor of one or more of the high-priced Monthlies. *Thoughts on Solar Myths*, by *Her Serene Effulgence the Moon*, would certainly make a good appearance on the cover, and perhaps sell a second edition. But it has been left to *Mr. Punch* to secure her last New Year's Eve, through the agency of a powerful glass, and after negotiations which it would be tedious to detail. It is enough to say that the Moon behaved, at first, with characteristic modesty, professing her total unacquaintance with the art of literary composition—as if that were any valid objection!—and finally retreating behind a cloud with an apparent desire of evading further persecution. But *Mr. Punch* persevered, urging that all persons of light and leading were now engaged in furnishing the world with anecdotal reminiscences, and that from so exalted a source the smallest contributions would be thankfully received by him and by the Public.

Flattery overcame a resolution which was perhaps at no time intended to be final, and presently the Moon came coyly out again with a question respecting terms, which was satisfactorily answered.

And, in the end, she graciously consented to furnish these pages with the fruits of her unequalled opportunities for observing contemporary manners and customs. Many of her pictures it has been necessary to reluctantly suppress, for the Moon has witnessed much that could not be divulged in print without causing pain and inconvenience to a number of highly-respected individuals, and exposing *Mr. Punch* himself to legal proceedings of a harassing and expensive nature. Such of her revelations as follow will be found of an absolutely innocuous character, and might even be considered trivial and unimportant, did not the fact of their distinguished authorship impart a value and interest which, to be frank, would otherwise hardly be conceded to them.

FIRST EVENING.

"Last night," these were the Moon's own words, "last night I looked down through a rent in the canvas of a travelling menagerie. It was closed. Before the stove in the centre a grave and extremely respectable old stork was warming his wings thoughtfully, while a racoon fastened by a long chain to the centre pole was creeping up behind to nip one of his thin red legs. The great elephant at the end was swaying his unwieldy body from side to side behind his bar in an imbecile manner. Now and then a bird uttered a drowsy croak, or a jackal howled, as my rays stole through his bars; a sleepy snurring sound came from the cage where the lions were; otherwise everything was still, for the attendants were all in another tent, fast asleep. Suddenly, from a caravan near the entrance, came the sound of an angry female voice—it was the wife of the lion-tamer, abusing her husband as usual. Presently the door of the caravan opened, and I saw a neat little room, with muslin curtains and polished brass and pictures on the walls, as the light from the lamp streamed out into the dark tent, awaking the animals. Then the lion-tamer leaped down the steps in his shirt and trousers, and after him came his wife, a great red-faced virago, brandishing the little brass shovel from the fender. Round and round she

chased him, and he dodged her, getting now behind the stork, which looked much scandalised by these proceedings, and now behind the stove, where a sick monkey was blinking nervously inside his blanket. All the beasts were now thoroughly awake, and watching the chase in the greatest excitement; the noise was fearful, the laughing jackass roared with merriment, the bear began to dance slowly with delight, the hyena yelled; only the stork was calm, and went on warming his wings whenever he could get out of the way. At last the woman tripped over the racoon's chain and fell—which seemed to amuse the jackass and the hyena more than ever. The man gave a desperate glance all round: already he felt the shovel on his shoulders, but for the moment he was free! I could see his eyes glare wildly as my beams fell upon them. All at once a thought appeared to strike him; the woman was on her feet already, and swearing at the little racoon—he had no time to spare. Before she could intercept him, he was up the steps of the lions' cage, and in the next instant had slipped in amongst them, closing the wicket behind him. There he stood, amongst the dusky growling beasts, breathing hard and looking pale—at least I thought so," said the Moon, "but safe! And the woman stood there on the trampled turf—baffled. She looked at her husband for a moment, with an expression of concentrated contempt, and then she said between her teeth, 'Come out, you coward!' Then one of those tiresome clouds passed before my face, and so I never knew whether he found the courage to come out or not."

PLAY-TIME.

The Silver Falls and the gold tumbles in at the Adelphi. Messrs. PETERITT and SIMS have written a first-rate First Act to *The Silver Falls*. After this they seem to have become startled by their own originality, and to have said to one another, "Take care, SIMS! beware, PETERITT! we mustn't get too far away from the beaten track," and so, the other Acts, though picturesque and dramatic, are of a more conventional character. It lacks any one great sensation scene, but the interest is well sustained throughout, and it is capitally played. Mr. TERRISS is of course the hero, but he has none of those long platitudinous speeches, of which he seemed at one time so enamoured, as if ambitious of rivalling WILSON BARRETT in long-windedness. Mr. TERRISS is better than I've seen him for sometime as *Eric Normanhurst*, and if he would only modulate his tones occasionally, the performance would be perfect of its kind. Heroes are terrible chaps for shouting, just as heroines are, as a rule, for screaming. Miss MILLWARD is an exception; she is charming as the good fairy, and Miss OLGA NETHERSOLE is diabolically delightful as the bad fairy, or evil genius, of the piece. *Elle ira loin*, "by the kind permission of Mr. JOHN HARE," who knew what he was about when he engaged Miss ALLGONE UPPERLEATHERS—I humbly beg her pardon, but I can't help it if she will be a "NETHERSOLE"—for his new Theatre. She hasn't the *physique* for great work, but what she does will be great, by comparison, and good. Let her beware of Messrs. Gasp and Guggle, two stage villains that ere now have choked off more than one promising and performing heroine.

Miss CLARA JECKS, sprightly, lively, and pathetic, is invaluable. I warrant she could be an "emergency woman," and come out as either of the heroines at shortest possible notice, and prove herself to be among the most useful of the Messrs. GATTI's sub-jecks. Mr. SHINE was better as the sailor in *The Union Jack* than he is as the nondescript general store-keeper, *Jack Slingsby*, but this is less his fault, I expect, than that of the authors, who have not made a character part of it. Clever actor, Mr. SHINE; didn't he play in something of Mr. GRUNDY'S, a self-made millionaire, in whose make-up there wasn't a trace of the moon-faced young SHINE as we now see him at the Adelphi, for he had completely taken the shine out of himself.

Mr. CARTWRIGHT'S dolorous, self-restrained, love-lorn, lunatic



The Silver Falls. The Guilt Falls.



A Norah'ble Tale.

Mr. CARTWRIGHT'S dolorous, self-restrained, love-lorn, lunatic

villain is as good as it can be, though how good that is, only Messrs. SIMS and PETTIT can really judge. I don't understand the character. Does Mr. CARTWRIGHT? Do the authors? Was he always like this? or was he changed soon after his birth?

Mr. ROYCE CARLETON's *Dick Redmayne* is impressively and carefully played. It would be difficult to strike out anything new for such a thorough old *Reynolds's-Miscellany-London-Journal* type as this gentleman with the well-known draper's name, who is very nearly being caught red-main'd or red-handed in his nefarious work.



But the cast is chiefly notable for the wonderful transformation of Mr. BEVERIDGE. Up till now he has always been a scoundrel, a gentlemanly, smiling, sneering, *Iago*-like villain, and here we have him as a benevolent Irish Uncle—I daresay he'd make a good Dutch Uncle if required—with a soft persuasive brogue, countenance beaming with benevo-

lence, and a manner with him—bedad—that makes the playgoer exclaim, "Sure, and what a *Father Tom* he'd make if they ever revive *Colleen Bawn*!" The *Colleen Bawn* was born to be drowned and revived, and there are few better dramas of our time than the *Colleen Bawn* and *Arrah-na-Pogue*. Perhaps I shouldn't say so if I saw them now; at all events for the present I'm satisfied with *The Silver Falls*. The scenery, by Messrs. BRUCE SMITH and WALTER JOHNSTONE is most effective.

I dropped into Covent Garden. Capital Circus; crowds of home-for-the-holiday boys enjoying every bit of it. Bear and Mastiff hold a *levée* during the *entr'acte*. A very taking entertainment is that of "The Compleat HENGLER" at Covent Garden. Yours,

JACK-IN-A-BOX.

P.S.—See *Le Voyage de M. Perrichon* at the Royalty. Messieurs DALBERT, LAGRANGE, and DOLNAY capital. JANE MAY, *la petite*, with part to match her size, but not big enough for her talents, charming. Roars of laughter.

A New Lode-Star.

"WESTWARD the Star of Empire takes its way:"
So—it is some time since—a bard could say.
But now the (social) West, its wealth, wit, worth,
Seem, like the needle, turning to the NORTH!

OUR ADVERTISERS.

HUNTING.—An exceptional chance is offered to an enthusiast of some organising capacity of enjoying a brisk ride to hounds in a country where there is at present no meet within fifty miles, by communicating with the Advertiser, who is anxious to dispose of his property, situated on the bleak side of a mountainous hill, together with several dogs collected with a view to their forming the nucleus of a local pack. The latter consist of a Beagle, a Blood-hound, a couple of Mastiffs, one blind; three performing Poodles, and a Pug Puppy, which, with a few additions, and a little attention and training, ought to afford capital sport when let loose on a tame Fox that has been purposely kept in a kennel on the premises. Though the vicinity is broken and rocky, there is a capital bit of straight country to be got in the railway cutting, where, in the intervals of traffic, a spirited mount, followed by a few amateur sportsmen, new to the work, could not fail to enjoy a fresh and exciting run. Apply to "Harkaway," Spavinhurst, Sellborough.

THE ANTI-RHEUMATIC WRAP.—This novel and excellent Waterproof Garment, combining all the protection of the Ulster with the lightness of the Dress Suit, can be worn in the Study, the Swamp, the Drawing-room, the Avalanche, at the Dinner Party, the Inundation, the *Bal Masqué*, in a Shower Bath, on the Moors, or at a funeral, with equal comfort and propriety.

THE ANTI-RHEUMATIC WRAP.—Order it of your Grocer or anywhere.

SUGGESTION FOR FOGGY WEATHER.

IN our Pantomimes, Ballets, Comic Operas, and even in the latest Shakspearian Revival at the Lyceum, the electric light is used as a brilliant star, not in sky, but in the hair. Why should not our Police be fitted up with batteries, so that in a fog they might render some assistance? Here is the idea:—



THE RULE OF THE ROD;

OR, BELGRAVIA VERSUS THE ISLE OF DOGS.

(Being a brief Dramatic Contrast arranged for and respectfully dedicated to the scrupulous Humanitarians of the day.)

DOWN WEST.

Official Sanctum in a great historic Public School. A delinquent, having been guilty of a breach of the discipline of the establishment, has been "reported" to the Head Master, who, armed with a birch-rod, is preparing to administer the usual corporal chastisement proper to the occasion.

Head Master (concluding a short admonitory harangue prior to coming to business). Well, PLANTAGENET, as I said before, I'm sorry to see you here; and I should say that when your father, the Duke, comes to hear of it, he will not be best pleased with you. However, if you will disgrace yourself by grave misconduct, you must take the consequences; and you know what those are. Come, Sir, you have got to receive your punishment. Bear it like a man.

[Giving a practical illustration of the wisdom of SOLOMON's precept, he administers a wholesome "swishing" to his youthful Lordship, who does "bear it like a man," and so receives a salutary lesson at a not unimportant crisis in his career, which he himself acknowledges, later on, has borne good fruit, and will continue so to do, no doubt, to the end of his life.]

DOWN EAST.

Public Class-room of a modern Board-School. A delinquent has thrown an inkstand at the head of the Teacher, who has corrected him by the administration of three strokes on the hand with a cane, and is in consequence pursued by the delinquent's furious and aggrieved British father.

Furious and Aggrieved British Father (finishing a rabid attack on the Teacher, in the presence of all his pupils). Look 'ere! I don't care what he's done to you. There! It's no more than serves you right, I'll be bound. But I won't ave you taking a cane to my kid, and that's flat: and what's more, I means to 'ave the Law of you for it. I should like to know what we're a coming to in England, when a bloomin' teacher thinks he can come a bullying and a hectoring of it over the flesh and blood of the free and independent hard-working man! But I'll have the Law of you for it!

[Has,—with the result that, ignoring the wisdom of SOLOMON, a timid Magistrate fines the Teacher forty shillings, with the option of a "month," thereby reading the inkstand-throwing "kid" such a lesson at an important crisis in his career that he finds himself shortly afterwards safely launched for six years in a Reformatory.]



THIS DREADFUL WEATHER!

STUDY OF A PATIENT AT THE BEDSIDE OF HIS SICK DOCTOR.

GRAND TRANSFORMATION SCENE.

Harlequin Ritchie, the malignant Bogey of Bumbledom, and the Benign and Beauteous Spirit of the County Council.

A SINISTER past, and a future most pitchy,
The Bogey of Bumbledom seemed to present;
But, *hey presto!* Change! Clever Harlequin RITCHIE
Has waved his new wand, to the common content.
The Bogey may rave, and his satellites frown,
But up comes the Spirit, the Demon goes down!

That wand wonder-working, so skilfully wielded,
What world-weighting Incubus long could resist?
The Imp of Misrule has reluctantly yielded,
And sinks in despair in the mirk and the mist.
Of that mischievous nuisance the world is well rid—
If he does not return—which kind fortune forbid!

Pop up again? Possibly trimmed and transmogrified?
Perish the thought! 'Tis too bad to believe!
Too long has the Town been imp-ridden and ogreified.
Down with him! None for *his* going will grieve.
The callous of heart, the bemuddled of brain,
What man ever wants to behold him again?

The Stage he too long as dim despot has haunted,
Though every true heart at his rule has rebelled,
Yet mortals seemed somehow by malice enchanted,
The spell was maintained and the sorcery held.
Discomfited? Banished? What capital fun!
Hooray! Mr. Harlequin RITCHIE, well done!

And as for the Spirit of Splendour that rises
Beneath the wand's whisk as the Demon sinks down;
From the Radiant Realms of Reform's Sweet Surprises
It comes, so they tell us, and takes the whole Town.
'Tis veiled and gleams vaguely, if brightly. Well, well,
Let's have hope from the Spirit, and faith in the spell!

We'll trust that the scene is a true Transformation,
That Bumbledom's banished for ever and aye;
That Harlequin's *bâton* will bless the whole nation,
His pantomime have a long run—yes, and *pay!*
The proof of the pudding's to come; but there's reason
To hold this the hopefulest piece of the season.

GOOSE AND GANDER.

NEVER was a clearer case of plagiarism made out than by the writer of the article, "A Literary Coincidence," in last week's *Saturday Review*, against one Mr. SOUTHERN, who has written himself down as the originator of the plot of a play called *A False Position*, which, as proved by the *Saturday Reviewist*, is only the plot of *A Fish Out of Water*, an old farce, by one JOSEPH LUNN, *re-chauffé* with Southern sauce. But why come down so smartly on Mr. NOBODY, and palliate the picking up, by Mr. SOMEBODY, of such an unconsidered trifle as the essential situation in *Maritana*, to serve as the pivot of the "original" plot of *The Yeomen of the Guard*? There's no harm done in either case, and as long as *Autolycus*, the Dramatic Author, has a spark of genius, let him take where he likes, improve, immortalise, and the public will be thankful. Only, in a matter of plagiarism, if a nonentity is to be whacked on the head, why is a celebrity to escape without even a rap on the knuckles? Excuse both, or condemn both; acquit neither.

Our Untired Spokesman.

MURRAY has published H.R.H.'s speeches.
A model of good taste and judgment each is,
And as a speaker he's an out-and-outer.

Well, 'tis but just, that's as it seems to me,
And natural that H.R.H. should be,
As Prince of Whales, a most accomplished spouter.

ON THE FACE OF IT.—By far the pleasantest feature in the last news from Burmah. Unquestionably the receding Chins!



THE "GRAND TRANSFORMATION"!!



PULL FLOQUET! PULL BOULANGER!

LAMBS AT THE LYCEUM.

It is worth while recording what views CHARLES and MARY LAMB took of *Macbeth* and *Lady Macbeth* in their delightful *Tales from Shakspeare* :—

"*Macbeth* had a wife, to whom he communicated the strange prediction of the weird sisters, and its partial accomplishment. She was a bad, ambitious woman, and so as her husband and herself could arrive at greatness, she cared not much by what means. She spurred on the reluctant purpose of *Macbeth*, who felt compunction at the thought of blood, and did not cease to represent the murder of the king as a step absolutely necessary to the fulfilment of the flattering prophecy."

Then of *Lady Macbeth's* reception of *Duncan*, which as a part of Miss ELLEN TERRY's performance I selected for especial praise last week, the innocent LAMBS say :—

"The King entered, well pleased with the place, and not less so with the attentions of his honoured hostess, *Lady Macbeth*, who had the art of covering treacherous purposes with smiles : and would look the innocent flower, while she was indeed the serpent under it."

Is not this Miss ELLEN TERRY's rendering to the very life of this particular scene?

The LAMBS' *Tales* were written for our innocent lambkins, and it is from this charming collection that so many of us, when children, have learnt the plots of SHAKSPEARE's plays, and the character of the persons who figure in them. Without making further quotation, I recommend the re-perusal of their story of *Macbeth*.

If Miss TERRY has considered the LAMBS' work as mere child's play, I should advise her to read it over carefully, for there is so much in their view of *Lady Macbeth's* character which so entirely

accords with a part of her own view of it, and so much which her genius will at once adopt as representing the stern and repulsive side of the character. Miss ELLEN TERRY has conceded too much to her own sweet, natural self. She has made one "blend" of *Beatrice*, *Ophelia*, and *Lady Macbeth*, in which the awful characteristics of the last have been toned down. *Lady Macbeth*, say the LAMBS, "reproached him with his want of firmness," and, as I observed last week, after witnessing the first performance, this infirmity of purpose is the keynote to *Macbeth's* character and to that of his wife. I am delighted to find myself corroborated in every particular by the gentle but judicial LAMBS.

JACK IN THE BOX.

On a Statesman's Voice.

(By an Anti-Gladstonian.)

THE remnant of a Voice! Naples indeed
May make that once fine organ whole and hearty;
If not, the remnant of a Voice may lead
The remnant of a Party.

How the Poor Live.

"From hand to mouth," says someone. Alas! that is, in many cases, just how they do *not* live. For the multitude of hands deprived of work have little indeed to carry to the mouths so often empty of food. When they can really live from hand to mouth they live in comparative comfort.

THE TEETOTALLER'S FRIEND.—*Phylloxera*.



OUR VILLAGE INSTITUTE SOIRÉE.

Rector's Wife (hysterically). "HERE'S A NOTE COME FROM THOSE WAGSHAWS! THEY ASK ME TO PLAY AND SING DURING THE EVENING; BECAUSE, THEY SAY—THEY WANT THE YOUNG AND ATTRACTIVE WOMEN TO ASSIST AS WAITRESSES!!" [Tableau.

ROBERT ON THE COUNTY COUNCIL.

I HAVE bin waited upon, I thinks they calls it, by sum too or three most respectfool looking Gents, evidently with their werry best close on, to hask me to give my wotes to serten other Gents who didn't wait upon me but who wants for to be elected Common Councilmen for all London, xcept of course the sacred City, which is allreddy werry well purwided with that most nessessary article. I'm told as this is the werry fust time as sitch elections has taken place, and that it is dun in hopes as the rest of the great Metropolis will then be looked after and attended to in the werry same degree of purfexion as the great City itself. Such being the case, my arnser to my various wisiters has bin, that, afore promising my himportant wote and my still more himportant hinterest to any Candiddate, I feels it my dooty to make further inquiry, and which I has done with the following rayther singerler results.

In the werry fust place, there won't be arf enuff on 'em for to do the work, for if as it takes over 200 Common Consilmen to rule the City, witch I confess I am hastonished to hear is only one mile big, how can about 120 of the same kind of Gents, but without any of their 700 years xperience govern all the hole of the rest of London which I am told is about 100 times bigger?

That's the fust staggering question as I shall put to my Candiddates when they calls agane. My second bit of hinformashun is even more staggering, and betrays such a hutter amount of hignorance of

uman nature in them as makes our laws as ort to make 'em blush when they hears it menshuned. Wood it be bleaved after the xperience as the hole world has had of the fust grand cause of the brilliyant sucksess of the old Copperashun on the right hand, and of the utter failure of the Bored of Wurks on the left, wiz., the habundant supply of such means as Natur suggests for enabling all public men to live together in peace and unity, or such a hutter habsence of them as keeps 'em all famished and snarling, the Members of the New Council is not to be alloud to have nuffin in the shape of elegant repasting unless they pays for 'em out of their hone empty pockets!

Supposing as them as settled all these most himportant matters had just condescended to consult such xperienced hands as me and Brown, what could we not have told 'em! How many and many's the time as I have seen about a duzen or twenty Common Councilmen enter the dining-room of one of our nice City Tavverns, all a torking loudly and angrily at one another, and aperiently almost reddy to cum to blos. Well, they settles down to their nice little dinner, and the amost providenshal adwent of the werry hot soup gives 'em time to forget their trubbles and differences; and then I fills their glasses with a bumper of fine old Sherry; and then won of the wioleentest and noisyeest of 'em all, after holding his glass up to the light, calls out across the table to the gent as he's bin a pitching into like fewry, and says, with quite a raydiant smile, "JONES, my boy, a glass of wine." And then JONES replies, with another jolly grin, and says, "With all



"NEW APPOINTMENTS, SCENERY, AND COSTUMES."—Prince Henry of Battenberg, K.G., has been appointed Governor and Captain General of the Isle of Wight, and Governor of Carisbrooke Castle. Old England is safe at last!!



NEW READINGS FOR FUTURE SHAKSPEARIAN REVIVALS.

my heart, SMITH," and down goes the wine to the last drop, and they're the werry best of friends for the rest of the evening. Now, I puts it to any reasonable being as is at all acquainted with human natur, coud the same glorius result have bin obtained with merely a cut off a joint and a glass of water, and pay for it yourself? And the ony trew anser must be, *Never!*

I wonders if the not werry clever heds as made up this Bill has thort about how the new Machine is to get started on its wild career. I'm told that, as a werry good joke, they are to begin their never-ending work on the Fust of April! that being the most aproppriat day as coud be selected. Well, that ain't so werry long to cum, so praps sumbuddy will kindly tell us where they're a going for to meet, as they carnt bild a werry ansum Bilding in less than three munse.

They ain't to have no Lord Mare, pore fellers, but ony a Mare, like little West Am or little Croydon, and, as they ain't got no Sword of Power, or Mace of Dignity, or Feild Marshall of Honner, they won't be abel to have much of a Sho on the fust of April. The ony chance as I sees for 'em is, for the Strand electors to choose Mr. AUGUSTUS HARRIS, and the assembled Councillors to choose him as Mare, and then there woud be sum opes for 'em.

I am sorry they won't have no Mace, as I had the fond dream of one day carrying it in Persession, and I thinks that all as knos me will agree that I shoud praps have hadda a degree of dignity to the office as no Jewvenile, however harrystocratic in his bearing, coud possibly equal.

I shall try and be in the gallery at their werry fust meetings. It

BUSY BISMARCK PIPING TO THE REPTILE PRESS.



How doth the little "Bizzy" Press
Delight to spit its spite,
To store up venom night and day,
And vent it day and night.

How skilfully it shapes its sells,
How neatly spreads its lies,

And wriggles here and flounders there
When slandered Truth replies.

The mouthpiece it of Bizzy One,
And eke of Bizzy Two;
Both Bizzies find some dirty work
For its foul hands to do.

WHERE IS WONDERLAND?

AIR—"Fatherland," by Herr George Groschmidt.

"ALICE" was a book
That every fancy took,
And oh my! how it did sell!
It was illustrated
In wondrous way
By our Mister TENNIEL.

Thus immortalised,
It was dramatised
By a Savile-Clarkely hand;
And the Globe Theatre
In *matinée*
Is the present Wonderland.

A GRACEFUL FAREWELL.

WE went in our thousands to bid Miss GRACE DAMIAN farewell at her Concert last Wednesday. She was enthusiastically received, and carried a magnificent bouquet, not the same one all through, but fresh each time she came on the platform. She asked us melodiously and passionately for the thousandth time, Could we "forget that lovely night in June?" and we replied, "No, we couldn't, never would, and never wanted to!" and shall be delighted to be reminded of the thrilling events of that particular night whenever Miss GRACE DAMIAN returns to these shores. If there be one "guilty creature sitting at a" concert who doesn't wish to be reminded of that "lovely night in June," then I pity him when Miss DAMIAN's eyes fix him mesmerically, and her deep voice asks him with awful intensity, "Can you for-get?" I dare say, ere this, many a trembling creature has been carried out fainting, utterly overcome by emotion, and murmuring, "Damian'd if I can stand it any longer! She's overwhelming! Take me out, and freshen me." An excellent entertainment. All hands had plenty to do, and a FOOTE was conspicuous by his absence. Miss GRACE DAMIAN was a hostess in herself. *Bon voyage, et au revoir!*

WE CAN'T LET WELLS ALONE.—The Dean of WELLS!—What a number of truths—not a number of *Truth*—he would have in his possession if he could only get to the bottom of his Wells in the Deanery! His latest book is excellent. But this must be the limit of his knowledge, as he cannot get beyond mortal Ken.

will be werry good fun, I shoold think, to see how naterally the Lion of St. Georges Hannover Square will lie down with the Lam of Bethnal Green or Whitechappel, and how artily they will agree in little matters of xpense. It may be werry interesting to the Sanniterry Committee to have to listen to the reports of the fifty or sixty Sanniterry Hinspecters, but I shoold think it woud be rayther monnytonnus, and woud most suttenly justify the horder of "Glasses all round!"

ROBERT.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SNAKE-CHARMING. — Your attempt to "charm" the large Boa Constrictor presented to you by your Calcutta friend by pursuing it round the drawing-room, beating a frying-pan and a Chinese dinner-gong, and playing "*Home! Sweet Home!*" on the Ophicleide, though happily conceived, was perhaps a little risky; and the fact that it turned upon you, hissing, seems to indicate that some rather less exciting method of gaining its confidence might prove more efficacious. It is fortunate that it eventually got into the grand piano. Keep it shut up in the instrument for the present. By all means get a dentist to draw its teeth as soon as possible, and, if you cannot persuade your own private practitioner to try his hand, take it in a cab to the Dental Hospital. With regard to its food, you cannot do better than continue the diet of blankets and rabbits, on which it seems to have subsisted since it has come into your charge; but any shilling Handbook on the *Management of the Boa Constrictor* will give you the information you require. Don't worry

yourself about the amount of the reward you ought to offer if it escapes. Time enough to do this when it does. But you may be quite sure that anyone in the neighbourhood who gets hold of it will only be too happy to let you have it back again for eighteenpence.

DISPOSING OF A STEAM-ROLLER. — Certainly, if you desire to surprise him, the best way to present your Uncle in the country with a steam-roller you wish to get rid of, will be take it down yourself. This is of course in the event of CARTER, PATERSON & Co. refusing to deliver it, or it being found impossible to entrust it for transmission to the Parcels Post. Your idea of tacking on to it a couple of waggons, two or three bathing-machines, and a gipsy-van, and taking down a German band, with as many relatives as you can get to join you, is a decidedly happy inspiration; and your proposed arrival on your Uncle's lawn to greet him at breakfast, ought certainly to come upon him in the shape of a startling and agreeable surprise. It would be as well, for the purpose of proving the efficacy of the steam-roller with which you are about to present him, that you should enter his grounds, not by the ordinary lodge-gates, but through a brick-wall. Having levelled all his geranium-beds and cucumber-frames in a little tour round his premises, you can attract his attention by blowing off steam in front of his breakfast-window. By following these lines, you will not fail to please and surprise your Uncle on informing him you have come to make him the present you propose, and whether he accept it or not, you will have got rid of your steam-roller.

A SKATING match in the very coldest weather must be highly unsatisfactory, as the course itself will melt away during the first heat.

NOTICE.—Rejected Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will in no case be returned, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. To this rule there will be no exception.

STORIES OF THE WEIRD AND THE WONDERFUL.

THE UNUSUAL PENNY STEAM-BOAT.

MANY years ago—it matters not how many—I was walking, one cold wintry evening, on the Thames Embankment, and pondering as to the advisability of taking a cab. For it was blowing a nor-easter.



The spray from the angry Thames was dashing over the parapet, and causing even the seasoned policeman to swear beneath his breath.

"You had better go by the boat, Sir," shouted a weather-beaten salt, touching his tarpaulin hat respectfully. Then, as his head-covering was carried away by the tempest, he added, "It's cheaper than a Hansom, and much more comfortable."

I was close to the Temple Pier, and, partly to get under shelter of the ticket-shed, and partly to be rid of my obtrusive but well-meaning informant, I hurried down the steps leading to the river's edge. As I reached the platform, the Thames, now moun-

tains high, rocked the barge from side to side as if it had been a cockle-shell thrown upon the bosom of Niagara. Holding on to the pigeon-hole of the office, I asked for a ticket to Battersea.

"Here you are," said the Booking-Clerk. "Tuppence." I paid the required sum, and five minutes later was aboard *The Peerless Perceval*, as I found the steamboat was called that was bound to carry me to my destination. To my surprise, I had not set foot on deck a moment before all unpleasant movements came to an abrupt but welcome termination.

"How is this?" I asked of an official wearing a uniform covered with gold lace. "Has the storm abated?"

"Not at all," he returned, courteously removing his heavily-bullioned cocked hat. "Not at all. But, the fact is, we keep *The Peerless Perceval* steady by applying round the entire vessel a stream of scented oil."

This I found was absolutely the case. I had scarcely finished an expression of my admiration of this sensible, if somewhat costly arrangement, when a Purser approached, and bowing obsequiously, requested the honour of my presence at dinner.

"We dine early, Sir," he explained, "but I hope that the menu will meet with your approval."

A glance at the bill of fare which commenced with oysters and turtle-soup and ended with *sorbe soufflé* and the pick-me-up *Surprise Sarah Bernhardt*, re-assured me.

"And what may you charge for this?" I asked.

"Nothing, Sir," replied the Purser, seemingly hurt at such a question, "it is included in the tuppence. I hope you will find the wines good. We still have some Perrier Jouet of '74 that is drinkable."

"And is the wine also included in the tuppence?"

"Assuredly."

I must confess that I found the dinner, both in viands and liquors, all that it should be. Moreover, there were several extremely pleasant persons dining at the same time, who welcomed my appearance with great cordiality. One was a Duke, another a Lord Justice of Appeal, a third a distinguished General. I will not disclose the purport of our conversation, merely remarking that from an Imperial point of view, it was of the profoundest importance.

After dinner, I strolled into an admirable smoking saloon furnished in the most luxurious fashion. Lounges of russia leather, tables of marqueterie, and walls covered with costly paintings. There was a grand piano in the centre of the room, at which a popular entertainer was presiding, and in the distance I could see a Hungarian band tuning up and ready to commence playing whenever its services were needed.

On deck there was an awning of fine purple velvet, that protected the passengers from the inclemency of the weather. In fact, nothing could have been better or more complete than the arrangements of this marvellous vessel.

Day after day, for weeks and months, I used to catch *The Peerless Perceval*, and travel by her from the Temple Stairs to Battersea. I picked up a number of most useful acquaintances on board, and, owing to their influence, obtained the post I now occupy of Inspector General of Pauper Imbeciles. Nothing could have been more real and substantial than my connection with the boat, and for each journey I took I invariably paid the sum of twopence.

After awhile I indulged in a month's holiday in Switzerland. On my return home, I put in an appearance at my office, and at my usual time walked on to the Temple Pier. To my surprise, only one of the ordinary boats drew up beside the barge at the appointed hour.

"Isn't *The Peerless Perceval* still running?" I asked the Money-taker, with some show of annoyance.

"The *Peerless* what?" interrogated the official.

"Why *The Peerless Perceval*?" I repeated. "The steamer with the excellent dinner, the morocco couches, the velvet awning, the —"

"What are you talking about?" interrupted the Money-taker. "I know nothing of *The Peerless Perceval*."

And, on my word of honour, from that day to this I have never been able to discover the vessel.

One word in conclusion. I have often been asked "if this story is absolutely true?" I need not point out that such a question is really an insult, although I must admit that my narrative is indeed strange and perplexing. But to set all doubts at rest, I solemnly declare that I have told this story for the last twenty years—nay more—that I never remember a time when I did not tell this story. Yet further still—from what I have been assured by those upon whose veracity I would stake my very life, I have every reason for believing that this story was told hundreds of years ago by my grandfather before me! Need I say after this that it is distinctly true, and can absolutely be relied upon?

THE BURGLE SONG.

(Not by Tennyson.)

NIGHT's shadow falls on villa walls,
A ladder's up to the top story;
The host, sans quakes, his dinner takes,
The modern burglar's in his glory.
Go, burglar, go, bedroom windows trying,
Go, burglar, handy jemmy plying, plying, plying!
O hark, O hear! They're roused, I fear,
From dinner, and we must be going.
The door we bar, we'll be afar
Ere they succeed the gaff in blowing.
Go! Don't you hear sire shouting, son replying?
Go, burglar, down the ladder flying, flying, flying!
Oh, hang it! Why will the fool try
To run me down? He's too dashed clever.
Confound his soul! That bullet-hole
Will stop his little game for ever.
Go, burglar, go, like the dickens flying,
And lie there, plucky citizen, dying, dying, dying!

HARD TRAINING:

OR, HOW WE REACH THE SUBURBS.

It must be already quite six degrees below zero in this compartment!

Is it possible that this is one of the patent new Refrigerating Chambers for the foreign Dead Meat trade, into which we have been put by mistake?

I hardly think that can be the case, because they are always extremely punctual with trucks of "perishables" for the London markets, whereas this train is already two hours and fifteen minutes behind time.

The Company, by carefully omitting to supply foot-warmers or other life-saving appliances in winter, must surely class its passengers as "imperishables."

I see they are going to introduce "combustible bricks" to warm cabs. I should like to have half a one here to express my opinion of the Directors with.

That must be the sixth fog-signal that we have run over in the last two minutes. I should feel more assurance of our safety if the Guard had not just confidentially assured me that "he was blown if he knew whereabouts we were on the blessed line."

What is the difference between the Manager and passengers by late trains in this weather?—He is knighted, and they are benighted!

ORIGINAL SHAKSPEARIAN READING.—*The Observer* of last Sunday, in an article on billiards, quoted *Cleopatra's* invitation to *Charman*, "Let's to billiards" (Act II., Sc. 5 *Ant. and Cleo.*), as an anachronism. We should have thought that any student of the Bard knew by this time that the original—very original—reading in the first Folio was, "Let us to Pyramids," which, of course, in the mouth of the Egyptian Queen, is peculiarly appropriate.



MR. PUNCH'S NOTES—IN CORRECT TIME.

To Mr. Phelps.

DESPITE the stupid "Incident" and "Fisheries,"
With which you'd naught to do,
You now retire with JOHN BULL's best wisheries,
And Mr. Punch's too.

WANTED.—A new St. PATRICK at Berlin, to clear that Vermin-infested City of the "Reptile Press."

MR. PUNCH'S ADVICE TO JOHN BULL, ASLEEP IN EGYPT.—
Move on!

MUDFORD, AWAKE!—DRURIOLANUS, like the Bear at the Zoological Gardens, when, attracted by a bun, he has climbed as far as he can, was at the top of the poll in the Strand. Good. He is victorious over the Board of Dirty Works. Now, then, let him take a good Broom and Muck-rake, and turn his attention to the condition of Mud Salad Market, whose condition is just as bad as ever it was.

LATEST ORDER FROM THE N.R.A.—"Wimbledon to the front!—Counter-march!—As you were!"

FROM THE NORTH POLE.—Nitrate, First-rate.

AN EPICURE'S EXPOSTULATION.

[It is rumoured that an English Company is trying to purchase from the Chartreux Monks the secret and monopoly of the liqueur known as "Chartreuse."]

WHAT, toss the daintiest digestive made
Into the venal vortex of mere Trade,
Like coarser liquors such as gin or Guinness's?
Too horrible a prospect! Brothers brave,
See to it, and your sovereign cordial save
From the dire fate its eminence that menaces.
As soon should high Olympus stoop to sell
The secret of its Nectar, kept so well
For æons, to some mere terrestrial Syndicate.
No, Brothers of St. Bruno, with disdain
Reject the bid of the base thralls of gain,
And the world's faith in your monopoly vindicate.
What, buy you up? Such outrage ne'er was known!
No more I'd sip my *chasse de verte* or *jaune*
Without suspicion of adulteration.
Chartreuse would be a sham like much champagne.
Let no such dismal degradation stain
The loved *liqueur's* long standing reputation!
Is not the golden glory of the flask,
Its virgin verdant splendour, I would ask
Too choice a boon to sacrifice to "siller"?
That magic draught where old-world skill enweaves
Absinthium, pine-buds, and carnation leaves,
Still leave to the Carthusian distiller!

AT THE LYCEUM.—We are very glad to hear that Mr. IRVING is recovering from his severe cold, and by the time this appears we trust he will have re-appeared. It was odd that when Mr. IRVING had to resign for a few nights the part of *Macbeth*, on account of huskiness of throat, the only actor capable of filling his place was one who was Wheezin'. *Macbeth* should have been announced, not by Mr. HERMANN VEZIN, but by Mr. IRVING WHEEZIN'. The only change in the text was made by the witches, who saluted the Wheezin' *Macbeth* with "Inhale, *Macbeth*!"

DEAR old Mrs. R. says she will gladly subscribe to the MARLOWE Memorial. "But while they are about it," says she, "why not have one for Henley as well?"

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MANUFACTURE OF A NEW EXPLOSIVE.—By all means continue your experiments with your recently discovered compound *Thunderite*, if you possibly can, at the quiet little village in Essex to which you refer. It is, of course, rather unfortunate that in your pursuit of science, you should have blown off the church steeple, knocked the front out of the Vicarage, and more or less wrecked every house within a mile and a half of you, and, as you allege that six ounces of your material will blow up the Houses of Parliament, perhaps, under the circumstances, it is not to be wondered at that the neighbours generally object to your keeping fifty tons of it stored in a barn which you admit is so dark, that, even in the day-time, you have to enter it with a lighted candle. On the whole, it would be your wisest course to temporise with them, for they must be now tolerably familiar with your proceedings, and accustomed to the disturbance. Whereas, if you were to take up your residence in a crowded back-street in a London suburb, and continue your operations there, and as an advertisement lay the entire neighbourhood in ruins, as you propose, you might really sooner or later come into disagreeable collision with the local Authorities. With regard to the farmer's family that have all gone stone deaf from the noise, you might, perhaps have an aurist down to look at them. Take no notice of the complaint about the stunned pig. If the Vicar is "nasty" about the steeple, meet him in a jocular vein, and no doubt he will come round. It would, perhaps, be as well not to unroof the church—at least at present. Still, we congratulate you on the success that has attended your experiments, and shall be glad to hear from you later how you have been getting on.

HAUNTED HOUSE.—We do not think that if you were to refuse to pay your rent, on the plea that you had been worried by the apparition you mention, that you would gain your case. Of course it is annoying to have your study invaded as you describe by the little man in the faded yellow coat and bag-wig, who shakes his head at you three times mournfully, and then says, with a sigh, "It's the mustard that did it!" but, after all, you have your remedy in your own hands. Why don't you bonnet him with the waste-paper basket,



A SURFEIT.

"YOU WON'T GO TO HEAVEN IF YOU'RE SUCH A NAUGHTY BOY, MICHAEL!"

"OH, WELL, ONE CAN'T EXPECT TO GO EVERYWHERE! I WENT TO THE CIRCUS YESTERDAY, AND TO THE PANTOMIME THE DAY BEFORE!"

or throw the inkstand, or something, at him? Spectres can't stand this. The funeral procession of monks, that used always to walk along the great picture-gallery at Gurnoyle on the eve of the heir going through the Bankruptcy Court, was set upon, on the last occasion of its appearance, by a young fellow staying in the house, and well whacked into with a cricket-bat, and it has never been seen since. Try the inkstand.

"LE BRAV' GÉNÉRAL."

GENERAL BOULANGER sings from *La Grande Duchesse* :—

"Et pif, paf, pouf,
Et tara, para, poum.
Je suis moi, le Général Boum, Boum!"

Is this going to be the next "big Boom?" The twenty-seventh is not far off.

THE DRAMA IN AMERICA.—It was not to be supposed that the cry raised by the American actors for the protection of their stage by the exclusion of their English *confrères* would not extend, and it is now said that the playwrights are about to follow suit. Nothing British is to be put up in the States at all. That this will exclude SHAKESPEARE doesn't seem to daunt the native talent, which feels itself quite equal to the occasion, and more than one genius is already at work preparing to fill up the gap. They have, as a matter of course, turned to some of his plots, regarding them as common property. *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, for instance, will be utilised as *Three Gentlemen of Chicago*, and *Hamlet* will figure as *The High Falutin Dane, or the United State of Denmark*. *Macbeth* becomes *The 'Cute Thane of Cawdor, or the Bustin up of Duncan, and Richard III.* figures simply as *Bosworth Dick, Duke of New York*. A version of *Othello* will be given under the title of the *Venetian Nigger, or the Kentucky Cuss on the Spree*, while one of the *Tempest*, somewhat modified by local colouring, will be produced under the name of *The Blizzard*. If the above programme be regarded as a sample, the Genius of the "States" may be said to be asserting itself.

PLAY-TIME.

Irene, the Ballet at the Alhambra, is both pretty and brilliant. The second and third *tableaux* are full of life and variety,—the



"Ballet-Hauly!"

Neapolitan scene being especially good. M. JACOBI's music is most dramatic. He has done his work as thoroughly as if he had been writing for voices instead of legs, and yet it is ballet-dance music in toe-toe. It receives excellent interpretation from Signora COSSIO, Signorina LEGNANI, who must have invented this name specially for London, and Mmes. MARIE and CORMANI, who, as intelligent pantomimists, act as much of a story as the hard - and - fast Music - hall licensing system will permit. I don't understand the law on the subject. Mayn't *Hamlet* be played as a Ballet at a Music Hall?—or must a Ballet be without an intelligible and consistent plot? The Ballets that used to be done here years ago, always in the reign of King JACOBI (without whom the Alhambra couldn't exist) were perfect plays in Pantomime. The details of the story, therefore, of *Irene* are necessarily a trifle confused; but the costumes are splendid, the grouping harmonious, the "go" of it never flags, and the result is complete success. The second Ballet is very graceful, but this has been on its legs for some time. Mr. JAMES

Signorina Legnani.

FAWN, the Timid Fawn, in his Policeman's song, is very amusing, or as Mr. WAGSTAFF would say, "very fawny." Altogether, a good Entertainment.

EXTRACTS FROM LAMBETH LETTER-BOOK.

From His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury to General Booth.—The Archbishop presents his compliments, and if the General and his followers could only see their way to work and walk together in Christian fellowship with the Churchmen of the Church of England, he, the Archbishop, would greatly joy, and would most sincerely, &c., &c.

From General Booth to His Grace.—Thanks for polite wishes. Have heard of a Stall in a Cathedral, but have never seen a Booth in a Church. As to "walking together,"—ahem!—Walker!

From His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, Primate, &c., &c. (N.B. Must make this look as magnificent as possible) to the Holy Patriarch and Metropolitan, &c.—whatever he is—of the Holy Russian Church.—Health and Apostolic benediction! (N.B. Must adopt Papal style, or he won't believe in me as an Archbishop at all.) We salute you, &c., &c. Draw closer the bonds of Christian affection, &c., &c. (N.B. Touch lightly on difficult points, and come out strong on our common fundamental Christianity). Remembering that we are One, &c. (N.B. Drop in a bit of real Greek here. Get Secretary to look up apposite quotation.) Œcumenical Council, &c. Christian faith, &c. Your illustrious St. Vladimir. (N.B. They'll

like this. Must tell Secretary to read up about St. Vladimir. Don't think much of Russian Saints, as a rule, but know so few of 'em.) And so we present fraternal congratulations, &c., &c., same holy faith, &c., &c. Given at our Palace (N.B. Big flourish here, or "the Metropolitan"—sounds like a railway—won't believe in it), &c., &c.

From the Metropolitan of Kieff to His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury.—We're having a high old time of it here, and we drink your jolly good health.

[*Mem in Lambeth Register* :—"Shan't write to Metropolitan of Kieff again. Sorry that the 'Times' of January 19 should publish his reply to my Archiepiscopal Address as if it were a convivial 'toast'! Though I must say it does look and sound like it. Annoying to think how M-NN-NG will smile when he reads it. Very stupid of the Metropolitan of Kieff."]

WHAT MR. PUNCH'S MOON SAW.

SECOND EVENING.

"THE other afternoon," began the Moon, "soon after I had got up, I peeped through the windows of a smoking compartment in a train that was approaching Dover. There was only one person in the compartment, and he was lying back luxuriously, smoking his cigar, and fixing his eyes upon my golden disc with a sentimental expression—but I am accustomed to being looked at in that way, and I know that it does not mean very much in most cases. He had a reason for looking sentimentally at me just then, however—for I was his honeymoon. Naturally, he felt very happy; the long, tiring business of marrying, and drinking champagne, and making the right answers to congratulating friends, and saying good-bye, and getting all the rice out of his collar was over—his wife, his own dear little bride, was in the carriage immediately behind, with *Punch* and the illustrated papers to amuse her, and he was enjoying a cigar that seemed to possess a fragrance more exquisite than he had ever known—for he was a great smoker, and this was the first tobacco he had tasted all that day. And every now and then he took his cigar from his lips, and smiled, and kissed his hand to me (I told you there was nobody else in the compartment), and murmured 'Darling!' over and over again. I heard him quite plainly, but I am not quite sure that he said it to me. And the train rushed on, screaming over the glinting rails; and when they came to collect the tickets, I saw the bridegroom throw away his cigar with a sigh, for there was not time enough to smoke another. At last the train stopped at the long pier beside which lay the white-funnelled steamer fretting impatiently to be off; and he got together his bag and his dressing-case, which were quite new, and very splendid (love and happiness had made him careless about expense), and leaped joyfully out. He looked everywhere for his bride—in vain; in the carriage where he had put her so tenderly, *Punch* and the other papers were still lying, (*your* paper, if you will forgive me for mentioning it," said the Moon, rather maliciously, "was not even cut), but nowhere was his darling to be seen. Only by-and-by her trunks came tumbling out of the van with the brand-new initials on their tops staring at him in ghastly mockery. Soon the Guard came up, and informed him that the lady had got out of the train at the first stopping-place, and left a note for him. I read it over his shoulder, for it was quite short. 'I have gone back to Mother's,' I think it said. 'You will enjoy your honeymoon better without me. I am really not prepared to play gooseberry to a cigar.' What the last words meant I don't know," said the Moon, "but they seemed to make him very angry. The last glimpse I had of him was when he was telling the Pier-master to hold his tongue, and the Guard not to be a fool; and then he strode away to the telegraph office, cursing the selfishness of women."

Punch's Short and Straight Tip to the New London County Council.

THE days of BUMBLE and corruption number,
Monopoly let the land no longer cumber,
Nor bid the question of Town Slums to slumber.
Yield not to Party Spirit or Class Snobbery,
Don't wrangle, bluster, or kick up a bobbyery,
But come down hard on robbery and on jobbery.
This do, avoiding debt, display, and dodging,
And our new Board will well deserve its lodging.

"IN THE STRAND! IN THE STRAND!"—Of course AUGUSTUS DRURIOLANUS, the representative of the Drury Lane Boards, came in at the head of the poll! *Salve! Augustus Druriolanus Consul Plancus!*

MEM.—JAN. 18. "NO GO-VAN." Sir J. P.-ND-R.

THE DIARY OF A NOBODY.

December 24.—I am a poor man, but I would gladly give ten shillings to find out who sent me the insulting Christmas card I received this morning. I never insult people; why should they insult me? The worst part of the transaction is—that I find myself suspecting all my friends. The handwriting on the envelope is evidently disguised, being written sloping the wrong way. I cannot think either GOWING or CUMMINGS would do such a mean thing. LUPIN denied all knowledge of it, and I believe him, although I disapprove of his laughing and sympathising with the offender. Mr. FRANCHING would be above such an act, and I don't think any of the MULLARS would descend to such a course. I wonder if PITT, that impudent clerk at the office, did it? Or Mrs. BIRRELL, the charwoman. The writing is too good for the latter.



Christmas Day.—We caught the 10:20 train at Paddington, and spent a pleasant day at CARRIE'S Mother's. The country was quite nice and fresh, although the roads were sloppy. We dined in the middle of the day, just ten of us, and talked over old times. If everybody had a nice uninterfering mother-in-law, such as I have—what a deal of happiness there would be in the world. Being all in good spirits, I proposed her health, and I made, I think, a very good speech. I concluded rather neatly by saying, "On an occasion like this, whether relatives, friends, or acquaintances, we are all inspired with good feelings towards each other. We are of one mind, and think only of love and friendship. Those who have quarrelled with absent friends should kiss and make it up. Those who happily have not fallen out can kiss all the same." I saw the tears in the eyes of both CARRIE and her Mother, and must say I felt very flattered by the compliment. That dear old Reverend JOHN PANZY SMITH, who married us, made a most cheerful and amusing speech, and said he should act on my suggestion respecting the kissing. He then walked round the table and kissed all the ladies, including CARRIE. Of course one did not object to this, but I was more than staggered when a young fellow named MOSS, who was a stranger to me and who had scarcely spoken a word through dinner, jumped up suddenly with a sprig of mistletoe, and exclaimed, "Hullo! I don't see why I shouldn't be on in this scene." Before one could realise what he was about to do, he kissed CARRIE and the rest of the ladies. Fortunately the matter was treated as a joke, and we all laughed, but it was a dangerous experiment, and I felt very uneasy for a moment as to the result. I subsequently referred to the matter to CARRIE, but she said, "Oh, he's not much more than a boy." I said that he had a very large moustache for a boy. CARRIE replied, "I didn't say he was not a nice boy."

December 26.—I did not sleep very well last night—I never do in a strange bed. I feel a little indigestion, which one must expect at this time of the year. CARRIE and I returned to Town in the evening. LUPIN came in late. He said he enjoyed his Christmas, and added, "I feel as fit as a Lowther Arcade fiddle, and only require a little more 'oof' to feel as fit as a £500 Stradivarius." I have long since given up trying to understand LUPIN'S slang, or asking him to explain it.

December 27.—I told LUPIN I was expecting GOWING and CUMMINGS to drop in to-morrow evening for a quiet game. I was in hope the boy would volunteer to stay in, and help to amuse them. Instead of which he said, "Oh, you had better put them off, as I have asked DAISY and FRANK MUTLAR to come." I said I could not think of doing such a thing. LUPIN said, "Then I will send a wire, and put off DAISY." I suggested that a post-card or letter would reach her quite soon enough, and would not be so extravagant. CARRIE, who had listened to the above conversation with apparent annoyance, directed a well-aimed shaft at LUPIN. She said, "LUPIN, why do you object to DAISY meeting your father's friends? Is it because they are not good enough for her, or (which is equally possible) she is not good enough for them?" LUPIN was dumfounded, and could make no reply. When he left the room I gave CARRIE a kiss of approval.

December 28.—LUPIN, on coming down to breakfast, said to his mother, "I have not put off DAISY and FRANK, and should like them to join GOWING and CUMMINGS this evening." I felt very pleased with the boy for this. CARRIE said, in reply, "I am glad you let me know in time, as I can turn over the cold leg of mutton, dress it with a little parsley, and no one will know it has been cut." She further said she would make a few custards, and stew some pippins, so that they would be cold by the evening. Finding LUPIN in good spirits, I asked him quietly if he really had any personal objection to either GOWING or CUMMINGS. He replied, "Not in the least. I think CUMMINGS looks rather an ass, but that is partly due to his patronising 'the three-and-six-one-price hat company,' and wearing a reach-me-down frock coat. As for that perpetual brown

velveteen jacket of GOWING'S—why, he resembles an itinerant photographer." I said it was not the coats that made the gentlemen; whereupon LUPIN, with a laugh, replied, "No, and it wasn't much of a gentleman who made their coats." We were rather jolly at supper, and DAISY made herself very agreeable, especially in the earlier part of the evening, when she sang. At supper, however, she said, "Can you make Tee To Tums with bread?" and she commenced rolling up pieces of bread, and twisting them round on the table. I felt this to be bad manners, but of course said nothing. Presently DAISY and LUPIN, to my disgust, began throwing bread pills at each other. FRANK followed suit, and so did CUMMINGS and GOWING, to my astonishment. They then commenced throwing hard pieces of crust, one piece catching me on the forehead, and making me blink. I said, "Steady, please, steady!" FRANK jumped up and said, "Tum, tum, then the band played." I did not know what this meant, but they all roared, and continued the bread-battle. GOWING suddenly seized all the parsley off the cold mutton, and threw it full in my face. I looked daggers at GOWING, who replied, "I say, it's no good trying to look indignant, with your hair full of parsley." I rose from the table, and insisted that a stop should be put to this foolery at once. FRANK MUTLAR shouted, "Time, Gentlemen, please, time!" and turned out the gas, leaving us in absolute darkness. I was feeling my way out of the room, when I suddenly received a hard intentional punch at the back of my head. I said, loudly, "Who did that?" There was no answer, so I repeated the question, with the same result. I struck a match, and lighted the gas. They were all talking and laughing, so I kept my own counsel; but, after they had gone, I said to CARRIE, "The person who sent me that insulting post-card at Christmas was here to-night."

HOW LONDON WAS DEFENDED.

(A Prophetic Legend, as probable as any other.)

THE combined German, Russian, and French Armies were steadily advancing. Kensington, which extended to Richmond on the West, Dorking on the South, and St. Albans on the North, had been captured, and the invaders had got as far as Charing Cross, where they had bivouacked for the night. In spite of their near approach, Field Marshal *Punch* was calm and confident. He ascended to the roof of his Emporium, which extended northward from St. Bride's Church, and examined the electro-magnetic speaking-trumpets. They were in perfect order.

"Fire one off," said the Field Marshal to the Chief of his Staff, and in a second a joke—a gigantic joke—was sent pealing for miles towards the sea. There came back reverberations of laughter from Stepney, Tilbury, Southend, Ramsgate, and Dover.

"We have nothing to fear so long as our ammunition lasts," cried the General Commanding in Chief, well pleased with the result of the trial shot. "Where are the Interpreters?"

Three persons, of foreign appearance, presented themselves. They had been sitting beside the gigantic speaking-trumpets, on a pile of volumes. They held in their hands a dictionary, a grammar, and an *Ollendorff*.

"You understand your instructions?" demanded the Field Marshal.

"Certainly," was the reply, given in three languages. One of the Interpreters answered in German, another in French, the last in Russian.

"As the great NAPOLEON once observed," continued *Punch*, "*C'est bien!*"

Then the day broke, and the early morning sun, shining through the fog, showed the advancing armies. They marched down the Strand, they seized the Law Courts, they occupied Drury Lane Theatre (after a severely contested battle with Lord Mayer AUGUSTUS HARRIS), and at length poured into Fleet Street.

"Fire!" shouted *Punch*; and in a moment the volumes were opened, and the three Interpreters, each in a different language, began to read the words of witty wisdom into the gigantic speaking-trumpets. There were shrieks and groans—and then all was still!

An hour later the Duke of WOLSELEY rushed up to the Field-Marshal, and throwing himself into his arms, wept upon his shoulder with gratitude.

"Why this emotion, your Grace?" asked the Commander-in-Chief.

"Because," sobbed out the emotional author of the *Soldier's Pocket-book*, "I am so happy and so grateful. The combined armies are no more."

"They are dead?" queried *Punch*.

"Yes, every man Jack of them," continued the Britannia Metal Duke. "When they heard your jokes, my Field-Marshal, thundering down Fleet Street in three different languages, it was too much for them. Not one has escaped. The Germans, the Russians, and French, have all died of laughter!"

And thus London was saved!



DOG FASHIONS FOR 1889.

DORGUPINE, CROCODACHSHUND, POMME-DE-TERRIER (BLACK-AND-TAN), VENTRE-À-TERRIER (SCOTCH), HIPPOPOTAMIAN BULLDOG, GERMAN SAUSAGE DOG, HEDGE-DOG, BUG-DOG. (By Our Special Dog-fancier.)

SLOW—BUT NOT SURE.

"As for Germany, she must also be content to march slowly and cautiously in the colonial path, with all its side issues."

Prince Bismarck in the Reichstag.

ONE might say, "O Chancellor OTTO, where you go mit yourself alone?"

As was asked of BREITMANN'S *Hugo* by "de maiden mit nodings on." And if OTTO answered frankly—though our OTTO will scarce do so—He would probably make admission that he doesn't exactly know. For it is not easy-going in Afric's swampy brakes, And doubt besets the tracker at every step he takes; For there are reedy mazes, and tangles of snaking roots, And the foul swamp ooze is trying to the stoutest of leathern boots. Slow? Cautious? Yes, my OTTO, and the heavy Teuton tramp Suits better the field of battle than the slush of the dismal swamp. The biggest of beetle-crushers most ponderously "put down"—Won't serve in the dank morasses where Behemoth might drown. Yet the game is worth the candle, or so you affect to think, And though you may flop and flounder, you cannot afford to sink, Like that foolish *Ritter Hugo*, who was so completely done By the rascally Rhine "meer-maid, vot hadn't got nodings on."

You are not a credulous Ritter, but a "Bummer" brave and bold, And much more given to selling than open to being sold, With your motto "Blood and Iron," and your maxim "Do ut des;" But what is your game, my OTTO, in perilous paths like these? The quarry "Colonial Empire"? Well, OTTO, you know what's what;

And the Teuton has struck its trail, OTTO, and you must follow its slot,

Awhile, awhile, at any rate. Alone? That is hardly known. "I ton't dink mooch of beoplesh dat goes mit demselfs alone," Said that artful minx the Mermaid, and she "had" the Ritter fine, And you're artful, my Teuton Titan, as any nymph of Rhine, And JOHN BULL is a handy neighbour, if he'll but go hand in hand On the path you want to travel in this swart and swampy land, Which his foot is much more used to than your own big-booted feet;

Big game he's used to tracking, and on freedom he is sweet.

'Tis a foolish fad, this latter, which you're far too 'cute to share, But if he's prepared to pay for it, why, that is his own affair. By a little seeming sympathy—for a time—he may be won. It's remarkably like the little game of "de maiden mit nodings on"!

"First creep, then go," my OTTO, is a maxim old and wise, And you're very fond of maxims, big boor with the bulbous eyes: A "grenadier on a window-pane" is not *your* mark, that's clear! But the RICHTERS and BAMBERGERS, and other such small deer, Must not appear to triumph. Of course 'tis not *your* plan To attack "the right of property (so ancient) of man in man." If JOHN BULL likes to think so, or if SALISBURY can persuade His master to believe you, and to lend his useful aid To a sort of sham Crusader in an awkward kind of mess, With his head in a brake and his boots in a bog, it may help you to success.

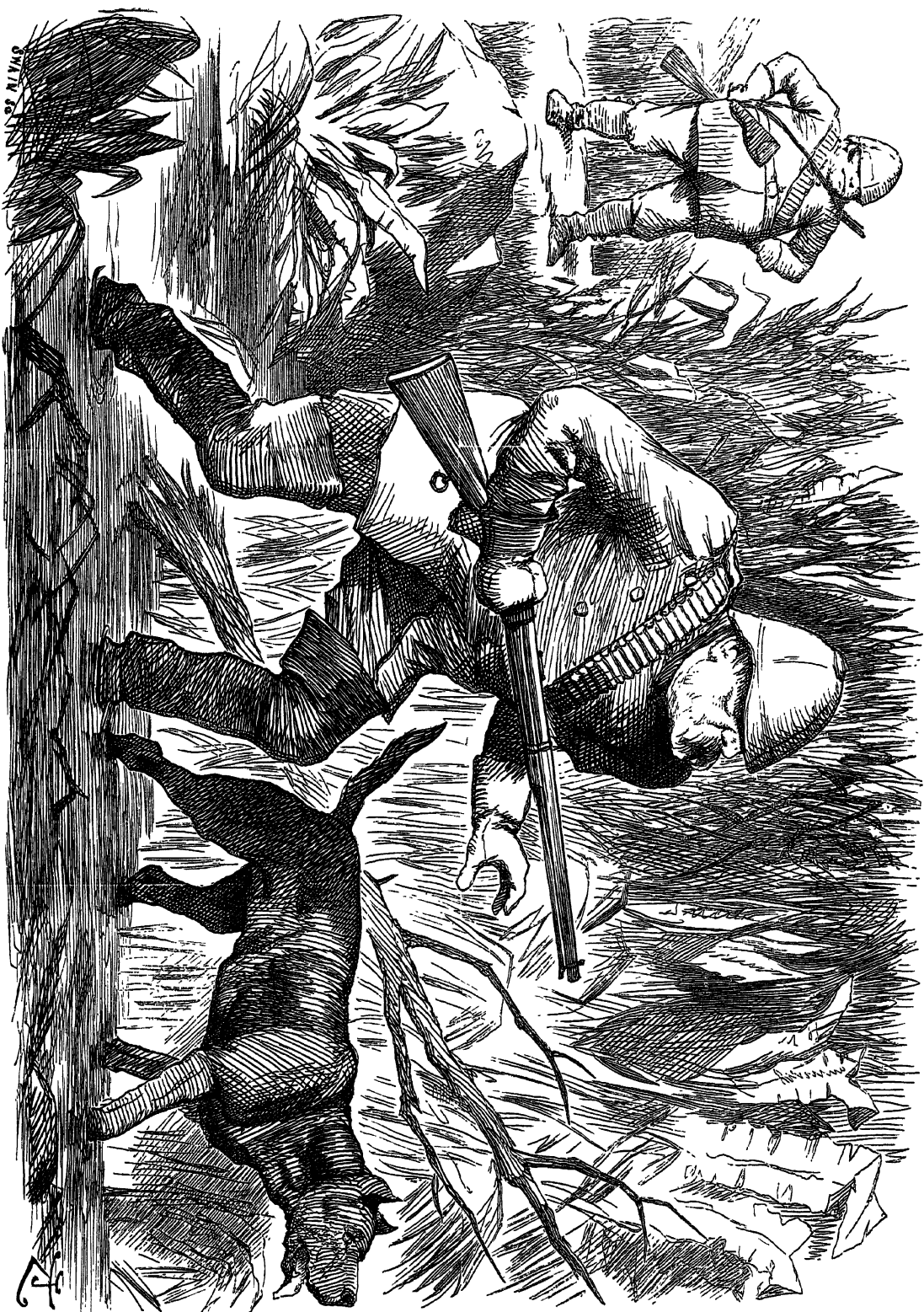
Meanwhile 'tis "fair and softly!" Big game is the hunter's lure. Slow is your progress, OTTO; but is it quite so sure? JOHN BULL looks on, my OTTO, with an air of some surprise; But is it sheer credulity that gleams in his keen grey eyes? Whatever SALISBURY may say, or do, JOHN makes shrewd guess At the Teuton Tracker's real game, and he reads the Reptile Press. "You helpsh yourself, by doender," said "de maiden mit nodings on;" "Dat fetched" the *Ritter Hugo*, and "she pooled his coat-tails But JOHN's coat-tails are stoutish, and whoso hangs on thereto Will and, I think, that to make him sink needs a heavier weight than you!"

COAL DUES, OF WHICH WE ALL DESIRE THE CESSATION.—City fog and filth, which are certainly largely due to Coal!

To Blatant Boanerges.

Is the Kingdom advanced, O belligerent BOOTH,
By hysterical lasses and bellowing boys?
Is the victory of Shindy the triumph of Truth,
And the Gospel of Peace an Evangel of Noise?

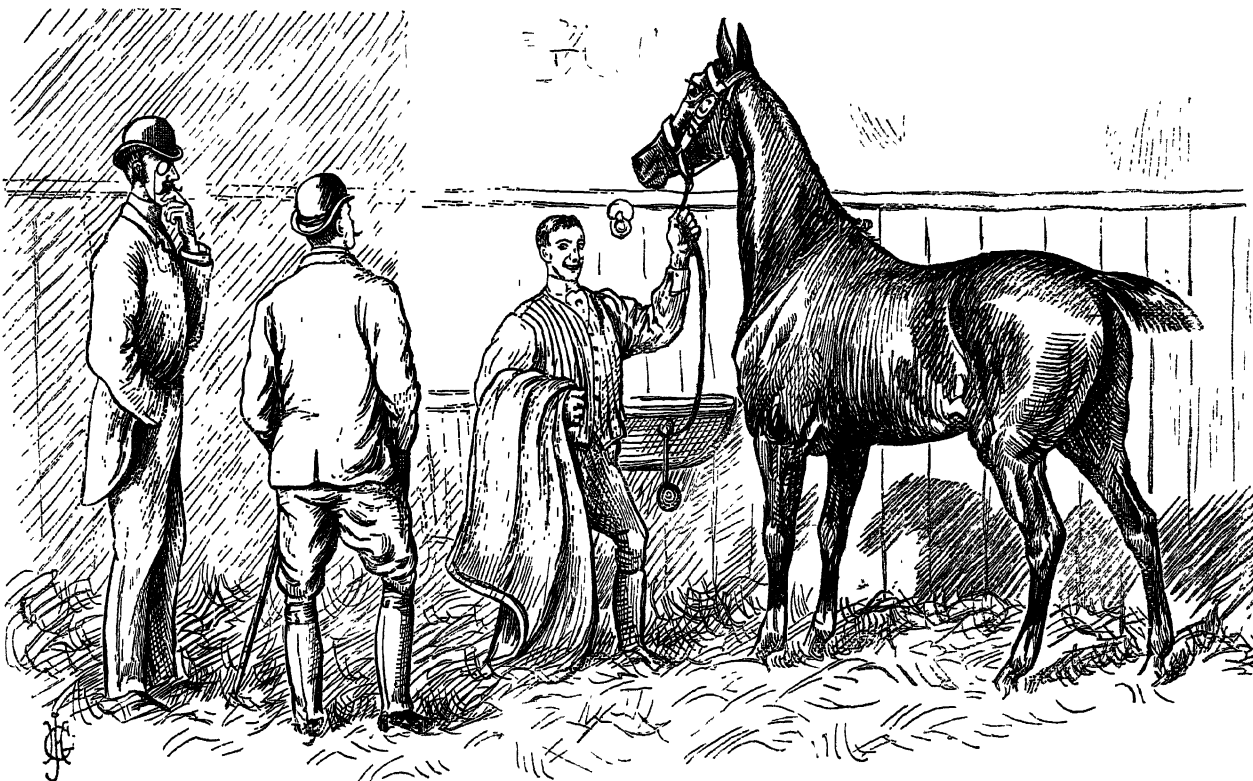
'Tis the sweet "Still small Voice" that can purge, guide, reform,
And that came amidst silence, and not in the storm.



SLOW—BUT NOT SURE.

“GERMANY MARCHING SLOWLY AND CAUTIOUSLY IN THE COLONIAL PATH.”

Prince Bismarck's speech in the Reichstag, January 15.



Captain Highway (showing his Stables to Friend). "NOW THERE'S A GOOD-LOOKING ONE—CARRIED ME FOUR SEASONS—GAVE TWO HUNDRED FOR HER!" *Friend. "CLEVER AT TIMBER?"* *Captain Highway. "ER—I—I—DON'T KNOW!"*
Friend. "GOOD AT WATER?" *Captain Highway. "WELL—I—I—CAN'T SAY!"*

TOMMY'S TURK.

YOUNG TOMMY had a turban'd Turk,
 A model toy, a birthday token;
 You wound him up, and watch'd him work—
 Till he got broken.

His head would wag, his eyes would roll,
 He moved his arms with gesture stately,
 And played a dozen antics droll,
 Which pleased us greatly.

The idol of the chattering crowd,
 He acquiesced in every notion,
 And with unfailing tact allow'd
 Our deep devotion.

He ruled, a despot kind and strong,
 The nursery's turbulent tribesmen swaying,
 Till something with his works went wrong,
 And he ceased playing.

None can tell how. His subjects set
 Such store upon his fellow-feeling,
 That they were likely to forget
 Mere wires and wheeling!

Did WILLY's killing kindness press
 Down the reluctant Paynim's thrapple
 Those crumbs of cake, and watercress,
 And bits of apple?

Did CISSIE, curious child of EVE,
 Seek to explore his inmost being,
 And, frightened, her researches leave
 Unblest with seeing?

Or MAB, who duty never shirks,
 An advocate of Western polish,
 Had dreams perchance of teaching Turks
 To speak in Dollish.

For all the dolls at home can speak,
 And, on the slightest provocation,
 Engage, with ventriloquial squeak,
 In conversation.

And she, belike, essay'd to teach
 The unresponsive Asiatic,
 And caused, instead of answering speech,
 Reserve rheumatic.

He sits, serene as other Turks,
 In faultless Oriental vesture;
 But never since they hurt his works
 Has changed a gesture.

O TOMMY's Turk, your fate and mine
 Are by a mystic bond united,
 And neither of us gives a sign
 Of being blighted.

On Southern shores the waters fair
 Murmur their office pure and priestly,
 And ELSIE flirts and dances there;—
 It's simply beastly.

Unmoved I meet my daily lot,
 Mechanically eat my dinner,
 Indifferently lose a "pot,"
 Or back the winner;

Waltz with dear Mrs. BUMBLEBEE,
 Although no normal arm can span her—
 Fat, fair, and fortiter in re,
 And suave in manner.

Or to Miss JONQUIL on the stairs,
 Where ELSIE shone a drift of whiteness,
 Pour out the unexpressive pray'rs
 Of pure politeness.

And if our fingers chance to touch,
 If I gaze fondly at her tresses,
 It is because their taste is much
 The same in dresses.

I'll hie away to Gamlingay,
 Chester-le-Street, or Thorpe-le-Soken;
 I cannot work; like TOMMY's Turk,
 My springs are broken.

HARDY SUCKERS.

SIR,—I am sure all your readers will be gratified to hear of the *extraordinarily mild season* we are having at Fossilton-on-the-Sludge. While in other places tender plants have gone to the Conservatory (or gone to pot), here my thermometer frequently registers 80 degrees; I am quite certain of the fact, as I keep the instrument under constant observation on my dining-room mantelpiece. I have actually in my garden, in *full bloom*, specimens of the *Fungus vulgaris*, the *Periwinklia pulmonaris*, and the daisy-like Australian *Waggawagga retroversis*! The petals are extraordinarily developed for the time of year, and the stamens have a lot of stamina in them. The little work which I am about to publish on "*Our Deciduous Plants*" (for which I anticipate a large sale after this gratuitous advertisement), will contain further particulars. I enclose you an advance copy, and some specimens of out-of-door flowers (which I have been unable to dispose of to local customers). As you will, no doubt, be glad to receive the parcel, I have not prepaid the postage.

Yours grubbily, PETER MOULD.
 P.S.—I may, perhaps, mention that I am prepared to send any of the above-quoted varieties to any address in England, at low and inclusive rates.

PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY.—In a multitude of Councillors there is safety; but too many cooks spoil the broth. It is to be hoped that the County Councillors won't make a hash of it!

MOTTO FOR THE DEFEATED CANDIDATES.—
Vix (County) consili expers mole ruit sua!



UNDAUNTED.

Bridegroom (tremulously). "YOU'RE NOT NERVOUS, DARLING?"
Bride (Widow—firmly). "NEVER WAS YET!"

BURGLARY TALK.

AT A SUBURBAN DINNER PARTY.

I THINK we may say that we have taken every possible precaution.

Yes, that is a Detective enveloped in that drawing-room curtain.

I am told that the spring window-bells connected with the electric wire apparatus will act instantly on the slightest touch.

You would hardly suppose it, but those geranium-beds on the lawn are prepared as dynamite spring-traps to blow up at the merest foot-fall.

I hope all our guests will get in safely. It would be really very awkward were any of them to be shot at coming up the garden-path.

Ha! I am glad to see the dear old Colonel has wisely taken the precaution of putting on a cuirass under his shirt.

Are all the six-chambered revolvers duly loaded, and placed in the dinner-napkins?

Those ship's cutlasses slung over the backs of your respective chairs are only for self-protection in case of any sudden surprise.

By the baying of the six highly-trained bloodhounds that I keep in the stables, I should say that burglars were already about.

I wonder why that female servant has gone into hysterics on the floor above.

Dear me! this is very odd, but all the bed and dressing-room doors appear to be locked on the inside.

I do not think that we can get out of the house to see what is the matter until we remove these wire fastenings which are evidently meant to peg us in.

If the male guests would make a simultaneous rush for it and jump thirteen feet from the drawing-room window, they might, perhaps, manage to see what is going on outside.

To judge from the reports of those pistols, quite a battle-royal must be in progress on the lawn.

Ha! there goes the dear old Colonel right on to his head, having been tripped up by a concealed wire.

It is strange, but the burglars seem to have escaped over the garden-wall with my wife's jewel-case, and £350 in gold and notes that was lying about on her dressing-table.

I am glad to know that the Doctor reports hopefully on the condition of five of the seven wounded guests for whom I have had to turn my dining-room into a temporary hospital.

If I had only known at half-past six yesterday evening that two o'clock this morning would find me in this uncomfortable condition, I certainly would have postponed my little dinner.

Ha! at last, here is the one Policeman in the neighbourhood come to see if "anything is wrong!"

GOOD NEWS FOR GHOSTS.

(By Our Own Bogey.)

"The Mayor and Corporation of Hastings have determined to spend a thousand pounds on sinking a well at a spot indicated by an operator with a divining-rod."—*St. James's Gazette*.

It really seems extremely odd,
This use of a divining-rod,

In Eighteen-eighty-nine;
If folks upon the Southern coast
Go on like this, they'd love a ghost—
A chance for me and mine.

I've been of late a little out
Of fashion, and began to pout
To find, in shilling books,
The smart detective take my place,
The hero of some murder case,
With not a thought of "spooks."

Yet, bless you, in the olden time,
'Twas I that did discover crime,
And now it's rather hard,
To find the work by others done.
I think that I'll bring up my son
To serve in Scotland Yard.

Yet here's a chance, I will uprear
My phantom form on Hastings Pier,
And haunt the Sussex shore:
If hazel rods lead men a dance,
There should, I fancy, be a chance
For able ghosts once more.

APPLES AND PEARS' GODDESSES.—In the "PEARS' Beauty Show," now just announced, it cannot be an apple which is to be given to the fairest. Yet, if Mr. PEARS is to be the judge, he will be like Paris, "*L'homme à la pomme*," to decide between the lovely Goddesses. He'll have to use a lot of soft-soap on the unsuccessful candidates, who will each be taken singly in this Exhibition of PEARS. Hope it will all end Applply.



"TEACHING THE YOUNG IDEA."

Shade of Jack Sheppard to Shade of Dick Turpin. "THEY SAY IT'S US AS UPSET THE YOUNGSTERS; BUT, BLESS THEIR SIMPLE 'ARTS, WE AIN'T IN IT NOWADAYS WITH THE PAPERS THAT ARE BOUGHT AND READ BY EVERYONE EVERYWHERE!"

"Still Waters Run Deep."

THIS effective play has been so successfully revived at the Criterion that, in spite of managerial pre-arrangements, Mr. WYNDHAM may have to change its title to *Still Waters Run Long*. It is said that CHARLES WYNDHAM intends going in for tragedy—that the name of the theatre will be altered to *The Cry-teary-'un*. We don't believe it.

PARADOXICAL.—The *Quarterly Review* has an article on "The Early Life of Lord BEACONSFIELD." But surely BENJAMIN's real "Early" life was his late one!

SUB ROSÂ? BUT NOT SOTTO VOCE.—Miss HUNTINGTON, at the Prince of Wales's, seems to have made a hit. Her name, at all events, is suggestive of being in for several good runs.

MIDDLE-AGED MASTERS AT THE GROSVENOR.

WHY, cert'nly. You have often heard of the Old Masters, and you have frequently looked at the Young Masters (and, for the matter of that, the Young Misses as well—but let us be serious).



Private and Confidential.

Here we have a collection of pictures between 1737 and 1837. Assuredly not Old Masters—presumably not young; therefore they must be Middle-aged! Ha! ha! Never heard of 'em before? Oh, *haven't* you? Have you not heard of Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS, ROMNEY, HOGARTH, COTMAN, CROME—not the inventor of Chromo-lithography—WILKIE, JAMES WARD, TURNER, MORLAND, STOTHARD, BONINGTON, CONSTABLE, ETTY, LAWRENCE, WILSON, HOPPNER, BLAKE, and DE LOUTHERBOURG? Now you know what the Middle-aged Masters are. They have not the mellow majesty of the Old, or the superficial skittishness of the New; but they have many excellent qualities of their own, which may be studied to very great advantage. In this pleasant Gallery you will find more than three hundred specimens of this particular period of British Art. Some will astonish you, and others will hugely delight you. Among the latter you will find specimens by one Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS, and one GEORGE ROMNEY, which you would find difficult to beat among the Old Masters or the New. Among a number of curiosities in a glass case is a dead field-mouse, that JOHN CONSTABLE sat on. This was probably a critic of the day. We wonder what CONSTABLE's sitting-weight could be, for the poor mouse is flattened out like a fern-leaf in a Family Bible. CONSTABLE, having taken him up, seems to have put him down most effectually.

(Signed) PRIVATE VIEW, 1ST R.A. CORPS.

LITERAL LYRICS.

The Pork King's Daughter and the Impecunious Duke.

EUPHRATES TITUS BLAZER, U. S. A., reflected
 "I guess I've cornered—wal, successfully in pork;
 And my financial status is, you bet, respected
 In circles slicing slightly bigger than New York."
 And then he called his daughter to him, just remarking,
 "Look here, my gal, as you will have a pretty pile,
 And no doubt air prospecting matrimonial larking,
 We'll cross the pond and go a reglar bust in style.
 For dollars can do anything across that water.
 So, though, there's catches here that might be fixed up fit,
 A British nob's the lead for E. T. BLAZER's daughter,—
 For, darn them and their titles—they are real grit."
 Thereon they crossed the pond, and found themselves located
 In princely circumstances at the Métropole,
 And E. T. BLAZER was delighted and elated
 To find how much on this side dollars could control.
 His every word was listened to as very weighty
 By all who sought his pleasant company to gain,
 He drenched his friends in Pommery and Greno, eighty;
 Each new acquaintance was cemented with Champagne.
 He paid his way. He purchased friends by scores. Was caught up,
 Asked out, invited, toadied, fawned on everywhere.
 He spent his dollars freely, and at length he bought up
 The *entrée* to a Ducal palace in Mayfair.
 It was His Grace of BASINGHALL's well-known town mansion,
 Where things had formerly been done in royal state,
 But where to-day, his income showing no expansion,
 The dinners, wines, appointments,—all, were quite third-rate;
 In fact its lordly owner simply was restricted
 In showing hospitality through lack of means,
 For all his tenants paid no rent, and unevicted
 Had thus to wrack and ruin brought his wide demesnes.
 His troubles to conceal his Grace made no profession;
 At Basinghall closed shutters faced an unkempt lawn:
 At Mayfair he allowed a man was in possession,
 And all the famed ancestral jewels were in pawn.
 Nor was this all. His last few thousands he had madly
 Invested in a specious beef and ham concern,
 And, as the speculation had turned out but sadly,
 His Grace at last himself knew not which way to turn.
 Then E. T. BLAZER saw his chance; approached quite hearty,
 And said, "Wal, Mister Dook, you bet, I'll make your game:

It's flat that you're a blazin impecunious party,
 And so, I guess, I'm fits on purchasing your name.
 That means my daughter must be fixed up as your Duchess.

I dessey that your price will be a tidy one,
 And so I've drawn this cheque that seven figures touches.
 That squares you! eh?" The Duke reflected, then said "Done!"
 So at Mayfair no more a man was in possession,
 No longer the ancestral jewels were in pawn;
 The Duke, he went it: lived well up to his profession,
 And Basinghall again looked on its well-kept lawn;
 And at his wedding all Society delighted
 Rejoiced exceedingly, and hailed the welcome fluke
 That saw, with sound commercial instinct, thus united,
 The Pork King's Daughter and the Impecunious Duke.

A GOOD SHILLING'S-WORTH.

At Burlington House. What an interesting collection in Galleries Nos. II. and III., specially No. III., where we could spend a considerable portion of the day in contemplating the portrait of "*Rembrandt—by Himself.*"



Yes, "*REMBRANDT*," quite by himself." Through the open door we catch sight of H.R.H. the Duke of CAMBRIDGE in full regiments, by the late FRANK

HOLL, and turn again, with a sigh of relief, to the study of The Old Master. Yet two or three of HOLL's portraits require only the finishing touch of the Great Artist, Time, to merit a place not so very, very far away from the inimitable *Rembrandt by Himself*. But "*by itself*," it will remain! The nearest to it, in the next room, are HOLL's *Lord Spencer* and *Pratti*.

In No. II. there is a delightful Jan Steen, lent by Lord NORTH-BROOK, showing a Comic Music Hall Singer—a MACDERMOTT or LEYBOURNE of the period—rehearsing a comic song, and chuckling over the point he is going to make. Mrs. RAM says that "she had always thought STEEN was a painter of marine subjects, so called from his having been a native of Brighton. If not," she asks, "who was the Old Steen?"

Look at JACOB JORDAEN's No. 78, "*A Quiet Dinner!*" Everybody making a din at table: each one not a host, but a "dinner" in himself.

Notice 80. By JAN STEEN. The Hogarthian details tell the story. It is called, *The Doctor*.

No. 86. *Hewer's Age*. Lent by Mr. ALFRED DE ROTHSCHILD. A charming Watteau, showing the infancy of cricket. Pretty design for a Christmas Card.

No. 89. Called a "*Pastoral Scene.*" By WATTEAU. All embracing, or trying to. "Where innocence is bliss," as Mrs. RAMSBOTHEAM observes. No. 95 is also lent by Sir RICHARD WALLACE, and represents GILLES, the celebrated *Pierrot*, playing a guitar. Happy days! Nothing to do but to pic-nic, sing, dance, make love, and masquerade! So they danced on until the mask fell off, the tune changed,—and the time too.

No. 109. A gem of GREUZE's, called *A Bacchante*. From the view, more like a Frontante. Another characteristic Watteau comes from Mr. ALFRED DE ROTHSCHILD, *L'Accordée du Village*. The centre figure is a dog, who is looking uncommonly knowing. "Every dog has his day," and this particular dog is evidently having his day kept by the entire village. He is a lucky dog, fêted to be happy. Here's a Rembrandt, small and early, lent by Mr. HUMPHRY WARD, representing *Robinson Crusoe's* great-grandfather. But here we finish our brief stay, and, before quitting Burlington House, we must take one last fond look at *Rembrandt, by Himself*, No. 157, round the corner. Magnificent! If you've only a quarter of an hour to spare, go and pay your respects to this picture which belongs to Lord LICHETER.

SEASONABLE GAME FOR BRITISH TROOPS IN BURMAH.—*Da-coits*.

A COMMON JOURNALISTIC OUTRAGE.—Beating the *Record*.

NOTICE.—Rejected Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will in no case be returned, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. To this rule there will be no exception.

SHAKSPEARE ON THE STREETS.

(See "King Henry the Fourth," Act III., Sc. 1.)



"Glendower (to Hotspur). Cousin, of many men,
I do not bear these crossings."

THE BLOOM OF LONDON (COUNTY) PRIDE.

(The Unreported Report of a Meeting that never Met.)

THE Council had met, and were considering the election of Aldermen. There was a goodly gathering, and in the centre suddenly appeared a Personage that seemed a combination of leaders from newspapers, House of Commons speeches, and old traditons.

"I am Public Opinion!" thundered the Personage, and then it became known that it was the desire of Public Opinion that the Councillors should give their individual views on the subject of the election of Aldermen.

"Well," said the Member for West Marylebone, looking through his pince-nez, and smiling, "I cannot help feeling that some one should be selected—who has entertained HER MAJESTY to five o'clock tea."

"You mean Sir REGINALD HANSON," observed the Member for the Strand, "and I don't agree with you. Give me an Alderman who can organise a procession that will do credit to the City like—"

"Mr. AUGUSTUS HARRIS," put in one Member of the City, with a sneer. "But you have horses. I know the very man to attend to them."

"You mean the Earl of ROSEBURY," added the other Member for the City. "Well, perhaps, yes; but horses are not so interesting as ants or bees. Why not get a good Naturalist, and some one who admires the Bank Holiday Movement."

"Like Sir JOHN LUBBOCK, for instance," murmured the Member for Haggerston. "Yes; but we must do something more than look at horses; we must tackle Mayors—Lord Mayors; and as for ants, why the 'aunts of the City Companies (as a Cockney would say) should be our game. Now, for an Alderman, we could not select anyone better fitted for the post than that earnest reformer, Mr.—"

"FIRTH!" lisped the Member for St. George's, Hanover Square.

"I think FIRTH should be last! Now a Volunteer—" "Who is first-rate at organisation—that's what you mean," interrupted the Member for Woolwich. "Yes, I know; but you won't find him in HOWARD VINCENT—you had better fartake me!"

"What's the HUGHES?" was the frivolous commentary of Public Opinion—the mood of Public Opinion is very changeable. The Voice continued, in a more earnest tone—a tone full of gravity, "You say that the perfect Alderman should be beloved and respected by Royalty?"

"Hear, hear!" cried Sir REGINALD.

"And good at pageants."

"Certainly!" ejaculated AUGUSTUS DRURIGOLANUS.

"And fond of animals—horses, ants, and bees!"

"So we think," replied Sir JOHN and the Earl.

"And a real reformer, a perfect organiser, and, in fact, a thorough statesman and philanthropist!"

"Yes, yes!" was the universal shout.

"But where will you find a man, who in his own person combines all these qualifications?"

There was a dead silence.

"There is only one person in London, England, Europe, the world, so qualified," continued the Voice of Public Opinion, "and that person is—"

Then the Power of Public Opinion was exhibited even in the London County Council, and there was a shout that sounded far and wide of "Mr. Punch!"

"Yes," assented Public Opinion, "Mr. Punch is the best possible

Alderman, as he is the best possible everything else, so would you escape the ignoble fate of Bumbledom, keep your eye upon Mr. Punch, and ask him to pull you through."

And with this, Public Opinion disappeared, and the Members of the London County Council were left (for the moment) to their own devices, and the cheering influence of their pretty portraits as published in the current number of the *Illustrated London News*.

STORIES OF THE PAST.

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,

THERE has been so much correspondence about *Links with the Past*, that I think my own experience will be of interest to your readers. If so, it is heartily at your service.

When I was a lad, I perfectly well recollect being taken on the shoulders of my grandfather to see Her Majesty Queen VICTORIA proceeding in State to Westminster on the occasion of her Jubilee. My grandfather then told me (as the fireworks were being let off) that he had spoken to a gentleman who was present at the execution of King CHARLES THE FIRST.

"How can that be?" I asked, "for according to your own account, you were not living at the time of the Battle of Waterloo!" which indeed, was constantly his assertion.

"I am surprised that you should doubt my word!" replied my grandfather.

"I doubt your word," I respectfully returned, "because your story seems so marvellous. It is impossible to believe it!"

"Then, if you do not believe it, it is no use to tell you, that the man who spoke to my grandfather, and was present at the execution of CHARLES THE FIRST, was a Baron who had actually signed Magna Charta!"

"You do not say so!" I exclaimed, fairly astounded at the gigantic jumps we were making from the Present into the Past. "Why, in two lives about five centuries are covered!"

"Yes, I fancy that is about the right measure," said my grandfather, musingly, "but I have not entirely exhausted the subject."

"Why did the man who spoke to my great-grandfather at the execution of CHARLES THE FIRST, and who had signed Magna Charta years and years before, serve for a further link with the past?"

"Certainly; he was acquainted with persons who knew RICHARD THE FIRST intimately, and had himself dined with the first of our HENRIES."

"Dear me," I returned, "this is indeed interesting. Then he might have taken part in the Battle of Hastings?"

"Taken part in the Battle of Hastings?" exclaimed my grandfather; "why, he had not only taken part, but had been killed in the Battle of Hastings!"

Trusting that this brief recital of undoubted facts may advance the cause of historical research. I remain, yours sincerely,

AN OLD-FASHIONED LIAR.

ADDENDA PAPER FOR THE L. C. C.

(Prepared, in the Interests of the Public, at 85, Fleet Street.)

To consider a plan for improving omnibuses, and establishing shelters for those who have to wait for them.

To introduce newspaper kiosks, on the Parisian system, in the streets of London.

To build Summer *cafés* (with Winter gardens attached thereto) on the Thames Embankment.

To plant trees in Regent Street, the Strand, and the Edgware and Tottenham Court Roads.

To call to account the Vestries in the matters of dust-removal and street-watering.

To carry out a scheme for causing the emigration (either by force or persuasion) of organ-men, German bands, and Italian penny ice-cream vendors.

To bury three-fourths of the London statues, and overhaul the remainder.

And last and most important of all, to take immediate steps for causing the abolition of that old-established nuisance, Mud Salad Market, with or without the consent of His Grease the Duke of MUDFORD.

The Latest Thibetting.

"WITH his agent the Llama triumphantly tampers!"

Thus at Gnatong to-day

Every one seems to say

'Tis the Ampa alone who a settlement hampers!

As the London School Board is going to meet the Free Meal Movement half-way, why not take for its Motto "*Spero meal-iora?*"

THE SPIRIT OF SPECULATION.



"New lamps for old!" was a tempting cry;
Where Pleasure beckons, her followers fly;
But, for ardent emulation
For headlong hurry that nought can restrain,
Is there aught like the modish Pursuit of Gain,
Which fires the mixed multitude drawn in the
train
Of the Spirit of Speculation?

A winsome Spirit, though wild on the wing,
A Siren, and sweet are the songs she will sing
In the ears of all who listen.
How her smiles invite! How her tresses float
In an aureate trail! How her votaries gloat
On her Danaë charms, and delightedly dote
On each golden note
From her argent throat!

How they glow, and gleam, and glisten,
Those eager eyes of the hurrying throng,
Thralls of her witchery, slaves of her song,
Suppliants keen for her kisses!
Follow, follow! The foot that nears
That Golden Witch hath no time for fears.
And Folly follows, nor stops her ears
With the wax of the wise ULYSSES.

A motley troop, but towards one goal,
 Moved as though by a single soul.
 Beauty draws by a single hair,
 But each of her locks is a separate snare,
 Floating far in the ambient air.
 What is the largess she showers there?
 Scrip unlimited, stock and share!
 Bubbles to hold?
 Mere rainbow gold?
 Out upon prudence! Be brave and bold!
 No faint heart ever won *this* fair dame,
 With hands like Ophir and eyes like flame.
 A "*belle dame sans merci*?"
 Pooh! The timid are tame o'ermuch.
 She at least hath no gifts for such
 As fear her face and flee.
 Let them toil in the beaten groove,
 Thralls to the Labour they feign to love,
 Delve and drudge,
 And mouth the fudge
 That Thrift doles out to the dolts who trudge
 Through Gain's long path, when the fools
 might fly,
 Winged like the Witch of the wanton eye.
 Life is short and Labour long.
 Leave dull toil to the dusty throng;
 This is the way for the shrewd and strong.
 The slow-hived wealth of the moiling mass,
 The plodding Issachars, each an ass
 Born to grind in the mills of Class,
 Make garnered gift
 For the wise whose thrift
 Is to live on the load that the many lift,
 To dredge in the true Pactolean drift,
 The stream flows on, but its channels shift;
 The wise breast not the flood, but band
 The keen of sight and the swift of hand
 In Monopoly of the golden sand.
 Which years deposit and moments sift,
 The Witch knows well, would she only say,
 How the harvest of decades is reaped in a day.
 Follow, follow! Let her not slip,
 Wooers of fortune, thralls of the "tip,"
 From Mammon's mansion and gambler's
 den,
 Lights of the pencil, stars of the pen,
 Plungers, flutterers, women and men,
 Hangers on to the giants of gain,
 Parasites in the Gold King's train,
 Slaves of the "Ring," and dupes of the
 Rein;
 From court, church, counter, come forth, come
 forth!
 No lode-star ever, set high in the North,
 Ever so drew,
 Pointed so true.
 No Siren ever so sang, so flew;
 No Circe mustered so motley a crew
 From every rank, craft, station.
 Harpy is she, or Ariel?
 Do her votaries know? Can her victims tell?
 But, known or not, she is worshipped well,
 With gold for altars, its chink for bell,
 The—Spirit of Speculation!

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

POTTING UP FOREIGN GUESTS.—It was, no doubt, inconsiderate of your brother to have sent you without notice the Jooeypookah Cannibal Island Football Team, and expected you to put them up and provide for them, on their arrival in England, in your small house in Leopold Square; still, you seem to have got on better with them than might have been anticipated. It will evidently be difficult, from what you mention, to prevent them tearing up the stair-carpet and cutting it into short lengths for purposes of personal adornment. But why let them through the house at all? We conclude you have consigned them to an upper floor. Let them only enter or quit this by a fire-escape attached to one of the windows. You can easily hire one for the purpose. Try this. By all means,



"COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON."

Guest. "IT'S VERY KIND OF YOU TO—"
Hosts. "OH, WE SHOULD NOT HAVE FELT COMFORTABLE UNLESS WE'D COME WITH YOU, AND—SEEN THE LAST OF YOU—"!!

in future, feed them on cat's meat, as you propose. With regard to their practice, they ought, of course, to get this in the square, but as you say they are at present using a human skull as a football, and as this has apparently terrified all the nursery-maids and children in the place, and caused a general cry of complaint from the parents, it would be as well if you could induce them to arrange their time of play somewhere between the small hours of the morning. Yes, we think you might introduce them between a song of Signor DAMOSTIS and the Bohemian Bell-ringers as a "special feature" at an afternoon drawing-room party, but it might be as well to have a dozen policemen handy in the hall, in case they should suddenly take it into their heads to make an attack upon your guests. Certainly let them go on to the Parish at the time you mention. You cannot reasonably be expected to put them up for more than a month, or, at most, five weeks.

WHALE CULTURE.—We do not think, that, seeing that you say it is sixteen feet in length, you will be able to keep the live whale that has just been sent you by your Uncle at Labrador, in your upstairs cistern. Far your best plan will be to deposit it, as soon as possible, in the nearest swimming-bath in the immediate neighbourhood of your house. To do this take it there in a furniture-van, with about sixteen men, whose services you may require at the baths, as, to prevent the possible interference of the attendants, you may find it necessary to get the creature at the last moment in with a rush. Having, therefore, taken the bath ticket and given the signal, let your sixteen men seize the whale, and making a dash through the entrance-hall, without waiting to answer any questions, rapidly force their way into the swimming-bath and consign it to the water. Once there the whale will instantly revive, and if, on your showing the attendant the ticket for its bath, he appears dissatisfied, you can try to put him in a good temper by pointing out to him, with a pleasant smile, that at least it will not require any towels. Yes, we certainly think you cannot do wrong in feeding it on tinned lobster. Any shilling handbook on the Management of the Whale will tell you this.

AMATEUR CHIMNEY-SWEEPING.—Yes, you can certainly, if you are dissatisfied with his charges, dispense with the services of your ordinary chimney-sweep, and sweep your own drawing-room chimney, if you don't mind a little trouble. You have only to collect all the curtain-poles, broom and mop-sticks, walking-canes, and umbrellas in the house, and, strapping them tightly together in a long line, surmounted by the hall door-mat fastened securely to the top, push this, as well as you can, by degrees, up your drawing-room chimney—and there you are. If this apparatus, however, as not unfrequently happens, doubles up and refuses to work, you can still fall back on the Breton plan, which consists in getting on the roof of your house and letting a Christmas-tree attached to a rope down the chimney to which you are directing your attention. As this, though a highly efficacious method when successful, sometimes brings down the entire interior of the chimney itself, it would be well to exercise some caution in having recourse to it, if you hold your house on a repairing lease.

ANOTHER STAGGERER FOR ROBERT!

I WUNCE herd 2 Gents a arguing werry fiercely while at Dinner, which, as evry body ort to kno, is a great mistake, speshally at a really grate Bankwet, sich as I wunce herd the Dook of CAMBRIDGE say he couldn't get nowhere but in the City. No, when at Dinner, nobel Gents, give your hole mind to it, and resurve your arguing till you gets your desserts, and then you can do as you please. Well, these 2 unwise Gents was a discussing of the old saying that "There's nothink new under the Sun." One said as there was, and other said as there warn't. Well, the thing as the one on 'em said as was new, was suttently a staggerer to me as well as to the other Gent, and it was, that you could now buy most butifol cordials, and nice drinks of many kinds, that tasted like wine, and looked like wine, and yet wasn't wine, and woodn't never not make people hintoxicated!



Well, this seemed such a staggerer to me, that I thort in course as the other Gent wood have thrown up the sponge at wunce, and confessed hisself beaten. But no, not a bit of it; on the contrary, he said as the ancient Egipshuns, ewer so many thowsend years ago, knowed of a certain stone as was called Giptiller, or sum sich name, which had the wunderfool power of making water look like wine, aye, and taste like wine! But that the cunning old Preests kep the secret to theirselves, and it died when they died!

Just at this most intresting moment I was obligated for to leave them, to attend to other dooties, and I herd no more. But wot a rewelashun! And the werry fust thing as occurs to me, now, setting down quiet at tome, is, woodn't a Gent who sat down and carmly and quietly drunk, say 2 bottels of this innerecent wine, be likely to make the same complaint as the Farmer did when he had finisht the Bottle of Claret that his Landlord set him down to, insted of a Bottle of Port, wiz., "that he didn't seem to have got no forreder?" But a truce to any sitch fillosophical questyuns as them, for now cums what I calls a werry strikin fac.

Ony larst week, a gent of the name of HIBRESS, I thinks it was, tho' that does sound more like a helderly lady than a middle ages Gent, called on me to arsk me to dine with him, and a few other gents of my perfession jest to try a hexperiment as was about to be tried as to having jest as jolly dinners as are had now, but without not no hedakes *etseterer, etseterer*, arterwards.

Naterally, most naterally, I hopened both my too eyes with estonishment and wundered wot was a cummin next. But as he seemed to be a waiting for me to say sumthink, I sed, "Afore Sir acceptin your werry perlite inwitashun, I shoood most suttently like to ether see or hear your *Maynoo*." "Quite reesonable," says he, and so he begins: "With your clear Turtel Soop you has jest a small glass of Maryskeno, and if you much likes it, as you most likely will, you may have another. Then with your Fish, jest one glass of 1874 Black Currant Wine will be found simply delicious. With the Ontrays I should give you two or even three glasses of Orange Champagne, speshall cnvay, which not being werry sweet will jest suit those who prefer their Shampanses dry. With the Poultry, or Jint, a glass of Ginger Hale will be found werry refreshing, while, with the Game, Winter Punch is *der regare* as the French says. With the Cheese you will have jest one glass of Orange Bitters, and then with your Dessert of course you can select from a wariet list of werry old faverits, commencing with fine old Strawberry Syrup of the celebrated 1880 growth and ending with old Gingerett."

How I must have looked when he had finished his owdashus list I carnt of coarse say, but my old wisage must have bin summut of a studdy, for he says, says he, "I don't at all wunder at your look of hutter estonishment, becous you know we all ether sneers or larfs at all great dishcoverys at fust. I dessay as your own Farther larfed at Gas when he fust herd about it, as a good menny people does now at bottling up a speech or a song in a box and keeping it till it's wanted, so don't you let your estonishment prewent your accepteing my hinwitashun, or coming to it with a hunbiassed mind."

Of coarse I didn't see my way to onerably refuse him, and so, saying he wood let me know the day and the hower, away he went, leaving me almost speechless with surprize! We Waiters as is agreed to go, are to have a meeting a day or so before "the appointed day," to decide upon what safeguards or prewentives we are to consume afore we submits ourselves to this orful xperiment, the effects of which I hopes I shall live to relate.

ROBERT.

Mem. by a Voter.

ELECTORAL paradox sure is complete:
Every Candidate runs, and yet stands, for a seat!

A VERY SHADOWY GRIEVANCE.

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,

You will see by the signature I have appended to this epistle that at one time I was a person of some importance. This is true enough, for when the Heralds visited my part of the country at the commencement of the Seventeenth Century, they found my pedigree written up to date and perfectly correct. As you represent, nowadays, all that is good (inclusive of respectability), I venture to address you in the hope that you will exercise your immense influence to secure for me justice and relief.

Without entering into unnecessary details, I may hint that circumstances over which I have no control, cause me to walk about a corridor at midnight in a most desirable country mansion clanking chains and uttering moans of a heartrending character. I am accompanied, while making these professional perambulations, by a female member of my family, who prefers to float through space minus a head. We have done this sort of thing for more than a couple of centuries, and have quite grown to like the exercise. After our walk in the corridor, we usually adjourn for a chat to an apartment that is known as the Red Room. We do not interfere with anyone, and are perfectly harmless. In fact, I fancy that we are rather an acquisition to the house than otherwise, for certainly, the estate-agent, who had the letting of the place some time since, made a great feature of the fact that it was inhabited by a couple of old-fashioned spectres. I need scarcely say that we are on visiting terms with all the best county ghosts, and are frequently invited to spend daybreak in other houses, on such special occasions as the anniversary of a murder or the foretelling of a family calamity.

From this you will see that we are quite persons to know, and having claims to universal respect. And until recently our claims have never been questioned, and this brings me, my dear *Mr. Punch*, to my grievance—that the tendency of the age is to ignore ghost-lore. Times were—and not very long ago—when Christmas brought with it scores of stories calculated to foster a belief in the weird and supernatural. Nowadays, if a spectre is introduced into a tale he must be explained away by natural causes, or treated as a sort of superior music-hallical experiment, which for the moment has been one too many for scientific research. Now this treatment has been most damaging to our reputations as awe-inspirers, and has caused us considerable annoyance. Of course we do not pretend to perform in public, still our manifestations have been witnessed by so many of our descendants, that we have grown accustomed, so to speak, to a gallery of admiring spectators. Since the adoption of the tone about us to which I have referred, instead of being impressed by our appearance, the persons we have haunted have been only moved to ridicule. But as one substantial proof is worth a dozen theories, I give an instance, which occurred as recently as New Year's Day, in support of my assertion.

On the 1st instant my female relative and myself, after our usual performance in the corridor, glided into the Red Room to have a chat over old times. This is always to me the pleasantest moment of the dawn, as I can talk without interruption, my female relative having, as I have already informed you, no head. When we were standing in front of the slowly expiring fire I noticed that the room was occupied. Sitting up in bed was a gentleman, who, instead of falling into the regulation fit on seeing us, merely gazed at us earnestly with the assistance of an opera-glass! I did my best to horrify him. I groaned and rattled my chains, and my female relative most obligingly made the most of the absence of her head. But all this had no effect upon him. I saw that our reputation was at stake, and that a supreme effort must be made to fill his mind with terror. Leaving my female relative to entertain him (she has rather a ghastly way of disappearing and reappearing in green fire), I hurried off to beseech support from those of my ghostly colleagues that I could find in the neighbourhood. Fortunately, New Year's Day is rather a grand occasion in our profession, and I soon whipped up a Knight in Armour carrying a blood-stained dagger, an old gentleman in the costume of the period of GEORGE THE SECOND, holding a broken walking-stick and a snuff-box, two "somethings" in grave-clothes, and a drowned sailor. With these auxiliaries I returned to the Red Room and continued the haunting. The gentleman in the bed received the knight with a sneer, the old gentleman with a grin, the two somethings with a "Pooh, pooh!" and the drowned sailor with an exclamation of vigorous contempt. He gazed at us all for a moment, and then, putting the opera-glass down, and observing, "It must be that cheap champagne!" quietly went to sleep! We then held a meeting, and, in compliance with a resolution thereat passed, I am writing to you, my dear *Mr. Punch*, to ask you to do your best to cause to be restored to us the dignity we prized so greatly, and which, for the time, we seem to have entirely lost.

I beg to remain, yours, faithfully,

A WELL-CONNECTED GHOST.

The Willow Walk, Phantom's Abbey, Shadesbury.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.



ABOUT the best number I've yet seen of *Our Celebrities*; of which the proprietor and monographer is the eccentric epigrammatist and merry musician, LOUIS ENGEL; the photographer, the accomplished and artistic COUNT WALKER, of Regent Street; and the publishers, SWAN and SONNENSCHN. What a corps! If that isn't sweetness and light—with Sun-in-shine for the photos included—I don't know what is. But to proceed. Here we have, first, EMMA ALBANI GYE—not "Woe EMMA," but "GYE EMMA,"—looking, as she is, "a thing of beauty, which is a GYE for ever." Then Canon DUCKWORTH, who, in his academics, seems an uncommonly "big, big D." Of him writes the monographer:—

"Needless to say that his pure English, and full ringing organ, and a very accurate use of words, stand him in good stead as a preacher."

Perhaps "accurate" is meant to suggest "a curate" as it was in this subordinate part that the Canon must have learnt his business. As to his organ, the monographer has previously said, speaking about the Reverend Gentleman's St. Mark's Church,—appropriate place for a man of mark,—that his organ was a Walker,—WALKER being the well-known organ-builder (my anathemas on all organ-grinders!), and "one of the finest-toned in London." Summary,—a fine Preacher with a good deal of organic Walker. The third portrait is of Mr. BOEHM, R.A., who was so highly spoken of years ago by Sir ROBERT PEEL in the House of Commons. The eminent sculptor is represented in one of the several attitudes which, as a practical man of genius, he tried for himself by straddling across a chair, while designing his striking equestrian statue of the Duke of WELLINGTON. Mr. BOEHM, so the monographic ENGEL informs us, "gets up every morning at six in summer and seven in winter," and then "gets on horseback in any weather,"—and when he doesn't, I suppose he sits astride across a chair as he does in this picture and jogs his memory for exercise. *Our Celebrities* ought to be doing well, under the guidance of their guardian ENGEL.

I like short stories. Brevity is the soul of wit. Personally, therefore, I am grateful to Mr. W. H. POLLOCK for "collecting" and "re-collecting" those forming his new Volume, entitled *A Nine Men's Morrice*. Why *A Nine Men's Morrice*? There are nine tales; and a Morrice is a dance, a round dance,—and—and—well, on further consideration, why not *A Nine Men's Morrice*? or *A Nine Men's Morrice*? But the name's nothing, the collection is everything. "Edged Tools," a quizzical spookical story, is excellent; and "The Thought Reader," and "One of Charles Mainwaring's Lies," both dramatically told, would be equal to the one I mentioned first, if the Author, instead of abruptly refusing to tell us any more, had been graciously pleased to satisfy the reader's curiosity, which in both instances he has so skilfully succeeded in arousing. I was inclined to say, with Mr. Weller, Senior, at the conclusion of each of the last two stories, "That's rayther a sudden pull up, ain't it, SAMMY?" and, obviously, W. H. POLLOCK, adapting Sam's words to the occasion, would have retorted—"Not a bit on it—you vish there was more—and that's the great art o' story writin'." "Well," said Mr. Weller, Senior, "there's something in that." If you enjoy a quiet smile, read "Mr. Morton's Butler." As a satirical burlesque of the supernatural story, it is excellent; but being a fragment, it is only suggestive of possibilities. "The Green Lady" is the best of all; a real chuckle-starter. For the hour before dressing for dinner, or the twenty minutes' before undressing for bed, you can't have a better companion than *A Nine Men's Morrice*,—at least so thinks your humble servant,
THE BARON DE BOOK WORMS.

WHAT MR. PUNCH'S MOON SAW.

THIRD EVENING.

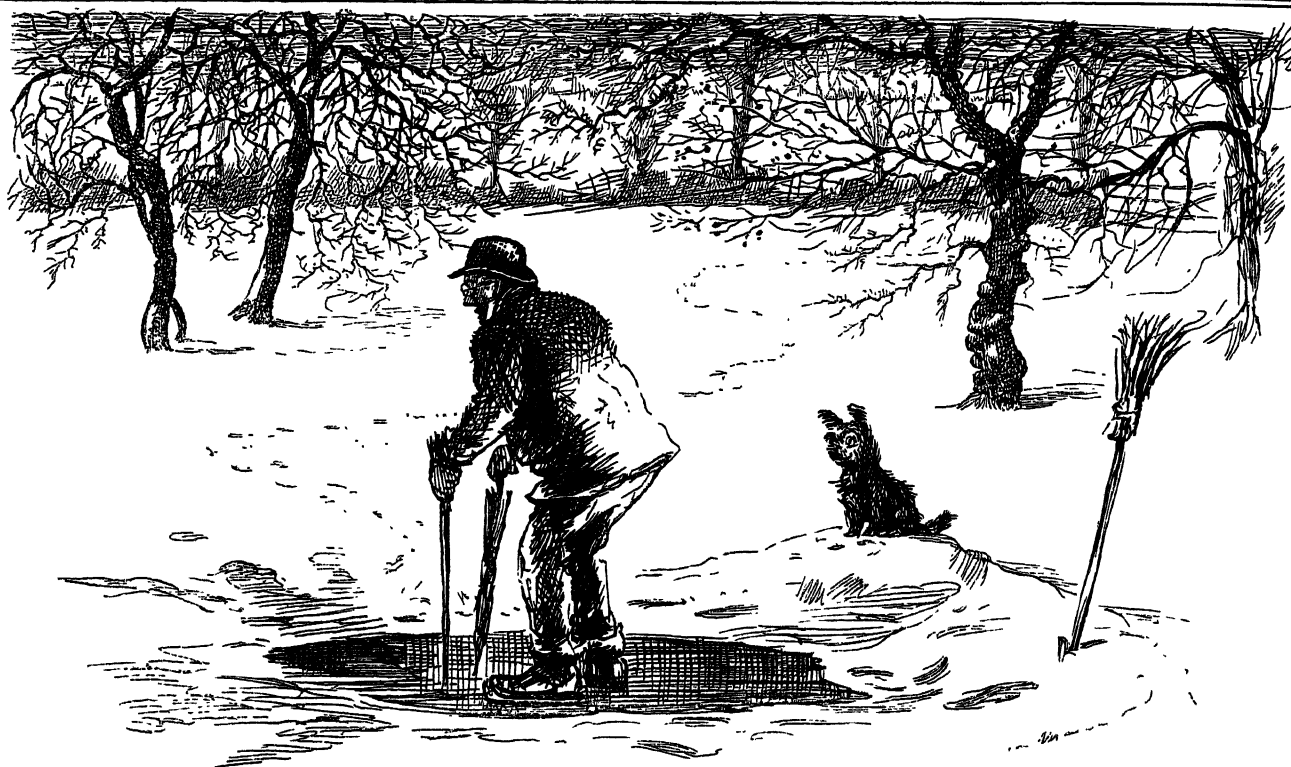
"Not long ago," said the Moon, "I looked through the window of a village inn into a bright and cheerful room, with highly-coloured calendars hanging on the walls. Round about, on benches, sat the chief personages in the village, for it was a very respectable house. There was the butcher, and the wheelwright, and the carpenter, who also carved tombstones, and the chief draper (the other was a Teetotaller), and even the chemist, who kept the post office—they were all there, drinking their beer or their spirits-and-water with a sober satisfaction, and puffing at their pipes, as I have seen them do for many and many an evening, and hope to see them doing for years and years to come. Generally they are content to talk—slow, ponderous talk it is, with pauses between, such as in all rustic inns is considered a rather stimulating exchange of thought; sometimes they play cards—though not when the chemist or the Parish Clerk is there. This night, however, they enjoyed a sensation altogether new to them—a stranger had come in, and volunteered to sing to them. They are none of them very musical, though they complained bitterly not long ago, when the Vicar improved the barrel-organ out of the church—the Parish Clerk was particularly offended, for he could play sixteen double-chants without once changing the barrel. They sing sometimes themselves, but not often, as they all know each other's songs by heart, while those of the stranger were unlike anything they had ever heard. He sat with his thumbs in the arm-holes of his waistcoat, and his eyes on the smoky ceiling, and sang song after song to them in a sweet *falsetto* voice, which somehow went straight home even to their torpid bosoms. He sang of patriotism and freedom, of lovely children fading slowly away, of stars and angels, of the joys of honest industry, of the sanctity of hearth and home, of



the duty of helping one's fellow-men. His face had nothing remarkable in it—what expression it had was certainly rather unpleasant than otherwise; but, if he had been one of the Minnesingers of old, they could not have listened in more entranced delight. I thought some of it a little mawkish myself," said the Moon, "but I have noticed that mawkishness touches most people down in your part of the world more deeply than anything else. When he had finished, there came a long hush, amidst which he handed round his hat. As they begged for one more song, he sang them '*A Daisy from my Uncle Samuel's Grave*,' which, as the Butcher remarked, 'banged everything.' Then, after a chorus of thanks and praises, and a few additional coppers, he went forth into the night, leaving the assembly looking into their glasses of gin-and-water with eyes that were moister than usual.

"But while the singer, still softly humming the words of his last song, was passing under the sign which swung at the corner, some men pounced upon him suddenly out of the shadow. And from what was said at the time, I learnt that they were policemen, and that he was a particularly dangerous burglar, who had made his escape from prison by means of a brutal and cowardly murder. I saw him raise his white, whimpering face to mine as they were taking him away handcuffed; but the party in the inn room sat sipping their liquor, and knew nothing of what had happened to the singer, whose pathetic tones were still echoing in their ears. After all," said the Moon, languidly, "pathos 's pathos, I suppose, and so long as one is genuinely moved, it is a mistake to be too particular as to who does it."

The House of the Wolfings. By WILLIAM MORRIS. Who are "the WOLFINGS?" Of course this advertisement means that their house has been painted, papered, and decorated, and the furniture for it designed by WILLIAM MORRIS, who is far more at home in house dec-orating than in Socialist mob-orating.



AN ENTHUSIAST

WHO THINKS THAT IT'S NEVER TOO LATE TO LEARN. (*Seen from a passing Train during a recent Frost.*)

BROTHER JONATHAN'S BROTHERHOOD;

Or, "Who's dat Knocking at de Door?"

"O strange New World, that yet wast never young!
Whose youth from thee by gripin' need was wrung,—

Thou skilled by Freedom an' by gret events
To pitch new States ez Old World men pitch tents,—

An' whose free latch-string never was drawn in
Against the poorest child o' ADAM's kin!"

James Russell Lowell in the Biglow Papers.

WE had quieted down from a teacup-storm—
(JONATHAN was hasty, and JOHN was warm)—
Cool sense was getting the pull of hot head,
When Brother JONATHAN got up, and he said:—

"Who's dat knocking at de door?"

Hab you dollars, or are you poor?
What?—old, weak, bad? Hab you got no tin?
Den you're not wanted *here*, and you can't come in;
So it's no use knocking at de door

Any more,

It's no use knocking at *dis* door!

"Who's dat knocking at de door,
Makin' as much shindy as a millionaire, or more?
I'll call de President, and tell him how
You only want for to kick up a row.

Who's dat knocking at de door?

I've sot eyes upon your sort before.
Am dat you, Capital? No, it am AH SIN.
Den your ways am nasty, and you can't come in;
So it's no use knocking at de door

Any more,

It's no use knocking at de door!

"Who's dat knocking at de door?
What? Your sort I have welcomed in before?
I was once glad enough of such stuff, though rough?
Yes; but times hab altered, and ob sich I've had enough.

Who's dat knocking at de door?

PADDY? You am getting quite a bore.
Am dat you, HANS, wid de Cheshire-cat grin?
Den you take low wages, and you can't come in;
So it's no use knocking at de door

Any more,

It's no use knocking at de door!

"Who's dat knocking at de door?
Eh? English Actor, with your company, a score?
I must hab my pick, if *any* I engage,
For I'm bound to protect de Amurrican Stage.

Who's dat knocking at de door?

Comin' native talent for to floor!

Am dat you, IRVING? No, it am JONES!

What?—young JONES ob de Cockney tones?

Den it's no use knocking at de door

Any more,

It's no use knocking at *my* door!

"Who's dat knocking at de door?
Paupers? Stone-brokers? You've been 'dumped down
here before.

Anarchist or Socialist? In debt, or with disease?

Den you're not wanted here, so skedaddle, if you please,

And don't come knocking at my door.

Protection am my game, ob dat be sure.

Am dat you, Labour? Well, you're lookin' pale and thin;

You don't dump down de dollars, and you can't come in.

So it's no use knocking at de door

Any more,

It's no use knocking at de door.

"If I open my door and let you in,
Artisan an' artist, actor and AH SIN,
I'll be ruined by cheap labour. No, despite dose Free
Trade quacks,

I shall keep half ob you out, and de oder half I'll tax.

So don't come knocking at *my* door!

Immigration's gettin' a big bore.

JOHN, PAT, and JOHANN, MAX, MOSES, and AH SIN,

I can do without you *now*, and you shan't come in.

So it's no use knocking at de door

Any more,

It's no use knocking at *dis* door!"

OF course Madame NERUDA, Mlle. JANOTHA, and Signor PIATTI are great guns in the musical profession. But, from their names being so associated with the "Pops," they may come to be considered as "Pop-guns." Well, if so, this dignifies pop-guns.

SONG FOR THE NEW ASSOCIATE.—"Wyllie, we haven't missed you."



BROTHER JONATHAN'S BROTHERHOOD;

OR, "WHO'S DAT A-KNOCKIN' AT DE DOOR?"



CONTRASTS.

No. I.—ROTTEN ROW. BETWEEN TWELVE AND TWO, MIDDAY.

QUITE THE THING. 1888—9.

QUITE OUT OF DATE. 1885.

A BALLAD OF BETROTHAL.

I AM beloved; not a doubt of it,
 Goal of my longing for years!
 Now, how the deuce to get out of it,
Minus reproaches and tears.
 Not that my passion has wavered
 Since I first plunged over ears
 Deep in the well of illusion,
 Deeper than plummet e'er sounded,
 And, with ecstatic confusion,
 Words which I spoke to you quavered,
 Laden with burden unbounded,
 Faltering tentative "dears."
 Once you would chirp like a linnet,
 Now you sit silent as Fate—
 Baffled, I muse for a minute,
 Then I remember I'm late.
 BROWN I have often kept kicking
 His heels, in a comfortless state,
 He never gave me reproaches,
 Only, "You are a nice fellow."
 He's made me miss trains and coaches,
 Counting the clock's steady ticking,
 I don't turn sulky and yellow,
 I only whistle and wait.
 Once you flushed furtively, shyly,
 Love in your eyes was aglow,
 When, by some stratagem wily,
 I stole a march on the foe.
 Now that we're publicly plighted,
 Why should you harass me so?
 Changing our sunshine to thunder?
 If other duties should call, love,
 Why should you icily wonder
 When I would greet you, delighted,
 Why I come near you at all, love,
 Cold as a lady of dough?
 Beware, O AMANDA, I pray you,
 The scourge of the stay-at-home spouse!
 No longer constrain'd to obey you,
 I'd stick like a leech to my vows.

No office to seek in the mornings,
 No visiting stables and cows,
 No afternoon club with the papers,
 No home-coming, welcome and cheery,
 But checking of butchers and drapers,
 And kitchen commotions, and "warnings"—
 If you shrink from a picture so dreary,
 Don't train me too much to the house!
 Lady, I cannot be true to you,
 If like a knife you come down,
 Keen to exact what is due to you,
 Killing romance with a frown.
 Start we a sensible "chummery,"
 Such as men live in together,
 Suited for all sorts of weather,
 Free from this Valentine flummery,
 Each with the length of the tether.

RATHER CHILDISH!

(A Fragment from the Anglo-Spanish.)

THE gorgeous hall of the Palace was crowded. There were numberless uniforms, and Court dresses by the score. There were the Generals and *Aides-de-camp* forming a part of His Majesty's military household, standing in front of the *Major-domos*, Ladies of Honour, pages, Doctors, and guards. White-headed nobles hustled grey-bearded statesmen in the effort to get front places, in the hope of intercepting a glance (perhaps meaningless, but probably distinct) from the Royal eye. Elderly *duennas* were on the *qui vive* to bow and scrape when the Kingly Infant passed near enough to observe their cringing humility. They had all seen His Majesty daily for the greater part of his life (thirty months), but yet there was not one of that brilliant throng who would sacrifice a single opportunity of again attracting the august attention. "Pahaw!" observed the Intelligent Briton, proudly; "we never see anything like that in England—no never!"

A LOAFER'S AVOWAL.

"As long as a dinner can be had for the asking at school, there is no great likelihood that the parents will put themselves to the expense of providing it for their children at home."—*Times*.

D'you think that I'm eat up with pride
 And bloomin' self-respect,
 And, if the victuals you provide,
 I'm likely to object?

Not I! So fire away and feed.—
 I only knows I waits
 To see the kids get all they need
 From out them blessed rates!

Yes, clothes and boots, and all the swag
 Should come upon my plan.
 D'you think such things should be a drag
 On the poor working-man?

Not you! You knows how hard he'll slave
 His bit of wage to win;
 And how he here and there will save
 A shillin' for his gin.

So thus you see he can't afford
 To do as Natur bids:—
 And so he leaves it to the Board
 To feed and clothe his kids.

So organise, and fire away!
 And you may make your bets,
 As long as he's no fees to pay,
 He'll collar all he gets!

SCHOOL BOARD v. "THE BOARDS."—Next Friday, in consequence of School-Board action, Mrs. WOOD takes off her little *Two Shoes*. Pretty soles! They aren't a bit worn, and would have been good, or, rather, "Goody," for another six weeks.

THE Criterion is now the place for *Still Waters*, which have all the wholesome qualities and the sparkle of the best *Aërated Waters*.



LONDON'S COUNTY-COUNCIL DREAM.

A COUNTY-COUNCIL DREAM.

THE poll was declared;
 He had been unprepared
 For such an amazing majority—jority,
 But now at a bound
 He triumphantly found [thority.
 Himself dowered with civic authority—
 "At top of the poll!"
 He exclaimed, "On my soul
 "This condition of things is Elysian—
 Elysian!"

"My post I must keep—"
 Here he fell fast asleep
 And had a remarkable vision—ble vision.
 He dreamt he arose [London;
 And in masterly pose
 Stood like the Palladium of London—of
 Before him great BUMBLE
 Bowed sulkily humble,
 Whilst Muddledom cried, "I am undone—
 am undone!"
 Said he, "With a will
 We'll the duties fulfil

With which London's voters entrust us—
 entrust us.
 It's rather a lark,
 But we're up to the mark. [TUS?"
 Is that not your opinion, AUGUSTUS—AUGUS-
 The Councillors cried,
 "Here we stand in our pride,
 Nought from sweeping Reform shall restrain
 us—restrain us!"
 The Demon of Dirt
 No longer could hurt,
 It was throttled by DRUGIOLANUS—OLANUS.

The dread Fiend of Fire
 In his grasp did expire,
 Labour's earnings no longer land-shark ate—land-shark ate;
 He was up to trade tricks,
 And like millions of bricks
 He came down upon Mud Salad Market—lad Market.
 Then Winter no more,
 As so often before,
 Could the Town under cold Arctic snows bury—snowsbury,
 For BUMBLE the dense
 Had perforce to fly hence,
 And the new City broom was smart ROSEBERRY—ROSEBERRY.
 Slum-farmers felt sore,
 For at Housing the Poor
 LUBBOCK laboured from Shadwell to Brompton—to Brompton;
 And Water and Gas
 Found Monopoly pass
 At the challenge of FIFTH and Lord COMPTON—Lord COMPTON.
 The Councillor saw,
 With a rapturous awe,
 Stern Law big Trade Trusts close it jaws on—its jaws on.
 And—oh, what a larks!—
 Open Spaces and Parks
 Grew rapidly, nursed by young LAWSON—young LAWSON.
 The dingy East End
 Grew a beautiful blend
 Of Sweetness and Light, not a Hades—a Hades.
 Woman's world, a sad land erst,
 From good Lady SANDHURST
 Learned what sweet reformers are ladies—are ladies.

A wonderful dream!
 Rather mixed it may seem,
 And to cynics a bit optimistic—'timistic.
 'Tis early at least,
 Just set down to the feast,
 Of the viands to be eulogistic—'logistic.
 But London as well
 Has her dream. Who shall tell
 If she'll wake to fulfil or regret it—regret it?
 But all wise men and true
 See the boon she's in view,
 And most earnestly hope she may get it—may get it!

SERVICE FOR VETERANS.

RATHER! Here's a chance for some of 'em! See this advertisement in the *Daily News* of Thursday last?—

TWO GENERALS. One for cooking, one for housemaid's work. Small quiet family. Age 20 to 25. Wages £14 to £16.

Fancy Lord WOLSELEY and Sir EVELYN WOOD applying for the places! Lord "GARNISH" WOLSELEY would be his name as cook, while "EVELYN" would be charming for a housemaid. It's too pretty. But, of course, there must be a number of unemployed Generals who would be only too delighted to serve, if the wages of the service were just a trifle higher. And now that women are taking so much work that used to be done by men only, it is right that our middle-aged warriors *en retraite* should have a chance, as members of "the Household Brigade," in small quiet families. But we doubt whether any Generals are to be found as young as from "20 to 25." This, perhaps, is a misprint for "40 to 55." Army prospects are good. If "Lady Guides"—bless 'em!—are to be substituted for Commissionaires, then, by all means, let us have "old soldiers" as cooks and housemaids. *Uncle Toby* and *Corporal Trim* might possibly be of our opinion.

PHELPS'S FAREWELL.

At the Munching House. Great Representative Gathering last Thursday at Lord Mayor's Farewell Banquet to Mr. PHELPS. Pretty speech by Lord Mayor TORPEDO with neat quotation. Telling epigram by Mr. PHELPS, "A man who never makes a mistake will never make anything." Mr. PHELPS must have made plenty of mistakes, or he never would have made this epigram; for this is an epigram and no mistake! A really pathetic and graceful good-bye. Lord ROSEBERRY seemed to have had his usual joyousness taken out of him by his elevation to the dignity of County Councillor, and was absolutely dull in proposing the health of Her Majesty's Judges and Bar of England. Lord COLERIDGE in returning thanks was in excellent vein. Nothing in his speech became him like the finishing of it. Sir FREDERICK, P.R.A., admirable as usual, and Mr. LECKY replying for literature was "lengthened sweetness long drawn out." Quite a serious LECKY-ture. Altogether a memorable occasion. Specially so



ARCHITECTURE OF THE FUTURE.

The Architect. "IT'S A SPLENDID QUALITY OF STONE I'VE EMPLOYED FOR YOUR HOUSE—LASTS FOR EVER, AND GROWS A BEAUTIFUL COLOUR WITH AGE. OF COURSE IT'S HIDEOUS WHEN IT'S NEW."

The Squire. "AND HOW LONG WILL IT BE BEFORE IT GROWS A BEAUTIFUL COLOUR?"

The Architect. "WELL, YOU CAN HARDLY EXPECT IT TO LOOK DECENT IN YOUR LIFETIME!"

because the dinner-hour was at the sensible time of 7 for 7.30, and we didn't sit down till nearly 8, an innovation which we trust will find plenty of imitators in the City. Next Lord Mayor, Sir HENRY ISAACS, please copy. Nowadays "6 for half-past" is barbarous.

HARMONIOUS PROCEEDINGS.

Mr. CARL ARMBRUSTER is giving *Matinées* of WAGNER's *Tristan und Isolde*, this week. The last one is announced for February 4. This last date will clash with the first *Matinée* of *Pickwick*, at the Comedy Theatre—the dramatic Cantata composed by EDWARD SOLOMON. Rather hard on poor WAGNER this.

Madame NORDICA looked charming, and was in splendid voice at St. James's Hall last Wednesday. LLOYD, too, was delloydfull! And, as Mrs. RAM said afterwards, "Mr. EGGSHELL was received with rapturous applause." Evidently "Mr. HENSCHEL." Dr. MACKENZIE (not MORREL, but A. C.) conducted. His *Dream of Jubal* is announced for February 26, first time in London. The dance-music occurs in a scene supposed to be a *Ju-bal Masqué*, where the orchestra consists entirely of Jew's-harps, a very fine effect. Another "first time in London," is *The Light of Asia*, composed by DUDLEY BUCK,—quite an organ swell!—and it is hoped that Sir EDWIN ARNOLD will take a leading part in the *solos*. Sir EDWIN has never done anything of the sort before, and therefore this will be one of "ARNOLD's first exercises." The dramatic Cantata, to be produced at a *Matinée* at the Comedy Theatre, Feb. 4, entitled *Pickwick*, has nothing to do with *The Light of Asia*; quite another "wick," though the music is by SOLOMON.

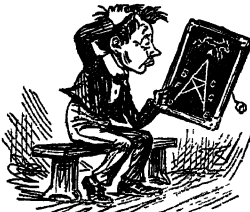
THEATRICAL INTELLIGENCE.—It is understood that a sequel to *Paul Jones* is in preparation. It is entitled *Peter Robinson*.

QUESTIONABLE QUESTIONS;

OR, HOW WE EXAMINE NOW.

To the Editor.

SIR,—I quite agree that Examiners nowadays set far too hard questions. I have been reading for five years with a jolly, but rather expensive, Private Tutor, and I thought, and so did the Governor, that I was *sure* of passing the matriculation exam. at a third-rate College at Cambridge. The "General History Paper" was, however, *fearfully* stiff. Fancy asking a fellow to "state what he knows of JULIUS CÆSAR, WILKES, JEREMY TAYLOR, the Crusades, and the Free Trade Agitation!" The consequence was that I failed to get in—and my Tutor (with whom I am to stay one more year) says the Examiners ought to be ashamed of themselves. At all events, I am ashamed of the Examiners.



Angling over the Bridge.

Yours pluckedly, A. PLOWMAN.

SIR,—As one who has been for some years a Government Examiner in Elementary Schools, I feel bound to defend myself and my class from the aspersions recently cast upon us.

How can we expect that the general average of intelligence can ever be raised unless questions of reasonable difficulty are set at examinations? Following this principle, I habitually put to little boys and girls aged about twelve years, who are just entering on Vulgar Fractions, questions which could only be adequately answered after several years' practice in Logarithms.

I am also rather fond of putting this problem:—"If one man and a boy can reap a field of corn in five days, seven and a half hours, and twenty minutes, how long would two men take to reap the same field?" You will see that it is a catch, and that there is no answer possible; but I have seen children puzzling over the sum for an hour at a time; and, indeed, it was so successful on one occasion in testing mental capacity, that a little girl had brain fever directly after the examination, and a boy became a hopeless imbecile, solely owing to inability to solve the problem. I hear that even now (in his asylum) he babbles of fields of corn.

Yours, complacently,

P. E. DANT.

SIR,—The following question was one of the *easiest* set to my poor boy in the recent examination for entrance into the Home Civil Service:—

"Supposing that you had a donkey that declined to exert itself in a progressive direction, and you had determined to expedite its movements by walloping it; given the strength of the donkey as 55·604 lb. Avoidupois, the thickness of the stick as $\frac{1}{2}$ lb., and your own muscular development as ordinary—find the exact amount of time, expressed in fractions of moments, which would be required before the animal's speed could be developed into half that of a Derby winner."

I have sent the question to two Wranglers I know. One has replied evasively; the other, I hear, has written to a mutual friend to inquire after my mental condition. Comment is needless.

Yours indignantly,

PETER FAMILI-ASS.

REVOLVERS AND ROBBERS.

Householder (to Dogberry on the Bench). Your Worship, an I wake up in the night and find in my bedroom a burglar who presents a revolver at my head and demands my money or my life, does the law allow me to fire at him?

Dogberry. Yea, marry, Sir, if it be *se defendendo*, not else. The law allows you to defend yourself; but you had better wait until you be first attacked. Consider well whether you be like to be or no, and think it out.

Householder. But suppose the knave shoots me in the meanwhile?

Dogberry. Well, then, but per-adventure he may miss you, and you may thank your stars. And if he kill you, why, then there will be an end of you, and he shall never more be able to rob you again.

Householder. Ay, but what if I give him no chance of killing me, and incontinently take the first shot?

Dogberry. You may. But if you will take my advice, I would warn you that you had better not, lest you kill him, and a Crowner's



Chorus. "Hark! 'Tis the Burglar!"

quest return a verdict of murder or manslaughter. Whereof you are like enough to be convinced at the 'sises, and cast for penal servitude, if you 'scape hanging.

Householder. Call you that justice?

Dogberry. Truly, Heaven forefend I should call in question the law of the land. It is, and ever was, the perfection of human reason. Mark you, the Law allows your burglar to carry a revolver as well as yourself. He can use it at his peril if he list, and so may you. It were wiser, perhaps, to provide him with whipping-cheer for carrying a deadly weapon. You can use it with a rope about your neck, as well as he. But for all that, Oh, that BUMBLE were here to write the Law down an Ass!

Householder. I thank your Worship heartily for your sage counsel and humbly take my leave.

[Curtain.]

THE DIARY OF A NOBODY.

December 29.—I had a most vivid dream last night. I woke up, and on falling asleep, dreamed the same dream over again precisely. I dreamt I heard FRANK MUTLAR telling his sister that he had not

only sent me the insulting Christmas card, but admitted that he was the one who punched my head last night in the dark. As fate would have it, LUPIN at breakfast, was reading extracts from a letter he had just received from FRANK. I asked him to pass the envelope that I might compare the writing. He did so, and I examined it by the side of the envelope containing the Christmas card. I detected a similarity in the writing in spite of the attempted disguise. I passed them on to CARRIE, who began to laugh. I asked her what she was laughing at, and she said the card was never directed to me at all. It was "L. POOTER," not "C. POOTER." LUPIN asked to look at the direction and the card, and exclaimed, with a laugh, "Oh, yes, Guv.; it's meant for me." I said, "Are you in the habit of receiving insulting Christmas cards?" He replied, "Oh, yes, and of sending them, too." In the evening GOWING called, and said he enjoyed himself very much last night. I took the opportunity to confide in him as an old friend about the vicious punch last night. He burst out laughing, and said, "Oh, it was your head was it? I know I accidentally hit something, but I thought it was a brick wall." I told him I felt hurt in both senses of the expression.

December 30, Sunday.—LUPIN spent the whole day with the MUTLARS. He seemed rather cheerful in the evening, so I said, "I'm glad to see you so happy, LUPIN." He answered, "Well, DAISY is a splendid girl, but I was obliged to take her old fool of a father down a peg. What with his meanness over his cigars, his stinginess over his drinks, his farthing economy in turning down the gas if you only quit the room for a second, writing to one on half-sheets of note-paper, sticking the remnant of the last cake of soap on to the new cake, putting two bricks on each side of the fireplace, and his general 'outside halfpenny bus'-iness, I was compelled to let him have a bit of my mind." I said, "LUPIN, you are not much more than a boy—I hope you won't repent it."

December 31.—The last day of the Old Year. I received an extraordinary letter from Mr. MUTLAR, Senior. He writes, "Dear Sir,—For a long time past, I have had considerable difficulty in deciding the important question, 'Who is the master of my own house?' Myself—or your son LUPIN? Believe me, I have no prejudice one way or the other, but I have been most reluctantly compelled to give judgment to the effect that I am the master of it. Under the circumstances, it has become my duty to forbid your son to enter my house again. I am sorry—because it deprives me of the society of one of the most modest, unassuming and gentlemanly persons I have ever had the honour of being acquainted with." I did not desire the last day to wind up disagreeably, so I said nothing to either CARRIE or LUPIN about the letter.

A most terrible fog came on, and LUPIN would go out in it, but promised to be back to drink out the Old Year—a custom we have always observed. At a quarter to twelve LUPIN had not returned, and the fog was fearful. As time was drawing close, I got out the spirits. CARRIE and I deciding on whiskey, I opened a fresh bottle, but CARRIE said it smelt like brandy. As I knew it to be whiskey, I said there was nothing to discuss. CARRIE, evidently vexed that LUPIN had not come in, *did* discuss it all the same, and wanted me to have a small wager with her to decide by the smell. I said I could decide it by the taste in a moment. A silly and unnecessary argument followed, the result of which was we suddenly saw it was a quarter past twelve, and, for the first time in our married life, we missed welcoming in the New Year. LUPIN got home at a quarter past two, having got lost in the fog—so he said.

LINKS THAT ARE NO SORT OF USE IN ANY FOG.—Shirt-links.

NOTE.—Rejected Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will in no case be returned, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. To this rule there will be no exception.



DISABILITY.

'OH—A—DAVIS, COULD YOU BLOW THE ORGAN FOR ME THIS AFTERNOON AT ST. ANN'S?'

"I DOUBT I WON'T BE MUCH USE, MISS. I 'AD BROWN-KITIS ONCE, AND DOCTOR SES AS I'M TOUCHED IN THE WIND!"

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

NOVELTY IN DRAWING ROOM DECORATION.—You are quite right in these days, in your opinion, that to be "peculiar" is everything, and some of your ideas for stealing a march on your neighbours in the matter of originality are quite admirable. Your papering your drawing-room ceiling with back numbers of the *Daily Telegraph* is, to begin with, a most happy inspiration. By all means have up the kitchen dresser. You can cover this with cracked soup-plates and tubs containing large laurel plants. These, too, you may continue round the room on brackets, placing several conspicuously on the over-mantel. Your suggestion, too, that you should paint your muslin curtains in broad stripes or spots with ASPINALL'S Enamel is excellent. Your floors, dado, arm-chairs, rugs, cushions, could also with advantage be treated with this useful decorative compound. Fill up the corners of your room with trophies of straw, and, taking up your carpet, cut it in lengths, and nail it tapestry-wise in festoons over your doors. This is very effective. But your taste will direct you, and you will soon find that, with a very little effort, you can easily succeed in rendering your rooms remarkable.

LION TAMING.—Your safest plan of becoming an efficient "Lion Tamer" would be, unquestionably, as you suggest, to secure two three-day-old cubs, and feed them by hand in your own drawing-room with raw mutton-chops. As soon, however, as they begin to grow you must be on the look out; they are sure to spring on you sooner or later. We believe a great deal can be done with a glass eye, red-hot pincers, and a heavily-loaded riding-whip; but we should advise you, when the creatures are full-grown, to keep them in something more secure than the hen-house you mention. Your best plan, when they are really getting savage, would, perhaps, be to take a few finishing lessons of any well-known "Lion King." Your desire to accomplish the feat of holding your head in the brute's mouth is natural, and does credit to your professional spirit, but we would recommend you to make your first essay on some aged beast, who has lost all his teeth, and has *already dined*. But if you are determined to succeed in this risky experiment, you had better take

PATERFAMILIAS LOQUITUR.

THE holidays are o'er! no more we see
Boots in all places where no boots should be;
No more the hungry brood sweeps clear the platter
With the perpetual grace of cheery chatter;
No more the bolster battle-cries are borne
Through the warm slumbers of the early morn.
No more indignant JAMES comes in to tell
How Master TOM has stormed his citadel,
And, scorning covert threat, and suasion soft,
Rules for an hour the monarch of the loft.
Once more 'tis safe the shrubby paths to tread
Without a javelin hurtling by one's head;
No longer lurk behind the orchard-trees
White-headed Indians, chubby Soudanese;
And neighbouring pigs wallow with wonted grace,
Free from the terrors of the sudden chase.
Again we face the frost, without dismay
Lest we be called to skate an hour ere day,
Or with a book endure a day-long fall
Secure from lawless cricket in the hall.
Now in the servants' mystic realm again
Their ancient order and decorum reign;
Yet can I read in BIBB'S, the butler's, eye,
A latent sorrow for the larks gone by.
Unruffled now in temper, and in look
Sedate and calm once more is Mrs. Cook.
Yet all her larder's treasures she'd explore,
And spend her skill to greet the boys once more.
The Coachman, as a Lord Chief Justice grave,
His loved solemnity no more must waive;
Majestic silence seals his lips, and yet
I know his dignity is half regret.
For now the lords of home's fair pastures free,
Plunge in the schoolroom's fierce democratic;
Now in reluctant ears the school-bell sounds;
On the soaked grass once more the football bounds;
The home-sick novice hears the horrid thud,
And headlong prints his flannels in the mud.
Now ponder sullen brows o'er HOMER'S page,
While luckless masters share ACHILLES' rage,
And rising scholars mourn their studious lot,
And brand the classic bards as "awful rot."
Ah! though at home the endless clamours cease,
There is much desert to a little peace.
Come, Easter, come, to Pater and to boys,
And bring them back with all their tricks and noise.

the bull by the horns and attempt it in a diver's helmet. This may somewhat incommode and even surprise the lion; but, on the whole, it will give you your best chance of coming through the ordeal in safety.

TO REMOVE THE EFFECT OF INKSTAINS ON BLUE SATIN FURNITURE.—Having had the misfortune to upset a bottle of ink over the light blue satin seat of an armchair of your handsome LOUIS XIII. drawing-room suite, your best plan will be to make the rest of it match as simply as possible. Get, therefore, several more bottles of ink and proceed to "spotch" all the other chairs, sofas, and ottomans recklessly in like manner. Having done this, give out to your friends boldly that it is a new Japanese design from Paris, and you may be tolerably sure that though they will stare, they will admire and finally endeavour to match it. A red-hot poker and blotting-paper will be of no use. Don't hesitate, therefore, but go boldly to work.

HOW TO UTILISE A FIRE-ESCAPE.—We think that having won the fire-escape in the raffle you mention, you were bound to receive it on delivery, and think you have done wisely to consign it, for the moment, to your front area. Take care, however, that it does not prove a means of admitting a burglar to your top storey, upon which, while the fire-escape occupies its present position, you will certainly do well to keep one or two armed detectives continually on the *qui vive*. Yes, you can certainly cut off the ladder and turn it into kitchen chairs, and use the carriage part as a sort of low-pitched dog-cart, and, hiring a cab-horse, put in an appearance in it, as you suggest, in the park. But painted black it would make a nice sort of handy open, two-wheeled hearse, that might possibly be patronised now and then by a deceased friend of a sporting turn. This is only a suggestion. But think it out. There is something in it.

WE read in the *Times* that "the *Illustrated London News* has offered to erect a facsimile of SHAKESPEARE'S House on the Champ de Mars during the Exhibition." Of course "The House of MOLIÈRE" will be delighted. Perhaps the plans will be designed by Mr. IRVING, who says he can draw a good house for SHAKESPEARE at any time.

HANDS OFF!"



Lively Landswoman's Song.

Jonathan. "SCUSE ME, STRANGER,—MY GAL!"

WHAT'S your little game to-day?
My gal, Teuton! (bis.)
 Oh, yes, I know your winning way
 With any charmer found astray,
 But once again I beg to say,
My gal, Teuton!
 Your eye is on that sweet young thing?
My gal, Teuton! (bis.)
 Your battery of charms you'd bring,
 Your rayther guttural song you'd sing,
 But mark, she's underneath my wing.
My gal, Teuton!
 What say you to the dusky pet?—
My gal, Teuton! (bis.)

You peer into her eyes of jet,
 You woo, but you've not won her yet.
 My eye is on you, Boss, you bet!
My gal, Teuton!
 You'd clasp her to your beating heart!
My gal, Teuton! (bis.)
 From her old love you'd have her part.
 Wal, Stranger, guess you're all-fired smart,
 But Uncle SAM has got the start.
My gal, Teuton!
 You beam a broad Batavian smile,
My gal, Teuton! (bis.)
 You fancy here you have struck ile.
 But I shan't stand with nary rile,

Your bumptious, big European style,
My gal, Teuton!
 You'd take her home, Boss, in your train?
My gal, Teuton! (bis.)
 My lusty LOCHINVAR, restrain
 Your love of foreign gals and gain.
 Under *my* charge she'd best remain,
My gal, Teuton!
 You think she's nice, Boss, real jam?
My gal, Teuton! (bis.)
 Wal, Europe follows you like a lamb;
 That's not the sort of man I am.
 You've here to deal with Uncle SAM.
My gal, Teuton!

"GOOD-BYE, SWEETHEART, GOOD-BYE!"



Farmer. "GOOD OLD MARE, MR. CHAPLIN!"

Mr. CH-PL-N sings:—

THY chances fade, thy strength seems
breaking,
Fails fast my old and fond belief.
From thee my leave I must be taking;
'Twas bliss too brief, 'twas bliss too brief.

Mr. Chaplin. "I'M SORRY TO PART WITH HER; BUT SHE'S NO LONGER UP TO MY WEIGHT."

How sinks my heart with sad regrets,
The tear is trickling from mine eye;
E'en JEM against thy chance doth bet.
Good-bye, Sweetheart, good-bye!

The hunt is up, my star seems soaring,
I rather think my course is clear;

But thou art stale, and given to roaring,
Mine ancient mount, of old so dear.
Since SALISBURY'S parted with "Fair
Trade,"

And I to office soon may hie,
I must change mounts, I'm much afraid.
Good-bye, Sweetheart, good-bye!

VERY MUCH ON GUARD.

THE Household Brigade are to be congratulated on the success of their theatrical entertainment at the Chelsea Barracks Theatre on Friday, the 1st of February. Everything was admirably done, and the performances went without a hitch from beginning to end. The *pièce de resistance*, a burlesque entitled "*The Real Truth about Ivanhoe or Scott Scotched*," was brightly written, and if containing here and there an old joke, was (so the audience seemed to think) none the worse for that. The author, Mr. E. C. NUGENT (late Grenadier Guards), had been fortunate enough to secure in Mr. EDWARD SOLOMON the best possible *collaborateur* to supply the necessary music—and luckily, a great deal of music seemed to be necessary. The play was full of tuneful songs and graceful dances, the latter executed to perfection by Miss KATE VAUGHAN and Miss JENNY McNULTY. But in spite of the pleasing efforts of these accomplished ladies, the music was the feature of the evening. It is clever to a degree, and there was scarcely a number that was not awarded the demand (not always granted) for an *encore*. So well were the audience pleased with Mr. SOLOMON'S work, that they honoured him with a special call at the end of the performances.

Of the actors, Lieutenant GEORGE NUGENT (Grenadier Guards), was far and away the best. Mr. NUGENT is really amusing, and were he to give up soldiering (which for the sake of the country, it is to be hoped he won't), might command an excellent salary as an actor on the professional boards. Lieutenants SIR AUGUSTUS WEBSTER and GEORGE MACDONALD (both of the Grenadier Guards), were also very good—for amateurs. It would be invidious to single out any other gallant officer for honourable mention, as they all individually and collectively attained to about the same level of excellence. And here it may be noted that the youthful subalterns (now immortalised) turned their professional knowledge to good account. Nothing could have

been better than their advance in line—they never lost touch either of themselves or the audience. TOMMY ATKINS (who was strongly represented at the back of the auditorium), seemed to greatly relish this extra drill—extra drill that had evidently emanated from the Stage Manager's sanctum after consultation with the Orderly Room. On the other hand, the Typical Hero of the Defaulter's Book seemed a little slow in recognising a clever travesty of a Sergeant's "instructions" on parade—perhaps the burlesque revived painful memories.

Before the piece of the evening, an original play, of very serious interest, called *In Honour Bound*, was performed. It went, however, with more laughter than tears, apparently because the audience had formed a wrong impression of its character. No doubt when Mr. SYDNEY GRUNDY wrote the play, he intended its pathos should raise it (in spite of its tiny proportions), to the level of *Romeo and Juliet*, *Othello*, or even *Macbeth*. In spite of this, on Friday last, for some reason or other, *In Honour Bound* was undoubtedly accepted by the audience as a dangerous rival to *Box and Cox*—a farce it can scarcely be said, by the unprejudiced, to have resembled (even faintly) in any really important particular.

Naturally!

A RUSSIAN Mission has been sent
To Abyssinia, with intent

All Russophobes to shock again.

Probably, when it comes, *en bloc*,

To the French Station of Obok,

The French will say, "Obok (*oh! bock*) again!"

THE BEST TROOP OF SENSATION ACROBATS (engaged for several turns every night).—The London Fire Brigade.

PLAY-TIME.

THE revival of *Still Waters Run Deep* at the Criterion is, in every way remarkable, but especially so in the revelation of the real *Mrs. Sternhold*. But when once Mrs. BEERE had made up her mind as to how *Mrs. Sternhold* must be played, then the piece ought to have been re-modelled on the exact lines of CHARLES DE BERNARD's novelette.

Mrs. BERNARD BEERE's acting is too powerful for the play as it is;

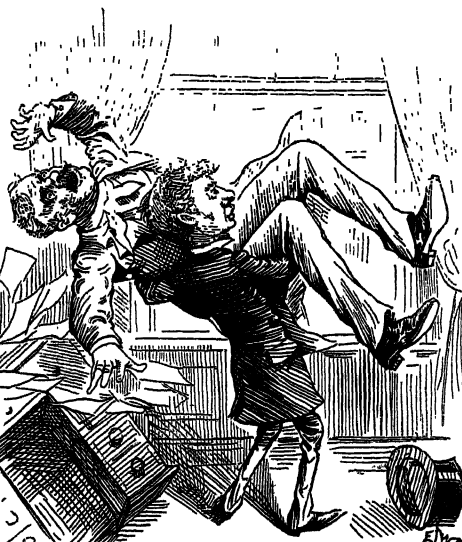


Little Wyndham putting down Big Hawkesley. "Don't you try that again. Recollect it is a hale Lancashire Lad (myself) against a battered London Rout—and you'll get the worst of it!"

though it would not be too powerful had TOM TAYLOR not so cleverly bowdlerised CHARLES DE BERNARD's novelette, *Le Gendre*. She thrilled me,—I admit I am easily thrilled,—but such force is wasted on the *Mrs. Sternhold* whom the English playwright created. According to TOM TAYLOR, *Mrs. Sternhold* was only a vain, elderly woman, who had made a fool of herself; and not the French original, a guilty wife, jealous of her own daughter, or, it might have been, of her step-daughter, for it is a long time since I read *Le Gendre*. But, altogether, the acting at the Criterion is above the level of the play itself; though, with the exception of one scene, MR. STANDING's *Captain Hawkesley* is certainly below it.

The tone of every character in the piece must be taken from *Mrs. Sternhold*; and, if *Mrs. Sternhold* is not a vain, silly person *pour rire*, but a clever woman who has indulged in an insane criminal passion for a scoundrel, then all the serious characters (the interest in whose actions depend solely on the interest we take in her) must be raised to almost tragic power of dramatic intensity. From the moment we have Mrs. BEERE portraying the guilty wife and jealous mother of DE BERNARD's story, instead of TOM TAYLOR's Brother *Potter's* sister,—a vain and middle-aged widow, a model of middle-class propriety, guilty only of the imprudence of having written love-letters to a swindler who had pretended a romantic affection for her,—the tone of the characters is entirely altered, and a tragic weight is imposed on a structure which is not calculated to support it. In a sentence—the comedy gives way under the force of the acting.

Miss MARY MOORE as the wife, in her great scene with *Mrs. Sternhold*, in the First Act, and her reconciliation with her husband at



Situation (not in the piece):—The hale Lancashire Lad puts his threat into execution, and chucks Captain Hawkesley out of the window.

the end of the play, was simply perfect. No better contrast could there be than between Miss MOORE and Mrs. BEERE. MR. WYNDHAM is in most serious earnest, and he could not give any other reading of his part when a Mrs. BEERE is playing *Mrs. Sternhold* with so much intensity. *Mildmay* can no longer chuckle to himself over her making "such a fool of herself," for this expression bears a very different meaning when applied to Mrs. BEERE's and CHARLES DE BERNARD's *Mrs. Sternhold*, instead of to Mrs. WIGAN's and TOM TAYLOR's *Mrs. Sternhold*. "Speak to my aunt," whispers *Mrs. Mildmay* to her husband, "as you have spoken to me;" and his reply, "I do not love her as I love you," was intended to be received with a laugh. Such a laugh relieved a pretty and touching situation, which was raised at the expense of TOM TAYLOR's elderly, made-up *Mrs. Sternhold*,—the audience perceived at once that the wife's request was ridiculous, and that the husband was only laughing at its absurdity. But when *Mrs. Sternhold* is such a woman as Mrs. BEERE, there is no joke about the matter, and not only is the request not absurd, but the reply ought not to raise a smile. TOM TAYLOR meant *Mrs. Sternhold* to be a ridiculous elderly person, painted and powdered, and fancying herself more attractive than her youthful niece; but Mrs. BERNARD BEERE's *Mrs. Sternhold* is BALZAC's *femme de trente ans*, a very dangerous person, against whom an *ingenue* like Miss MOORE's *Mrs. Mildmay* wouldn't have had a chance.

I cannot say that MR. WYNDHAM either looks or speaks like a "hale Lancashire lad." That this broad-chested, jolly, healthy *Captain Hawkesley* should cave in to the slight, natty *Mildmay*, is an additional tribute to the latter's physical and moral strength, and damning proof of the former's cowardice.

MR. BLAKELEY is a capital *Potter*, but the comic old *Potter's* occupation is gone by the side of this new *Mrs. Sternhold*. *Potter* should have been restored to his proper position as the husband of *Mrs. Sternhold*. However, in the hands of MR. BLAKELEY he is very funny.

MR. GIDDENS gives a clever sketch of the bustling impecunious Irishman, *Dunbilk*; but the type, like the name, is rather out of date. The house at Brompton (a locality which has been recently almost entirely absorbed in Kensington), where there is a flower and kitchen garden, to suit *Mildmay's* provincial tastes, is also strongly suggestive of the "long ago." When TOM TAYLOR wrote, Brompton possessed many such snuggeries; but now it would be difficult to find even one, almost as difficult as to define Brompton. In the Second Act the rapid change from the first to the second Scene is managed in an incredibly short space of time—a very few seconds, in fact.

But to sum up—altogether an interesting evening, which much delighted

JACK IN A BOX.

THE DIARY OF A NOBODY.

January 1.—I had intended concluding my Diary last week, but a most important event has happened, so I shall continue for a little while longer on the fly-leaves attached to the end of my last year's Diary. It had just struck half-past one, and I was on the point of leaving the office to have my dinner, when I received a message that MR. PERKUPP desired to see me at once. I must confess my heart began to beat, and I had most serious misgivings. MR. PERKUPP was in his room, writing, and he said, "Take a seat, MR. POOTER—I shall not be a moment." I replied, "No, thank you, Sir, I'll stand." I watched the clock on the mantelpiece, and I was waiting quite twenty minutes, but it seemed hours. MR. PERKUPP at last got up himself. I said, "I hope there is nothing wrong, Sir?" He replied, "Oh dear no—quite the reverse, I hope." What a weight off my mind! My breath seemed to come back again in an instant. MR. PERKUPP said, "MR. BUCKLING is going to retire, and there will be some slight changes in the office. You have been with us nearly twenty-one years, and, in consequence of your conduct during that period, we intend making a special promotion in your favour. We have not quite decided how you will be placed, but in any case there will be a considerable increase in your salary, which, it is quite unnecessary for me to say, you fully deserve. I have an appointment at two—but you shall hear more to-morrow." He then left the room quickly, and I was not even allowed time or thought to express a single word of grateful thanks to him. I need not say how dear CARRIE received this joyful news. With perfect simplicity she said—"At last we shall be able to have a chimney-glass for the back drawing-room, which we always wanted." I added, "Yes, and at last you shall have that little costume which you saw at PETER ROBINSON'S so cheap."

January 2.—I was in a great state of suspense all day at the office. I did not like to worry MR. PERKUPP, but as he did not send for me,



and mentioned yesterday that he would see me again to-day, I thought it better, perhaps, to go to him. I knocked at his door, and on entering, Mr. PERKUPP said, "Oh, it's you, Mr. POOTER—do you want to see me?" I said, "No, Sir—I thought you wanted to see me!" "Oh," he replied, "I remember. Well, I am very busy to-day, I will see you to-morrow."

January 3.—Still in a state of anxiety and excitement, which was not alleviated by ascertaining that Mr. PERKUPP sent word he should not be at the office at all to-day. In the evening LUPIN, who was busily engaged with a paper, said suddenly to me, "Do you know anything about *chalk pits*, Guv?" I said, "No, my boy, not that I'm aware of." LUPIN said, "Well, I give you the tip. *Chalk pits* are as safe as Consols, and pay six per cent. at par." I said a rather neat thing, viz.—"They may be six per cent. at *par*, but your *Pa* has no money to invest." CARRIE and I both roared with laughter. LUPIN did not take the slightest notice of the joke, although I purposely repeated it for him, but continued, "I give you the tip, that's all—*Chalk pits*!" I said another funny thing:—"Mind you don't fall into them!" LUPIN put on a supercilious smile, and said, "Bravo! JOE MILLER."

January 4.—Mr. PERKUPP sent for me and told me that my position would be that of one of the Chief Clerks. I was more than overjoyed. Mr. PERKUPP added he would let me know to-morrow what the salary would be. This means another day's anxiety. I don't mind, for it is anxiety of the right sort. That reminded me that I had forgotten to speak to LUPIN about the letter I received from Mr. MUTLAR, Senior. I broached the subject to LUPIN in the evening, having first consulted CARRIE. LUPIN was riveted to the *"Financial News,"* as if he had been a born capitalist, and I said, "Pardon me a moment, LUPIN; how is it you have not been to the MUTLARS any day this week?" LUPIN answered, "I told you—I cannot stand old MUTLAR." I said, "Mr. MUTLAR writes to me to say pretty plainly that he cannot stand you!" LUPIN said, "Well, I like his cheek in writing to you. I'll find out if his father is still alive, and I will write him a note complaining of his son, and I'll state pretty clearly that his son is a blithering idiot!" I said, "LUPIN, please moderate your expressions in the presence of your mother." LUPIN said, "I'm very sorry, but there is no other expression one can apply to him. However, I'm determined not to enter his place again." I said, "You know, LUPIN, he has forbidden you the house." LUPIN replied, "Well, we won't split straws—it's all the same. DAISY is a trump, and will wait for me ten years, if necessary."

January 5.—I can scarcely write the news. Mr. PERKUPP told me my salary would be raised £100. I stood gaping for a moment, unable to realise it. I annually get £10 rise, and I thought it might be £15, or even £20, but £100 surpasses all belief. CARRIE and I both rejoiced over our good fortune. LUPIN came home in the evening in the utmost good spirits. I sent SARAH quietly round to the grocer's for a bottle of champagne, the same as we had before, "JACKSON FRÈRES." It was opened at supper, and I said to LUPIN, "This is to celebrate some good news I have received to-day." LUPIN replied, "Hooray, Guv! And I have some good news also. A double event, eh?" I said, "My boy, as a result of twenty-one years' industry and strict attention to the interest of my superiors in office, I have been rewarded with promotion and a rise in salary of £100." LUPIN gave three cheers, and we rapped the tables furiously, which brought in SARAH to see what the matter was. LUPIN ordered us to "fill up" again, and addressing us upstanding, said, "Having been in the firm of JOB CLEANANDS, stock and sharebrokers, a few weeks, and not having paid particular attention to the interests of my superiors in office, my Guv'nor, as a reward to me, allotted me £5-worth of shares in a really good thing. The result is to-day I have made £200." I said, "LUPIN, you are joking." "No, Guv, it's the good old truth. JOB CLEANANDS put me on to *Chlorates*!"



"THE LUSHAI EXPEDITION."

WHAT MR. PUNCH'S MOON SAW.

FOURTH EVENING.

"Not long ago," so the Moon (male this time—fresh from Germany) told Mr. Punch, "I looked down upon the harbour of a town on the Red Sea. I peeped into a ship, which had been turned into a hospital for wounded soldiers."



For, as you probably know, the town (which is called Suakin) had been besieged on its land sides for months by a rabble of fanatical Dervishes, fierce and savage foes, who came close up to its walls, building forts, and digging trenches, from which, night and day, they poured shot and shell into

the crowded streets and bazaars, and killed several of the inhabitants. For a long time nothing was done to drive the besiegers away, but at last it was decided that some very active measures ought to be taken. Troops were brought, and a battle followed soon after, in which the Dervishes, though they were brave enemies, and fought gallantly, giving and expecting no quarter, were driven away without much difficulty, for the defenders were quite as brave, and more numerous. Still, some of them were killed, and many wounded, and the latter had been carried on board a ship to get well. In one of the hammocks a trooper was lying, who was getting better, and was already well enough to be allowed to read the newspapers which had been sent out to him from England. He was reading one of them now by the light of a lantern which hung near, and, as I shone in, I could read it too," said the Moon. "I think he was anxious to know what his countrymen at home were saying, and this paper was dated about the time that the news of the victory had arrived. As he spelt out the lines of print I saw his face (which was a good and honest one, but not very intellectual, perhaps), growing more and more puzzled, as if he found some difficulty in understanding what he read."

Well, the newspapers told him that a considerable number of his fellow-countrymen—so far from regarding him and those who had fought with him as heroes, or even as brave men, who had performed an unpleasant duty, looked upon them as a set of cowardly butchers and murderers. He read that several clever and eloquent speakers in Parliament had denounced the victory as a disgrace, and declared that Suakin belonged by rights to those savage Arabs who had come across the Desert all the way from Khartoum to attack it, and who showed no mercy to man, woman, or child; that it was theirs, and ought to be given up to them. Now the poor wounded Trooper had never thought of himself as a hero—he had simply done his duty, that was all—and, though the enemy were only savages and fanatics, they had fought with desperate courage, and he had not imagined till then that there was anything disgraceful in defeating them—nor had I," said the Moon, "for that matter. But there it was, in black and white—all that the clever men who wrote in papers or made speeches thought of the affair, and he was very much troubled in his mind about it. At last he told his neighbour what was worrying him, and asked his opinion. His neighbour was the Sergeant-Major of his troop, who had also been in the battle—he had narrowly escaped being killed, for his sabre had snapped short off, and his revolver refused to go off at the right moment, so he was lucky in being only severely wounded. The Sergeant-Major heard the whole account placidly enough. 'Don't you bother your head about it!' he said, feebly; 'they wouldn't go calling us them names, and backing up them dirty Arabs, if it wasn't on account of politics—it's all politics, and don't mean anything in particular.' 'They do say we ought to ha' tried kindness on 'em, though,' said the Trooper, doubtfully. 'Kindness!' said the Sergeant-Major—'let 'em come out here, and try it themselves! It's easy talking of being kind to a howling savage, as keeps pot-shooting at you with a Remington, or jobbing at you with a spear—but it ain't the way to raise a siege, not to my thinking, it isn't;—but there, as I said before, it's only politics. Bless you, they don't believe it themselves, some on 'em—leastways, it's to be hoped not!' So the Trooper lay still with an easier expression—but I noticed," added the Moon, "that he did not finish reading his newspaper."

SOUDAN THOUGHT.—We've heard a good deal lately of "the Kabbabish men." Several correspondents want to know if these are Hansom Kabbabish men or Growlers?



SPEECHES TO BE LIVED DOWN.

The Miss Browns. "OH, SO GLAD TO SEE YOU, MARY! BUT WE'VE SUCH DREADFUL COLDS, WE CAN'T KISS YOU, DEAR. WE CAN ONLY SHAKE HANDS!" *Fair Visitor.* "OH DEAR, HOW SAD! I HOPE YOU HAVEN'T GOT A COLD, MR. BROWN!"

MR. BOULANGER AS "GENERAL BUONAPARTE."

PENNY PLAIN; TWOPENCE COLOURED.

"To vote for General BOULANGER is to vote for a General who has gained no victory."—M. JULES SIMON.

"No Victory?" Nay, simple SIMON, you're wrong;
He has gained the old Victory, often repeated,
Of *blague* over blindness. It fetches the throng,
That *flamboyant* figure so flauntingly seated.
Just look at it! Boys at its majesty melt,
Though manhood may see 'tis a sketch *à la* SKELT.

SKELT's heroes were rather unreal, of course;
But they knew how to stride, and to swagger and straddle,
To prance and curvet on a high-rearing horse,
Yet keep, to the eye, a firm seat in the saddle.
A circus Bucephalus looks a fine thing
As it scatters the sawdust and ramps round the ring.

Houp-là! It is hardly heroic, that shout,
Not a war-cry of ROLAND or BAYARD precisely.
At Ivry it would not have answered, no doubt,
But for Paris to-day it will do very nicely.
A histrion hollow shows better, one feels,
Than a *bourgeois* who blunders, a "Statesman" who steals.

He looks fierce as an Indian hunter of scalps,
As fine as MURAT when he lead a battalion.
There's a touch of NAPOLEON crossing the Alps.
You call him a hero *pour rire*, a rapsallion?
Ah, well, his success mediocrity shames;
So there's not much advantage in calling him names.

Were subjects not foolish, how feeble were kings!
'Tis noodles and numskulls make BOMBAS and NEROES.
If Friends of the People were not such poor things,
We should not be troubled with so many "heroes."
Till the clever are true and the honest are wise,
The world will be led by the nose and the eyes.

Till then,—well, *que voulez-vous?* "These be your gods,
O Israel!" Truly a glorious attitude!
Apollo-like graces and Jovian nods

Lend grace to pretence and give power to platitude.
The frog-world a King Stork from Olympus still begs,
So they mustn't find fault with his beak or his legs.

See how 'twixt the legs of this Skeltian chief
Show towers and buildings in Skeltian perspective!
He'll trample them down? 'Tis a natural belief,

But a true point of sight of *that* fear is corrective.
Rhodes' straddling Colossus was but a mere trifle—
Except in Skelt sketch—to the Tower of Eiffel.

Penny plain, twopence coloured! Some sinister hands
Have worked at this picture with paint-brush and pencil.
A curious joint-labour of Ishmael bands!

Which smacks, after all, of the paste-pot and tinsel.
In the Penny Stage phrase of an earlier day,
This is "Mr. BOULANGER as ——" whom shall we say?

BUTT AND BUTTER.

On the 30th of last month, during a trial in the Probate Division of the High Court of Justice, the SOLICITOR-GENERAL (with him Public Opinion), quoted from the pages of the *London Charivari*, when the following interesting dialogue occurred:—

"Mr. Inderwick. What are you reading from?"

"The Solicitor-General. From *Punch*."

"Mr. Inderwick. But I do not accept *Punch* as evidence."

"Mr. Justice Butt. It is a very high authority."

It will be gratifying, no doubt, to Mr. Justice BUTT to learn that on this point the Lord Chief Justice of the World entirely concurs in his opinion.

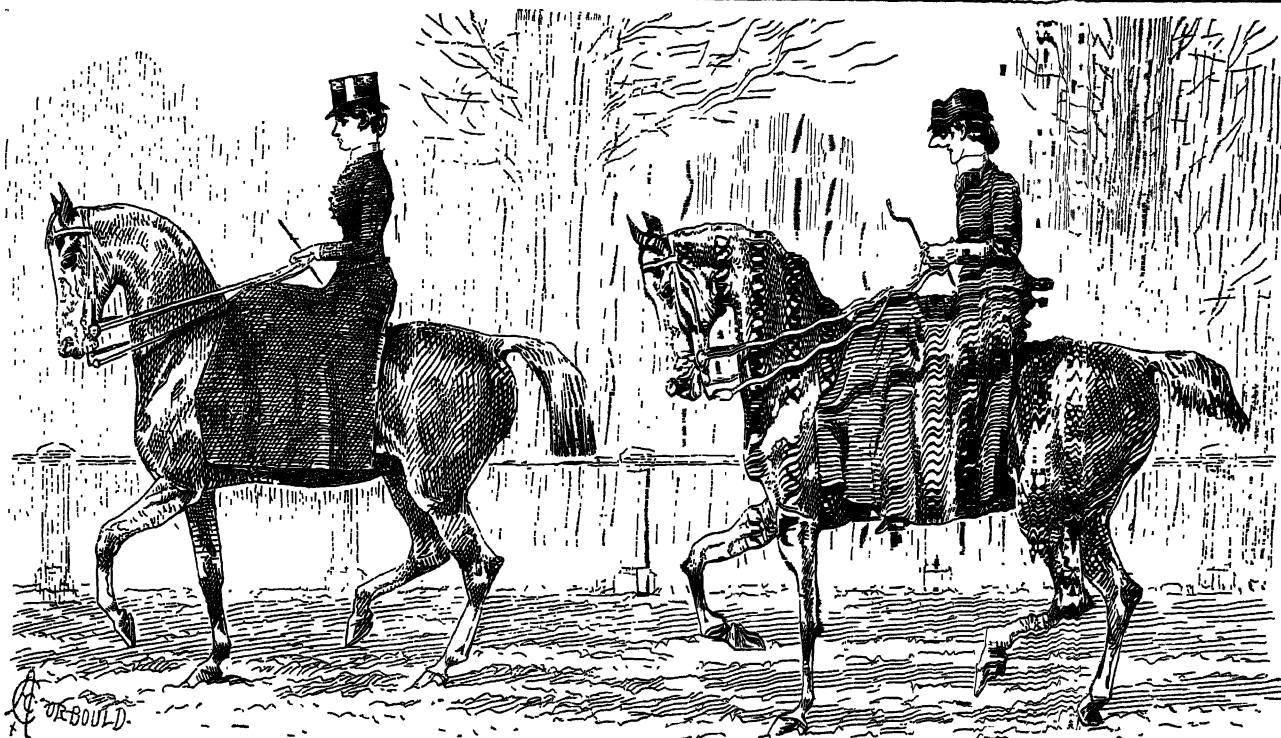
EXERCISE AT MONTE CARLO.—Mr. W. H. SMITH and Mr. RITCHIE go "*à cheval*" every day for several turns.



MR. BOULANGER AS "GENERAL BUONAPARTE."

PENNY PLAIN—TWO PENCE COLOURED.

(From Mr. Punch's Theatrical Portrait Gallery.)



CONTRASTS.

No. II.—ROTTEN ROW. BETWEEN TWELVE AND TWO, MIDDAY.

QUITE OUT OF DATE. 1885.

QUITE THE THING. 18:—9.

THE LAST OF THEM.

A Fragmentary Peep into the Future.

"Last night I spoke of guns, of ships, of rifles, and how guns, ships, and rifles became obsolete in a very few years through the great enthusiasm of inventors."—*Mr. Goschen at the Portman Rooms.*

It was a secret, sombre, subterranean den, lying deep down under the bed of the river, approached through a perfect maze of passages, and lighted only by the latest artificial light. As two-penny-worth of this light, however, was warranted to illumine a million square feet of cellarge for twelve calendar months, it had been rigorously suppressed in the interests of that monstrous monopoly the Automatic-Accumulator-Solar-Ray-Direct-Storage Syndicate.

He was a wretched-looking creature, the sole occupant of this Cave of Trophonius, a cross between an Alchemist and an Apparitor, as weirdly wizened as the former, as darkly disguised as the latter.

"Eureka!" he yelled with a triumphant shriek. It shook the complicated cranks and cordage which made his cell look like a metallic spider's web, and startled the passengers on board the "Noctivagant Nautilus," one of the new line of Moon-Motor Citizen Boats which ran from Battersea to the Tower Stairs for one half-penny in two minutes, thirty seconds and one-tenth.

"Fool!" he muttered, half throttling himself with his own skeleton hand. "When shall I subdue my accursed, unfashionable, world-proscribed enthusiasm to discreet silence? That idiotic howl is quite sufficient to put my relentless pursuers on my track. And just as I have perfected my long-meditated plan for an Automatic, Lightning-charged-Thunderbolt-hurling-Self-steering-Adamant-plated-Aluminium Fleet too!!! But, after all, what matters? *Cui bono?* What Capitalist will take it up?—what Admiralty adopt it?—what Nation pay for it? Above all, what Chancellor of the Exchequer—the curse of Science on the sordid breed!—will permit so much as the appearance of the merest model of it? No, that last atrocious Act for the Absolute Suppression of Inventors has settled my hash. In these ultra-humanitarian days, too, when capital punishment, save for Inventors, has been entirely abolished!"

He sank down upon an Iridium anvil, cast his arms around a retort of pure transparent Diamond, and wept tears sufficient to float his own Aluminium Fleet.

"And why?" he shouted, rousing himself at last, and apparently

addressing the highly-finished model of a hundred-pounder gun capable of being packed in a hat-box, with hung beside a waist-coat-pocket.

He was answered, but not in the way he expected. The door of his den was suddenly opened, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer, clad like all officials of the time, in complete anti-dynamite-asbestos-armor-adamant mail, appeared at the head of a detachment of the new Volcanic-Vulcanite-clad force of Police known as the Vesuvian Invulnerables. These formed a cord around the now entirely crushed Trophonius of the Times.

"Why?" echoed the Chancellor, in tones of spirit-palsying severity. "Wretched man, how well you know. Else, why hide you here in this new Cyclops cave of invention infancy? Are you not of those traitors to Truth, defiers of the Adamantian Law, disturbers of Progress and Order, who already have nearly been the ruin of the State. Is it not owing to you and your kind that Salisbury Plain is a Polydynamite-hill with the wreckage of obsolete ships, the debris of exploded guns, and the refuse of useless rifles, a Pen-up-on-Cass of rusty nonmonery, which originally cost a mountain of gold, and is now not worth carrying away as old metal? Have you, and a men of your pernicious sort, not for many years led nations a ruinous dance of Experimental Simulation in Systematic Slughter? Have you not played Old Gooseberry with European Exchequers, and made the bellies of the Chancellors a burden to them? Have you not seduced peoples by the perilous path of Patents to the very verge of the fatuousness of International Insolvency? Have you not rendered necessary the passing of a Draconic Code of Anti-Scientific Emancipations compared with which the Irish Penal Laws were mere legislative pleasantries, and Mr. BAUFUR's treatment of O'Brien a benevolent jest. In short, are you not an Enthusiast, and—oh! culmination of unparliamentary infamy—an Inventor?"

The crushed entity, the villainous victim of ardent scheming, the persistent planner of expensive improvements, sank prostrate on the floor of the Cyclopean cavern. He had not a word to say for himself.

"Thank Heaven, you are the sole survivor of the malignant brood!" continued the Chancellor, with ultra-official fervour. "I have been on your serpent-trail for years; at last, I catch you in your own wicked web. (It stings a mixed metaphor—but no matter!) Save him, Bobbies—I mean Vesuvian Invulnerables! Away with him to a dungeon even deeper and dirtier than his own! The Public, so long the prey of Patentes, the paying victim of Science's colossal Game of Brag, will view with pleasure the ignominious ending of The Last of the Inventors!"



"SHOPPY"!

Uxorious Editor (in his Honeymoon). "KISS ME, DARLING—'NOT NECESSARILY FOR PUBLICATION, BUT AS A GUARANTEE OF GOOD FAITH'!" [Smack!]

HELP FOR YELPERS.

How to make the Home for Lost and Starving Dogs at Battersea pay. With compliments to the President, Committee, and all others connected with that admirable Institution.

1. Turn it into a Limited Liability Company; all Dog-owners in the Home Counties to be compelled to take so many shares.

2. Take a leaf out of the book of Madame TISSAUD and the Chamber of Horrors. Allow an extra charge of one shilling to be made to all visitors desirous to see Dr. RICHARDSON'S Lethal Chamber at work, wherein dogs of all kinds are painlessly converted into excellent top-dressing.

3. Strengthen the Committee by a greater infusion into it of the practical male element, eliminating a good deal of the sentimental feminine ditto.

4. Get an experienced Dog-trainer to select the cleverest of the lost, teach them to jump through hoops and climb up ladders, and so gain bones for themselves and sinews (of war) for the Home.

5. Throw open the official posts to public competition, with special invitation to TOBY, M.P., Mr. AUGUSTUS HARRIS, and other first-rate organisers and popular caterers; the Committee,

however, not binding themselves to accept the highest, or the lowest, or the medium tender.

6. See that, when an owner comes and gives a full description of his lost hound, a notice is sent to him as soon as a dog answering that description is received at the Home. This simple expedient will obviate the exasperating nuisance of owners being—as now—compelled to come twice a week to the Home for months, on the chance of their pet having unexpectedly arrived in the last batch of street dere-licks.

7. Welcome the coming, get a fee out of the parting, visitor.

8. Muzzle Cerberus.

9. See that valuable dogs find their owners; and apply a general tonic—a course of bark, for example—to the whole management.

THE BRITISH VOLUNTEERS.

THE SONG OF A SNUBBED ONE.

AIR—"The British Grenadiers."

WOLSELEY, our Alexander,
GOSCHEN, our Hercules,
And many a great commander
And statesman like to these,
E'en JOE, the Brum's pet hero,
When he'd elicit cheers,
Talk bow-wow-wow-wow-wow-wow
On the British Volunteers.

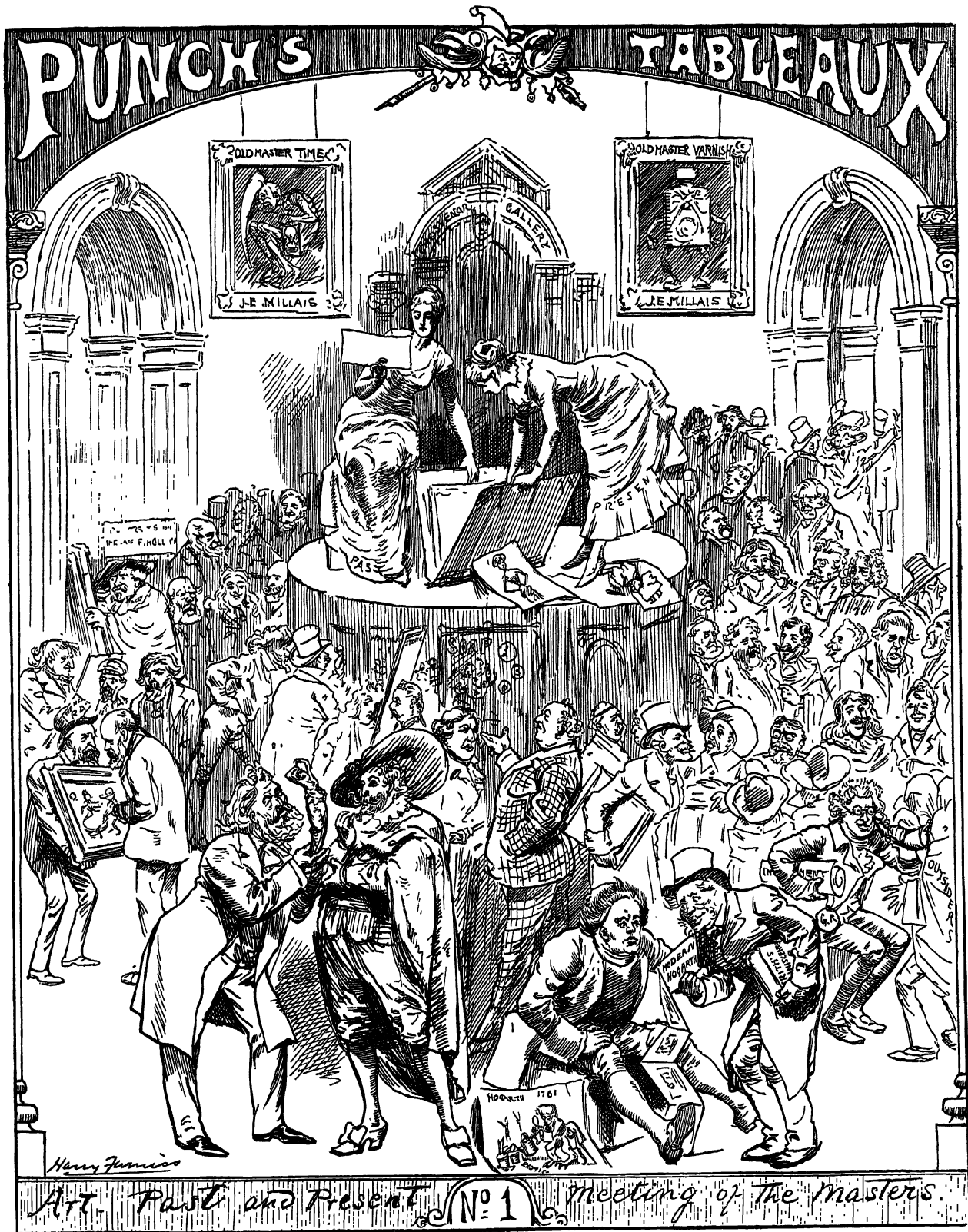
Right coolly we're commanded
From Wimbledon to cut,
They flout remonstrance banded,
Our mouths we're bid to shut.
But always after dinner,
They, dropping snubs and sneers,
Talk bow-wow-wow-wow-wow-wow,
At the British Volunteers.

We're clerks and counter-jumpers
In soldier's garb, they say,
Yet drink our health in bumpers
In this post-prandial way.
We wish they'd do us justice,
These spouting Pots and Peers,
And not talk bow-wow-wow-wow
On the British Volunteers!

BETTERS AND GAMBLERS.

MR. PUNCH.—There is unquestionably one law for the Poor, and another for the Rich, or rather for the Ungenteel in comparison with the Genteel. People who can afford to risk any money at all in betting, are not poor; and others, that can't afford to risk large sums on the Turf, or in any other form of gambling, but, with expensive establishments to maintain, do yet risk them, are not rich. Their expenditure exceeds their incomes. They require to be protected against themselves and their gambling propensities, equally with the gentlemen of the pavement and the public-houses. But this protection is denied the poor wealthy. Every daily newspaper almost, records a "raid" effected by the Police on a licensed victualler's premises allowed to be used by small gamblers for the purpose of betting and playing games of hazard. No matter if these be partly games of skill—like "skittle pool," and that the ventures are no higher than threepenny, sixpenny, and shilling stakes. The gamblers and their host are liable to be fined, and are fined accordingly, and sent to prison if they can't pay,—very much to encourage the others.

But, Sir, you know that we never see reported a raid or a foray executed by the Police on any of the premises constantly used for betting by noblemen and gentlemen connected with the Turf or Stock Exchange. Now, don't you think that these great gam-



blers are quite as much entitled to be protected from their vicious and ruinous propensities as even the small urchin who ever and anon gets himself run in for the crime of playing at pitch-and-toss in a public thoroughfare or street corner?

I write under feelings of mingled sorrow and indignation espe-

cially at the reckless gambling in the form of bull and bear speculations in stocks and shares which I am grieved and shocked to see permitted every day of my life almost, except Sundays, in my experience of the Money Market and the City; and remain,

Ever yours, truly, AN HONEST BROKER.

A HOLIDAY REMINISCENCE.



Mr. W. H. Smith, on his return from Monte Carlo, regrets that he didn't "leave it on."

GIVING THEM THEIR CHARACTERS.

THE quite novel light shed recently at the Lyceum on the characters of *Macbeth* and *Lady Macbeth* respectively, to say nothing of Mrs. LANGTRY's New York revival, and the hundred-and-one on *dits* in relation to Mr. MANSFIELD's forthcoming much-talked-of production at the Globe, have all helped to stir the "New Reading" discoverers into a state of unwonted activity. Subjoined are a few of their latest suggestions:—

A propos of Macbeth, "A SIXTY YEARS STUDENT" writes:—"By all means let *Macbeth* turn out to be a rather jovial, nice-minded, pleasant-spoken sort of fellow, and his wife a good-natured and affectionate creature, with an eye to business, and never so wide awake as when in the Sleep-walking Scene, but this doesn't half do away with the Tragedy. *Duncan* should be the real ruffian, on which the whole of the ghastly business turns, arriving at the castle in an advanced stage of *delirium tremens*, in a fit of which it is evident that, at a later hour, he commits suicide. That he is hopelessly drunk on his arrival, is clearly indicated in the text, for he addresses *Lady Macbeth* with the line—

"Give me your hand: conduct me to mine host."

"Then, stumbling up against her with the words:—

"By your leave, hostess!"

reels up the steps into the Castle. I take it this gives us all we want to clear the characters of our hero and heroine. As for *Banquo's* appearance, mind you, *after supper*, that can obviously be set down to an acute form of indigestion."

Dealing with *Hamlet*, in a similarly critical spirit, "A REASONING ROSCIUS" remarks:—"As to the Dane being off his head, this is simply absurd. His game is evidently Spiritualism. He ought to go through the usual hanky-panky, table-turning with *Horatio*, *Marcellus*, and *Bernardo*, and then, after eliciting a succession of raps, dismiss them, and fetching out the regular Dark Séance Cabinet, finish up with the usual illuminated banjo business, during which he carries on his conversation with the Ghost, whose head appears at a hole in the cabinet-door covered with phosphorus, according to the accepted text, modified here and there, of course, to suit the varying situations. I must add, that *Hamlet* must, by no means, be made up 'young.' The Queen refers to him near the end of the play as being 'fat, and scant of breath,' thereby clearly indicating that to represent him even as a heavy, obese, middle-aged, overgrown sort of Sir JOHN FALSTAFF would be only to err in the right direction. He should be a coarse ponderous hulking fellow of about five and fifty. This would help to carry off his philosophy, and, in some measure, explain his peculiar conduct to *Ophelia*."

With regard to *Othello*, "A GENUINE LOVER OF HUMOROUS COMEDY" writes:—"I cannot conceive a more wanton distortion of the merry Moor's obvious characteristics than the usually accepted view of him which stamps him as 'jealous.' Why? The charge is

monstrous! The key to his character is simply his keen relish of a thoroughly good practical joke. His accidental smothering of *Desdemona* is evidently one of these. He ought to come on in all the earlier scenes with a banjo, to carry out the idea of his being not the Moor, but the *Moore and Burgess* corner-man of Venice. I am not sure that I wouldn't dress him in red-and-white-striped trousers, a long blue-tailed coat, a shirt-frill and a large white tie. But this is a detail."

"RICHARDSON REDIVIVUS" after insisting that *King Lear* is the most "mirth-provoking character" SHAKESPEARE ever drew, and that all his scenes with his daughters, if rightly understood, should be hailed by any intelligent audience as regular "side-splitters," passes on to the consideration of *Paul Pry*, who, he says, after a good deal of mature scholarly reflection, he has discovered to be not a comic character at all, but a melodramatic villain of the deepest dye. He argues against his carrying an umbrella, insisting that he should be provided instead with a long Spanish stiletto, and an ample and mysterious cloak. He further lays great stress on the fact, that whenever he enters with his catch phrase of "I hope I don't intrude," he ought to appear with blue fire, either through a vampire-trap or secret panel, and not quit the stage before he has stabbed somebody. He adds, in conclusion, that he has forwarded all his notes on the subject to Mr. J. L. TOOLE, in the hope that the popular Comedian will see his way to their adoption on the next occasion of his reviving the well-known piece.

LINES SUGGESTED BY AN ELECTOR.

How happy is the Party penman's lot,
Whether he wins or losses all is well.
What though the counted votes against him tot?
Success in failure his keen scent can smell.
Loudly he crows when he the leek has eaten,
And ne'er is so triumphant as when beaten.
Equal to either fortune? Better far,
He snatches happy omens from defeat;
Winning, he loudly thanks his lucky star,
Losing, he finds in loss a savour sweet,
Like one who with two-headed coin doth toss,
Loss is but gain, but gain is never loss!

THE (NEARLY) PERFECT ENGLISHMAN.

(Translated from the French Press.)

OH, yes, the brave General is an Englishman. His mother—ah, his dear, dear mother!—before she married his father, was an English "Mees." She was a perfect specimen! Tall, long, fair hair; beautiful and much-exposed front teeth! Thus, he is right—the brave General to be proud of his English blood! For he has many of the characteristics of the native of Albion—not *perfidie*, but White-cliffed Albion. He eats *rosbif* and drinks *portare-bière* for breakfast; and when he is greatly moved, he cries with tears in his voice, "Oh, *Shocking!*" Then, who has not seen him with his *boule-dogue* with its blue ribbon collar and silver bell? This *boule-dogue* was born in the most fashionable part of London—Vauxhall Bridge Road—and is called "Auguste." Both the brave General and the *boule-dogue* are English to the backbone. The *boule-dogue* is fond of sport—he is pleased to jump through a hoop, and can dance the polka on his hind-legs. It is only natural that he should fear rats. But the mice! Ah! he can hunt the mice!

The brave General is an expert at all English sports! Ah! how he plays the cricket! It is wonderful to see him in his flannel shirt (worn over a well-starched linen one), walking at every "over" from one set of the stumps to the other set of the stumps! As a General, of course, the Elected of the Seine wears spurs at all times. At the cricket his spurs assist him in catching the ball.

Then at the lawn-tennis! Oh, the brave General knows well how to play! Often he touches the ball with his bat, although he can miss it. Ah, yes! how well, with what grace, he can miss it! And when he does touch the ball with his bat, with what terrible force does he drive it against the net!

But, before all and above all, he is a sportsman! Of course he wears his uniform, but that does not prevent him from putting a long hunting-horn round his body, nor carrying a game-bag attached to a thin silken cord hanging by his side. And his patent leather shooting shoes! And his white kid gloves! Ah, he is charming! And it is then that Auguste distinguishes himself! The brave dog and the brave General hunt together. They thoroughly understand each other. Auguste examines the bushes, the ditches, the shop-windows! At length the fox is found, and then the brave General, drawing his sword, gives Reynard his *coup de grace*! Ah, indeed, BOULANGER is a perfect Englishman-jockey, gentleman-rider! I who write this wish him every success.

(Signed) HENRI PUMP,
Of the Anglo-French Press.



The Lady Godiva. "HIGH DRESSES TO BE WORN AT THE DRAWING-ROOM—INDEED!—IF LADIES ARE ILL, INFIRM, OR ADVANCING IN AGE! HA, HA! NOT IF I KNOW IT!"

A GLORIOUS SPIN AFTER A JULY RABBIT.

A Hunting Story, by the Author of "A Shoot with a Fox-hound," "A Real Good Snipe," "The Herne Bay Harriers," "A Knacker's Mount," &c., &c.

It would have been impossible to have picked out a more wretched day for the opening meet of the Season than was Tuesday, the first of July, 188—.

"You must not keep him waiting, Sir," said Captain DASHOVER's servant, as he helped his master on with a thick Ulster, which completely covered his red coat, his snowy breeches, his top-boots, and all the brave insignia of the chase.

"I hope he is not too fresh," muttered the Captain, stifling an oath. "As it is raining, don't you think Sammy had better return to his loose-box until it clears up?"

"Bless you, no, Sir—in this county they often hunt in the wet."

Thus reassured, the Captain approached his steed (who stood patiently while he successfully ascended the saddle, with the material assistance of the stirrup), and, seizing his umbrella, slowly sauntered away.

"A pretty pair!" exclaimed the Groom, critically watching the departing steed and his rider before returning to the dining-room to remove the remnants of his master's lunch—"a pretty pair!"

It was a bad day. A dense fog lay over all the land, enshrouding both hills and valleys, shops and public-houses, turnpike-gates and boot manufactories, in its weird and ghostly embrace. It rested like a soft grey counterpane upon the fields, toning down to a sombre tint the rich brown of the upheaved earth. As for the lamp-posts and the red signals from the chemists' windows, they were blurred, and seemed to be impregnated with moisture. Everything was dark, everything was dull, and the rain poured down in buckets-full.

After five minutes' careful riding (the meet was at some little

distance from the place of departure), the Captain joined the field, which had already assembled.

"Nuisance this rain," growled the Master, as soon as the Captain had reported himself. "On my word, I hardly know what to do. The hounds are sure to catch cold if I don't take 'em home. What do you say, DASHOVER?"

"Well," replied the Captain, pulling at his reins with both hands at once; "now that I have got my bit of blood out, I think we had better have a spin. Folks don't like to be disappointed on such occasions."

The Master, hearing this, gave orders for the day's proceedings to commence at once, and the hounds were trotted off at a brisk pace to draw a covert close by. But the rain and fog continued, and many of the field went home. Milestones looked dark and formidable, their dimensions increased instead of diminished by the imperfect light. The omnibus horses sniffed the damp air through their open nostrils, and discharged it with disgust. They looked round suspiciously at the grey and unrecognisable conveyances beside them, were nervous and timid, and distrusted the commonest object. A wheelbarrow (containing penny ices), a donkey, a sheep-dog, filled them with apprehension; and all this time, borne on the leaden-coloured atmosphere, rang out the eager, murderous notes of collies and poodles, celebrated for their slaying qualities. Suddenly there was a cry of "Gone forrard, aw-a-ay!" which proclaimed that Master Bunny had left the snug underwood of the covert. There was evidently a hot scent in the open, for the hounds dashed out after him close to his tail, and, taking a bullfinch, disappeared in the ditch beyond. They threw their tongues merrily, and added their boisterous, chirruping music to the accompaniment of a distant, but appreciative brass band, of sporting proclivities. "Gone forrard aw-a-ay!" Indeed, "Aw-a-ay!"

Off they went! Friendly gates could not be taken advantage of, so the field hurried along the high road as if they had to catch a train, which was seldom late! The pack had vanished from view, having stopped in the kitchen-garden attached to a country public-house, and the only way to get up to them was to negotiate every possible and impossible fence on foot. Providence must provide for the rest!

Crash, crash, went the timbers of a stiff double rail as a waggon of hay moved aside to let a hansom pass! Suddenly they heard a railway whistle, and the Master called off the hounds. He appealed to them by their names, and, obedient to his cry, they came whining towards him, and began fawning about his boots.

"Damn this rain!" he exclaimed, resentfully, as he distributed sugar amongst his canine favourites. "It ain't fit to hunt in."

This had been for a long time the opinion of Captain DASHOVER, who had turned back, and was on his way home. He was progressing slowly as, beneath him, was one of the most perfect and resolute walkers that ever looked through a bridle, when he saw Master Bunny seated in the very centre of the road, devouring a piece of cabbage. In a moment his horn was to his lips, and he blew a strange, weird note that he had never heard before—perchance he would never hear again! "Yoicks! Hi away! Hout and aboot, Mon! Hoick, my beauty! Hoick, hoick at him! Hi forrard, hi forrard tantivy!" and the Captain was fairly excited. Sammy, the horse, entered into the spirit of the thing, and took up the running at a gentle trot. Disturbed at his meal, the wily rabbit jumped away carrying his green-stuff with him. He ran on in this manner for some yards, and then stopped and began a fresh nibble, but was off again by the time the Captain had reached his new position. This was repeated over and over again. Captain DASHOVER leant forward in the saddle, and clasping his good horse's neck within his arms, spoke an encouraging word to him. Whatever the man's faults were, he was brave and knew no fear!

But Bunny was not to be caught. He leapt and leapt until he approached the sea! It was then the Captain stopped, for he liked not the look of the sands. He was on the eve of returning home when Sammy suddenly pulled up, pricked up his ears, and made a decided point at a bathing-machine. Alack, alack, for poor Bunny! After a desperate encounter, the Captain emerged from the submarine conveyance carrying with him the lifeless form of the quarry! He almost sighed as, in duty bound, he sounded his horn once more, and shouted out yet again, "Hi forrard! Hi forrard, tantivy!"

"Pleasant run, Sir?" asked the man, touching his hat as the Captain dismounted.

"Excellent," returned DASHOVER, paying the customary half-crown, and pointing to his watch to prove that he had not encroached upon the second hour at the lower rate of two shillings, he left the livery stables. Half an hour later he was hurriedly discussing a boiling cup of tea and a well-toasted muffin in his thrice-welcome snugery at home!



HERCULES FURENS.

(Modern Teutonic Version.)



"Eros, ho!
The shirt of Nessus is upon me: teach me,
Alcides, thou mine ancestor, thy rage:
Let me lodge Lichas on the horns o' the moon;
And with these hands, that grasp'd the heaviest
club,
Subdue my worthiest self."

Antony and Cleopatra, Act IV., Scene 10.

THE shirt of Nessus! Teuton Hercules,
Art on thine Æta? Hot and ill at ease
At least thou seem'st. As when Alcides tore
Rooted Thessalian pines, and raised a roar

That sounded far o'er the Euboic wave; [rave.
So crossed or thwarted dost thou ramp and
And every luckless soul who dares to stand
Erect within the reach of thy strong hand,
Wouldst treat like Lichas, hurling him afar
To plunge, like Vulcan or a falling star,
Headlong through air to ocean.

So the gods
Set heroes' muscles with their wits at odds,
In the old Titan times. Achilles raged,
And Ajax, foiled by sage Ulysses, waged
A foolish war with flocks, making mad way

Amidst "the mingled multitude of prey
The herdsman's yet unparted care."* So, too,
Alcides, whose god-given strength could hew
The hydra down, its poison felt at last;
And luckless Lichas from the hill-top cast,
Because a woman's jealousy had foiled
His eager passion and his purpose spoiled.
Thrice the great Hera-hated hero lost
His reason's balance, proud and passion-tost.
Is it that brawn and brain close-wedded work
Wild mischief; that the seeds of madness lurk

* SOPHOCLES' *Ajax*.

In all heroic might? What leech shall cure
 "The man, frenzied with mad distemperature?"*
 Who, stirred to wrath, poor woolly sheep destroys,
 Or vents his spleen on women, doctors, boys?
 Strange proof of the sardonic whims of fate,
 Strange satire on humanity's estate,
 That demigods, souls of heroic mould,
 As brave as brawny, and as big as bold,
 Should, tantrum-smitten, fall upon the flocks,
 And midge-enraged retort by heaving rocks!

Hercules furens! It might make men smile
 Who can forget the cradle and the pile,
 The babe-choked serpents and the gods' applause,
 To see great souls so stirred by so slight cause.
 "Can heavenly minds such anger entertain?"
 Sings VIRGIL. See the angry hero strain
 To hurl the stripling heavenward, grip of steel
 Close-clenched upon the hapless youngster's heel!
 "Those hands that grasped the heaviest club"
 should seek

A worthier work than warring with the weak.
 Meanwhile, sage policy gives place to pride;
 The lion-slaying club is cast aside,
 And what replaces the old lion's hide?
 Not Austria's calf-skin surely? No, at least
 'Tis not the fell of the ignobler beast
 That hangs upon "those recreant limbs," stout still,
 But "recreant" to wisdom and calm will,
 Awhile, awhile! The Nessus-tunic clings,
 Its folds constrain, its subtle poison stings
 The hampered hero into fury wild;
 Only the highest strength is calm and mild.
 ANTONY raged, CÆSAR was coldly still,
 "The dull cold-blooded CÆSAR," whose calm will
 Not e'en the Nile Enchantress could subdue.
 The conscious ANTONY too sadly knew
 His soul's superior. After all, 'tis poor
 "Upon the hill of Basan to outroar
 The horned herd," although the voice that shouts
 Is of a Stentor Swordsman, whom war's flouts
 Shook never. "Savage cause" to stir the brave
 To frenzy. What availed the thrice-whipped slave
 To mend MARK's fortune. ENOBABBUS knew
 Cold CÆSAR had "subdued his judgment too."
 Lodge Lichas on the horns o' the moon, indeed,
 It shall not make wroth-gendered plans succeed
 In Policy's despite. Resume the club,
 Teutonic Titan, ere on Æta's hub
 A Hercules Infuriate make sport
 For cynic babblers of the baser sort.
 Or ere wise watchers must admit it true
 That your own hands your worthiest self subdue.

* SOPHOCLES' *Ajax*.

A HINT FROM CLOUDLAND.

SHIP AHOY! MESSMATE,

FOX, my dear boy, I can see you! Not every day, my hearty! because, when it is foggy, it is a long way from Trafalgar Square to 85, Fleet Street. But you should hear my voice, *Mr. Punch*, and, if you can't, why, my dear eyes! here is my letter. Not that I used to garnish my conversation with such old-fashioned nautical terms when I was in the flesh. I put them in here and there because I have been so long mast-headed (or, rather, pillar-headed) in Charing Cross, that you would not believe me a sea-dog—you land-lubber!—unless I gave you a taste of the briny. And now, *Mr. Punch*, as you are a sensible person, who knows a marling-spike from a fore-castle (please pronounce it "fokesle") yarn, I will assume that you want to learn the reason of my addressing you. Yes, you are right, my son of Neptune!—I have got a grievance. Having a grievance, I write to you—I select you in preference to the Editor of the *Times*, as I fancy that excellent and erudite gentleman has just now other fish to fry in the neighbourhood of the Law Courts, and can't be bothered with the grumblings of a one-armed one-eyed old bronze statue stuck on a column, like Patience on a Monument! And that reminds me of what my grievance is. I am going to complain of a Monument, and ask you to get it removed. You hammered away at WELLINGTON until he was taken from Hyde Park Corner to Aldershot, and, if you get my monumental incubus carted off to Brighton,



FELINE AMENITIES.

"I WISH YOU HADN'T ASKED CAPTAIN WAREHAM, LIZZIE. HORRID MAN! I CAN'T BEAR HIM!"

"DEAR ME, CHARLOTTE—ISN'T THE WORLD BIG ENOUGH FOR YOU BOTH?"

"YES; BUT YOUR LITTLE DINING-ROOM ISN'T!"

or, better still, Jericho, you will deserve the thanks not only of the dead, but of the living.

You see, my heart of oak! up here I can catch what they are saying down below, and I can assure you it is not pleasant listening. CHARLES THE FIRST made an awful row when they put up "the other one," and HAVELOCK was equally indignant. When NAPLES came he used language that really was dreadful, and reminded me of the sort of things the troops used to utter when they were doing duty in Flanders. He has kept it up ever since, and I am ashamed that GORDON (who has just joined us) should have to hear it. The worst of it—shiver my timbers!—it is justifiable. I ask you how would you like to have a person dressed in classical costume, on a circus horse, set up close beside you? And he is a person who did a deal of harm when he had the opportunity, and brought the monarchy, of which we are all so justly proud, into disrepute. He is the odd, the very odd man out, as they can't find any one to balance him. But even had he been the best of men, his statue is so utterly ridiculous, that it is a disgrace to the neighbourhood. After all, Charing Cross is not the place for a circus, and the effigy is absolutely meaningless, unless appropriately supplemented with the presentment of GRIMALDI in the habit as he lived. So cart the circus-horse and its rider away, my good *Mr. Punch*, and earn the everlasting gratitude of
 Your sincere friend and admirer,

Sparrow's Nest, Trafalgar Square, W.C.

NELSON AND BRONTË.

P. S.—I see that some land-lubbers have been publishing my love-letters! It is fortunate for them that circumstances over which I have no control prevent me from getting at them! Wait until I secure a ladder, and then, bless their dear eyes! they shall see what a British Tar can do with his fist, in the cause of law, literary copyright, and Beauty!

Check to the King!

KING DEATH, grim rider on the wan white horse,
 Has found too long at Courts his freest course.
 Now common-sense his dread career would check,
 Who has so often "won by a bare neck."

THE BAKER'S MAN.—There can be no doubt that all the supporters of *le brave Général BOULANGER* will answer to the roll-call.

THE PICKWICK SYMPHONY.

By One who Ought to Know.

"THE play's the thing," as the member of the football club said when they broke both his legs, smashed half-a-dozen ribs, and jumped on his stummick. Dessay it is, but it doesn't do for a man at my time o' life to be out late o' nights. But my son SAMMY—



A Dickens of a Cantata. The Sacred Lamp fitted with a new patent Pick-wick.

smart young fellow is SAMMY—all-porter at the Ranunculus Club, said a *matinee* wouldn't hurt me. "Vot's that?" ses I. "Do you take it 'ot or cold?" "Vell," ses he, "it depends upon the weather and the ventilation. It's French for a play in the afternoon. I've got a day off o' Thursday, and I'll give you a snack in servants' 'all—and we'll go and see *Pickwick*." "None o' that, SAMMY," says I, pullin' him up short. "Never make game o' serious subjects, as the man said when the barber larfed after cutting his nose off by mistake. If they're goin' to make fun o' the dear old Guv'nor, I'll let 'em see. Though I am seventy-four, I'm 'ale and arty, and can pop in my left pretty 'andy if they're up to any of their impudence." "Oh, you splendid old boulder," says SAMMY, larfin fit to bust hisself. "There's no impudence; it's a Dramatic Cantata." "Vot's that, SAMMY?" ses I; "if you don't condescend to talk English to your only father, I shall be sorry as ever I had you eddicated. All I can say is it don't sound proper; but if you'll pledge your word, SAMMY, as a 'all-porter and a gentleman, that my dear blessed old Guv'nor ain't held up to reddicule, I'll go."

And lor' what a time we 'ad in the servants' 'all! A snack he called it. Why the swarry we had at Bath years ago was nothin' to it, and Mr. John Smauker and Mr. Tuckle vere noveres along o' the affable young gents as sat down to dinner with us. They all 'ad heard o' me, and larfed and cracked their sides even when I talked about the weather and asked for the mustard; every one was so pleasant that I wanted to spend the arfternoon there, with a glass o' hot brandy-and-water. But SAMMY cut me short when I was telling 'em all about the lark we 'ad at NUPKINS's, and said, quite undutiful-like, "Come along, my rosy old fernomenon, keep that till you publish your reminiscences," at which they all roared, till the Seeketerry sent down his compliments and he vished to know if the kitchen-chimbley was a-fire. As it was, we were late at the Theatre—it was crammed full; but a friend o' SAMMY's, who had something to do with the Theatre—I think it was the Author—had kep' a private box for us; and there was pretty music going on, and a youth, not old enough to be trusted with a triangle, was conducting the band, and makin' beleeve to play all the music with a white stick as he flourished about. "Oo's that, SAMMY?" says I. "Solomon," says he. "Pell?" says I, larfin. "Shut up! you playful old porpoise," ses he. "That's the Composer." "Then vy don't he compose hisself," ses I, "instead of"—"Ss-s-sh!" ses he, quite sharp and unflial, and up goes the Curtain!

There was my old friend, Mrs. Bardell—but, there, if Mrs. Bardell had only been half as pretty as Miss LOTTIE VENNE, there would have been no work for Dodson and Fogg, and I should have had none o' the Guv'nor's money, or should have run away with her that night I went up to pay the rent. If our Mrs. B. had only sung like that, it would ha' been a question who would ha' run off

with her fust—Me or the Guv'nor, or Winkle, or Snodgrass, or Tupman. Then Tommy Bardell comes in, and he and his mother sing together. Then the Baker comes upon the scene. I'd forgotten all about him; but now I remember the brazen-faced Lothair that I always used to see lurkin' about Goswell Street. I'm certain our Baker, though, couldn't sing half so well as Mr. RUTLAND BARRINGTON. I kept on noddin' my head to his delicious "Baker-roll," till SAMMY gave me a kick, and said, "Now, then, you mercurial old Mandarin, mind that old noddle o' yours don't roll into the stalls." But when at last I saw the dear old Guv'nor—bless his dear old gig-lamps and gaiters—come on to the stage, I shouted "Hooroar!" SAMMY said it was Mr. ARTHUR CECIL; but I turned and said, quite solemn-like, "SAMUEL, my son, I don't believe you." There he was, with his dear old bald head, his capacious waistcoat, his blue coat, and his kerseymere pantaloons. When he sang a song about me, "*The Happy Valet*," I nearly kicked the front of the box out, and shed tears behind the curtain. Then to see the dear old chap sit down to breakfast so nat'ral-like with a real relish. Always singin' he was, and uncommon well he sang too. Vy didn't he tip us a stave like that at Dingley Dell? And when he wasn't, Mrs. Bardell she came in and took it up, and gradually got canoodlin' around him—jest as our Mrs. Bardell tried to do. Then they sang a "sympathetic duet"—then came the "*Bardell Bolero*," which everyone cheered. Still she led the dear old man on—oh, how my poor old Dad would have liked to see the artfulness o' vidders held up to reddicule in public,—and at last faints slick off in his arms, just like our Mrs. B. did. The Baker returns, Tommy comes in, Mr. Pickwick gets more and more perplexed, and the piece finishes just the minute before I was introduced to my dear old Master.

These players are bold enough—but they seem to know where to draw the line. They have had the temerity to impersonate Mrs. Bardell, Mr. Pickwick, and the Baker—but I don't think they are quite darin' enough to try to take off Sam Weller—that would be rather more than they could carry as the 'bus conductor said when they wanted to put twenty inside. "SAMMY," says I, when we were taking three dozen of oysters apiece before tea, "the author of your bein' is obleeged to you for your treat. Your snack was excellent, your oysters are capital, and your *Pickwick* is first-rate. And there is no one in the world can be a better judge of *Pickwick*—*Pickwick* was the only man who was a hero to his wally—than his old servant and faithful friend, your aged, but still lively parent, SAM WELLER."

WHAT MR. PUNCH'S MOON SAW.

FIFTH EVENING.

"THE other afternoon," began the Moon, "I saw a dear old gentleman coming out of a toyshop, laden with parcels. The people in the shop looked after him as he stepped into his carriage, and supposed that he must have a number of nephews and nieces, whom he was evidently in the habit of spoiling. Now I knew that he had none but grown-up relations, and that he rather disliked children than otherwise, and so I followed him to where he lived, for I was really curious to find out what he would do with all the things he had bought. I looked through the windows of his room, and presently I saw him come in, and put all his parcels down, and carefully lock the door, laughing to himself as he did so with a glee of which he seemed half ashamed. I was afraid he would draw the curtains, but he did not seem to mind whether I saw him or not, so long as nobody else did. First of all, he cleared the table, and then he undid the packages one by one, and set out the toys. There was a little railway train that went by clockwork on a circular railroad, and he fitted the lines together, with all the stations and tunnels, and wound up the engine, which ran, whirring and clattering, round and round. It was really a pretty sight. Then he brought out regiment after regiment of the most beautiful tin-soldiers, and set them up in order of battle, and fired peas at them out of a cannon, till he was tired of that; and next he unpacked a village, and after that a model fort, until I could almost have believed that the table was part of the real world. He was perfectly happy, playing with them, and there was nobody to send him to bed until he was quite ready to go. And I knew that this had been the dream of his life ever since he had left off being a boy, and had had to amuse himself with grown-up things, or to work, without leisure even for serious play. Now he was rich, and retired from business, and able to please himself, without caring for the opinion of the world, and this was what gave him most pleasure.



"I am not sure," added the Moon, "that I have not seen old gentlemen, with nothing to do, and plenty of money to spend, who amused themselves in ways which I thought far more foolish. For all that, I sometimes wish he would ask a child or two in, now and then, to play with him—but he never does."

ROBERT'S BOLD EXPERIMENT.

THE "appointed day" for our great experiment came off last Saturday,—allus a slack day for us Waiters,—and we held our preliminary meeting a day or two afore, to settle all about our safeguards afore running of our fearfol risk. We then decided to have jest one glass of sherry and bitters afore leaving home on the day of the dinner, to prepare our poor insides for their sewere trial, and a glass of sumthink hot, strong, and sweet, redly for us wen we got home. So on Saturday, as I have said, we boldly assembl'd, at 5 o'Clock sharp, to meet our fate like men.



There was suddenly a werry unushal look of dogged resolutiun, not to say depresshun, upon the countingouses of all nine on us, when we entered the ouse of ospitalerty selekcted by our kind Ost, who received us with as much geneality, and ewen warmth, as if he had bin the Prime Warden of sum Prime Livvery Company, and had taken his preliminary glass of Sherry, &c., as we had. But in coarse he hadn't.

The fust thing as struck us rayther forcibly was, that he was not drest quite in the hi dress as his name woud have led us to xpect, as of course we was, and allus are, but we arterwards learnt as he was from the naybouring kingdom of Whales, which of coarse xplained it.

We began with clear Turtel Soup, as promised, and suddenly neether BRING nor RYMER could have beaten it. The one glass of Maryskeno to be drunk with it was sumthink quite diffrent to what we had xpected, but it wasn't at all bad, and BROWN ewen took a second without flinching. But wen we cum to taste the 1874 wintage of the Black Current Wine, with the biled Sammon, we fust looked at our Ost, and then at one another, and then we all put it quietly down, and took quite a long pull at sum Olimpia Water, a bottle full of which was most thortfully put before each on us.

With the ontrays we was handed some reel Orange Shampane, which, if not quite like sweet Click Oh, was suddenly quite as good as sum of the new brands as has been interdooced lately, which praps aint saying much. With the remarkabel fine Saddle of Mutton that followd, we had sum Ginger Hale, which was not at all bad, and nicely warmed our somewhat estonished insides, which was becoming jest a leetle chilled at the large supply of cold water.

With the Game we had sum Punch, quite diffrent from any we had ewer tasted afore, and called Winter Punch from its preshus coldness, I spose.

The Orange Bitters with the Stilton was much admired, and was unanimously repeated, as it quite warmed us up after the Punch.

The Dessert a good deal puzzeld us, as there was such a variety of drinks to choose from. We began with the fine old Strawberry Syrup of the sillybrated 1880 growth, and then tried the Mureller Cherry, and could distinctly tell the difference! But the favorite was suddenly the Old Gingerett, which was really quite warming and cumforting.

Weather we shoold have werry strongly objectked to a glass or 2 of fine old Sherry, as a last final settler, I declines to say; but BROWN, in proposing the helth of our nobel Chairman in a bumper of Pine Apple Cider, declared that not only was we much oblidged to him for his orspertality, but that we had all thorowly enjoyed our rayther novel experiment, and shoold not at all mind trying it again in the Summer, and we all shouted out, Here! Here!

I hardly expects to be beleaved when I says that a reel Copperashun Deputy, tho' a werry yung un, came in and jined us at Dessert, and drank away at most of the lot as if he reelly preferred them to old Port and Claret, which of course he may have done, and aeshally said as we shoold all do the same if we woud but persewere!

And now as to the final weridick.

In the fust plaice, we spent a nice cheerful evening, thanks to our Ost and his frend the Deputy. In the second plaice, we didn't have nothink to pay. In the third plaice, we didn't none of us drink the glass of sumthink nice, as we had intended for to do when we got home. I, for one, didn't want it, and, besides, Honner seemed to forbid it, and there's Honner among Waiters as there is among—well, say other peeple. In the fourth plaice, we all seam to have slept the sleep of the temprate Waiter, and we hadn't not no hed-aches on the follering morning!

And I werrily beleeves that, if they cood jest manidge to hintro-duce a leetle more ginger into the warious lickwids, and not hand round Black Current Wine with the biled Sammon, and, as I was told as the dinner didn't cost more than harf the ushal price, that a good many peeple as hasn't got quite so much money to spend as

other peeple, might be injuiced to try the new sistem, at any rate oeshasionally, and most sheshally in warm weather.

There's jest one other important matter, as will keep on a pegging away at me, and it's jest this—I allus finds as them as is most libberal with their wine, is allus the most libberal with their money to us pore ardworking Waiters; but the nateral hinferece as surgests itself is such a paltry and shabby one, that I hannishes it away with all the contempt as it deserves.

ROBERT.

NOT QUITE WRITE.

SCENE—Mr. PUNCH's Sanctum. Mr. PUNCH discovered reading the Newspapers. To him enter a couple of Church Dignitaries.

First Church Dignitary. We trust we do not intrude, Mr. Punch? Mr. Punch (looking up). You, Archbishop! Always pleased to see you.

Second Church Dignitary. And having a great deal of leisure, Sir, I thought I would accompany his Grace.

Mr. P. Delighted to see you both. Well, what is it?

First C. D. (breathlessly). Have you seen the letter that appeared in the Times on the 8th of February—

Second D. (interrupting). About Journalism, and Sunday Observance?

Mr. P. Yes—I fancy I saw the heading—an excellent object.

Both C. D.'s (together). I wrote it—

Mr. P. I saw, now I remember, both your signatures. Well, your Grace and my Lord, what do you want?

First C. D. We objected to the appearance of a paper on Sunday—an entirely new departure.

Second C. D. Started by the London edition of the New York Herald.

Mr. P. Come, you are out there—how about the Observer and the Sunday Times, to say nothing of a number of London weekly papers with special Sunday morning editions?

Both C. D.'s We never read them, because they appear on Sunday.

Mr. P. Indeed! Well, of course, you are quite right to act up to your principles. And as, no doubt, you are consistent, I suppose you never see any morning paper on a Monday?

First C. D. What nonsense! Of course we do. How should we get on without the latest intelligence from abroad, and the latest comments thereon?

Mr. P. All of which are most probably written and set in type for you on the Sunday for the following Monday.

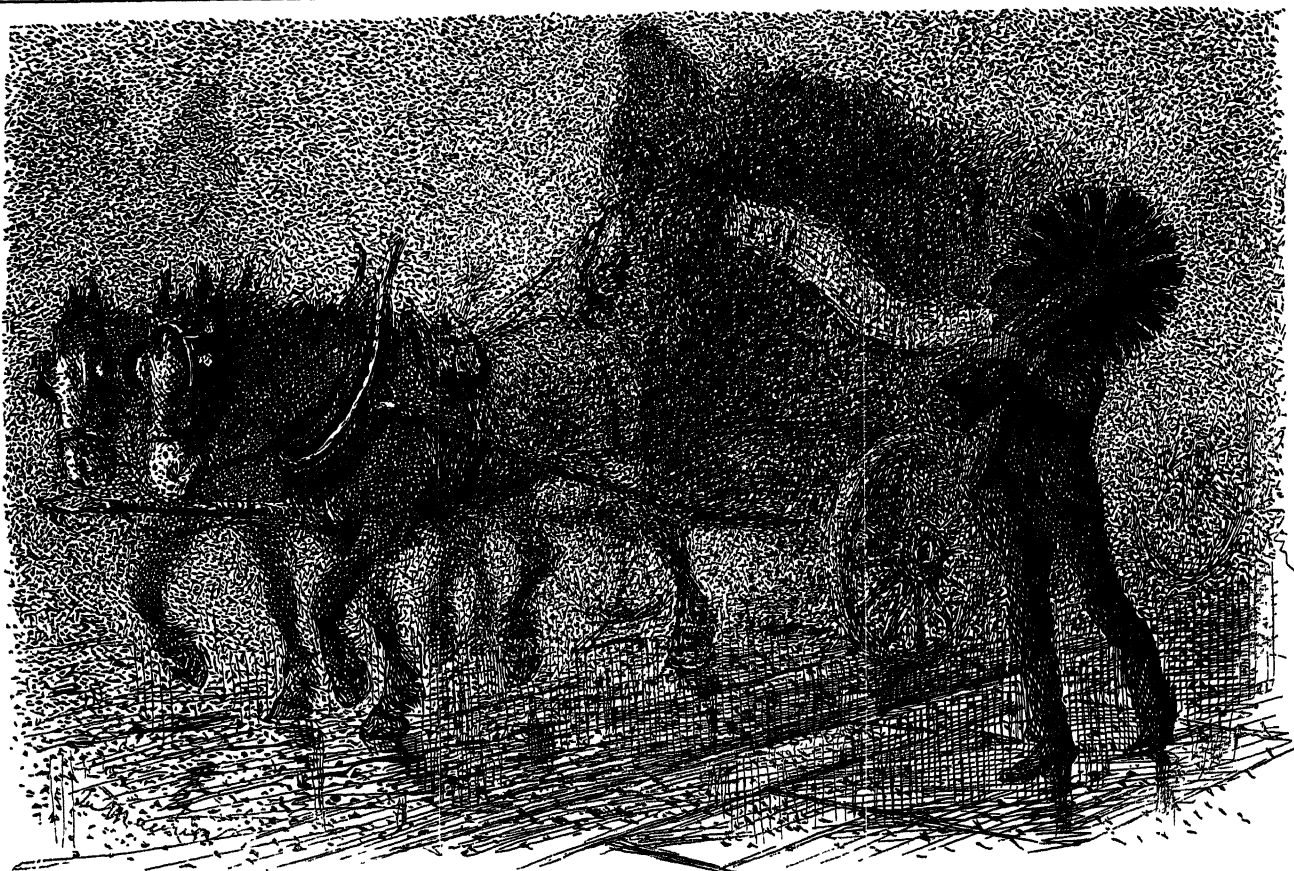
First C. D. (astonished). Dear me!

Second C. D. (astounded). You don't say so!

Mr. P. Yes, I do. And, pardon me, you really know very little about the matter. You see, the movements of the world cannot be ignored for two days out of the seven; and consequently there must be a paper published on a Monday. Of course there should be as little Sunday labour as possible, and I feel sure that in every newspaper office in the kingdom this rule is observed. The great point is, that there should be one day of rest in the week, and this point our trans-Atlantic contemporary seems to have overlooked. I do not think its omission will be to its ultimate advantage. As for the Observer and the Sunday Times (both of them very old established papers), they have supplied the want of a comparatively small public for many years. I have no doubt you would find that in their cases no more work is done in their offices on a Sunday morning than in many a Fleet Street composing-room on a Sunday night. As to their distribution on the first day of the week—does it entail in their cases much more than getting a few tobacconists, who would be open on a Sunday to sell cigars, to vend journals as well? Railways and cabs and omnibuses are necessary evils that we are forced to tolerate every day of the week, month, and year, and a news-cart or two on a Sunday morning are not so very alarming after all, especially if they carry to the home a paper that may outrival the attractions of the publichouse. You mean well, Your Grace, and My Lord, but a little knowledge is a dangerous thing. By all means secure one day of rest in the seven for everyone, but do not run a tilt against necessary labour, which, in the case of the London papers to which I have referred, is practically work very late on Saturday night or very early on Monday morning.

[Scene closes in as the Archbishop sedately makes his way to the office to subscribe to the "Observer," and the Bishop carefully produces the requisite funds for one year's order of the "Sunday Times."





WINDOW STUDIES.
A HARMONY IN LONDON SMUT.

LONDON COUNTY COUNCILS!

OR, "THE SAME OLD GAME!"

Bumble loquatur :—

Now wot did I tell yer? Oh, yus, they wos orfully down upon *hus*, Mister JOBBER, yet werry fust orf they're as bad. Ah! a 'undered times wus,

If you arsk *me*, my dear M. B. W. Oh! it's no end of a lark, And *their* little game, dontcher see, can't be played up, like ours, in the dark.

Publicity, Sir, is *their* motter, no sly 'ole-and-corner for them; Which I 'opes as they likes the result. They was too jolly quick to condemn

Dear Lord MAGGERYMORN and his lot, which a nicer more kind lot of More liberal-like as to perks, or more easy at handy per-cents, I never have known, nor don't want to. Reform? It's the greatest of rot,

Mere Radical clap-trap, the patter of parties as don't know wot's wot. I always did say it wos noisy as any big drum, and as 'oller,

And look at this ere County Council, afore it's got fair into collar!

So wise and so virtuous, ah! and so calm it wos going to be,

No rows and no robbery *here*; and behold it's all fiddle-de-dee!

Pooty nice state o' things, Sir, now ain't it? No politicks! that was the word,

And they fought it all round just like cats, and them Rads, they 'ops in like a bird,

All along of *hus* being caught napping, *hus* Tories I mean, Sir, wus No politicks? Wot I maintains is as that is the merest of muck.

Your Englishman can't chip his hegg, as Lord ROSEBERRY said, without *them*—

(Which *he* ain't not arf a bad sort; for a Radical Peer he's a gem)—

It was Party all over the place, 'cept a bit in the City, you know, When LUBBOCK and ROSEBERRY romped in, being kindly allowed to do so.

But elsewheres it was fair pot and kettle, or hammer and tongs, wich you please,

And we *must* 'ave been napping, I say, or we ought to have licked 'em with ease,

Those blessed Progressists. New name, but it means the old thing, and that's bad;

A Progressist's a Socialist sometimes, and always a rampaging Rad. 'Owsomever the P.'s got the pull, and oh! where's yer "No Politicks" now?

Wy, their wery fust meeting was shindy, their second began in a row, And wound up in a ramp; a fair swindle, a regular do. That there

FIRTH Was always a bugbear o' mine, which no doubt he's his hey on a Like the rest on us. Bumbles, or Bigwigs, or BOTTOMLEY FIRTHS, it's all one,

And Principles when they're spelt proper means Perks. 'Twould If they hadn't three years to run loose in. These Aldermen ought to ha' bin,

Hevery one on 'em, titled and Tory, to keep the thing straight. It's And a shame, and a scandal, I say. Never mind, they must 'ave the fust go;

But when the three years have expired, won't we just turn the Gerrymandering, Sir, is a game two can play at. We won't raise much bobbery

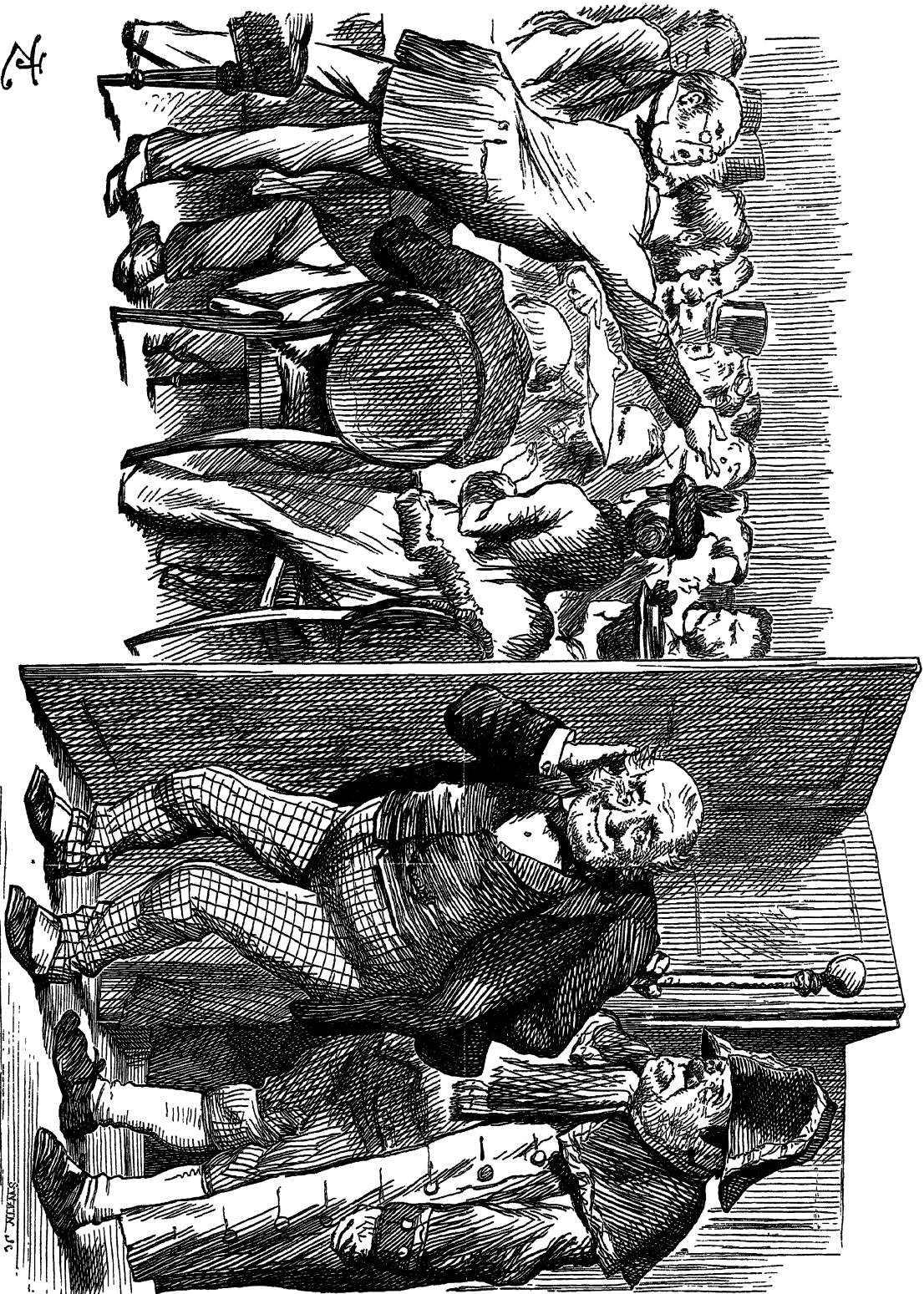
Now, but I'm sure as three years of their dashed Rad jobation and Will jolly well sicken the woters, *hus* Tories will then 'ave our turns, And then won't it be Bob's a dying with BOTTOMLEY FIRTH and that

BURNS? They can't pull Law and Property down with a run, not in three Their Perlice game and Ground-renting rubbidge will turn out a proper old plant.

Or else I will eat my cocked 'at, Sir; I've 'eard all their kibosh afore; The Purity-monger may spout, but its 'Cuteness and Cash as will score. Think Monopoly's game is all up? Think the Masses will 'ave their own way?

Yah! It's all very well for palaver, but, put to the test, it won't *pay*; And things as don't pay never prospers, Sir, that is a moral, you bet. They are up in the sterrups jest now, Sir, but we'll be upsides with 'em yet.

Won't they get in a precious fine 'ole when they tackle their blooming Next election it won't be "No Politicks!" neither, that I'll bet a bob. Well no, Sir, I mayn't be no prophet, I'm old and my office is 'umble, But if this don't end in a fraud and a fizzle my name isn't BUMBLE!

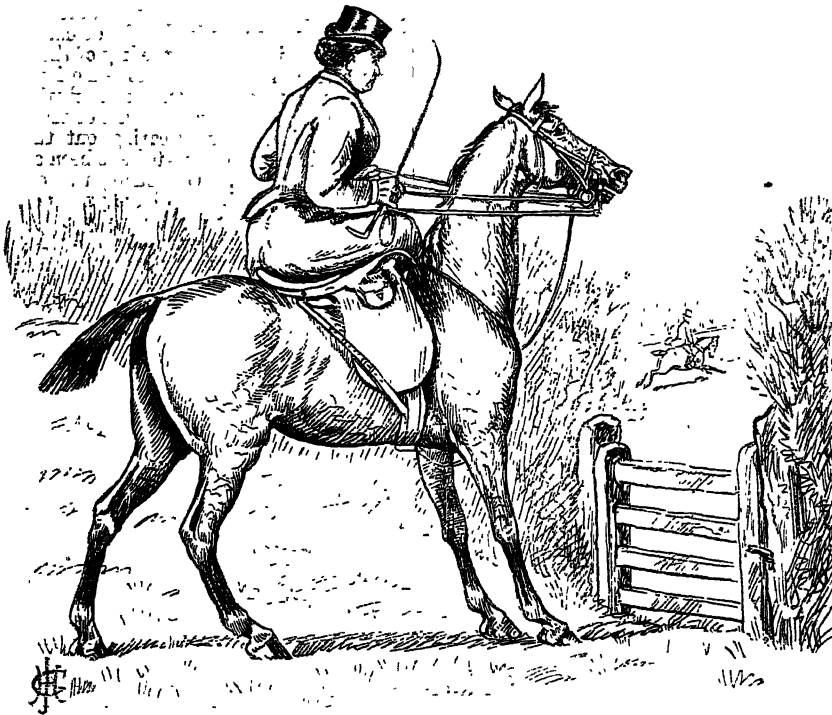


LONDON COUNTY COUNCILS! OR, "THE SAME OLD GAME!"

EX-MEMBER OF METROPOLITAN BOARD OF WORKS. "WHY, THIS IS WORSE THAN IT WAS IN OUR TIME,—LADIES PRESENT TOO!"

1

2



"NOW, IF I JUMP IT, I SHALL CERTAINLY FALL OFF; AND IF I DISMOUNT TO OPEN IT, I SHALL NEVER GET ON AGAIN."

A VALENTINE.

TO AN ADVANCED WOMAN.

LADY, in the ancient times,
I had sung to you of love,
Mingling freely in my rhymes
Soft allusions to the dove.



Now you'd scorn
me if I wrote
What the old-
world poets
taught;
For, as your slang
goes, your
"note"
Is all philosophic
thought.

You are equal now
with man,
Rather better, as
it seems;
With amazement
do we scan
All your high am-
bitious dreams.

You would vote, and then hold sway
In St. Stephens, and methinks
Man must by the cradle stay,
While the child has forty winks.

Once we numbered 'mid your charms,
Soft low voice and tender eye;
Now you wave a Menad's arms,
On the platform shrieking high.
Where is all the gentle grace,
Where the soft seductive glance,
In the bold virago face,
Like a "Pétroleuse" of France?

You go in for every "fad,"
Fancies that fanatics please;
Vaccination's counted bad,
Thus you help a dire disease.
Little children, though they learn
Ample lessons all the time,
Their poor pittance must not earn,
Since it is in Fantomime.

Lady, though you're now enroll'd
On committees, talking loud,
Trust me, in the days of old
You'd more reason to be proud.
Then no mannish maids we knew,
Man for woman's love would pine;
Can a cross between the two
Win me for a Valentine?

AN ALDERMANIC DIARY.

FIND that I've been made a "County Alderman" for London! Very gratifying, but haven't the ghost of a notion what I'm expected to do. It seems I've been "co-opted," which sounds like the Stores. Friend drops in, and tells me I'm elected "on the Progressive ticket," and that it's "a glorious triumph." Ask him, diffidently, whether as an Alderman I shan't have to eat a lot of dinners. Friend surprised; says that all that sort of thing is done away with; dining not a bit Progressive, it seems, and "we must leave luxurious banquets and wine-bibbing to effete old Corporation." Question still remains, What *are* my duties as Alderman?

Meet brother Aldermen at my first County Council. Find they are just as much at sea as I am about their future functions. A spirited debate going on about "Barking Outfall." Some Councillors want to abolish it and take London sewage down to East Coast. Vote for the Outfall, to save expense to rate-payers. Surprised afterwards to hear that "Progressive policy is dead against Barking." Warned by chief Wire-puller of Progressive Party that I'd "better be careful" how I vote. "Having been elected by reformers, I am expected to vote as a reformer," and more to the same effect. Annoying.

Invited to grand City banquet. Never been to one before. Go, and have a delightful time of it. Never realised what good fellows these City magnates are—almost as good as the wine they generously provide for their guests. Much gratified, too, to see what a lot they seem to think of *me*. Query—is the Corporation, after all, as effete as some people say?

Next Day.—Progressive Wire-puller calls. "Regrets to hear I was seen at a City banquet last night." I can't deny it. "Then all he can say is, that he hopes it won't occur again." I tell him that I hope it will occur frequently. He makes a slighting allusion to flesh-pots, and ends by saying that "there will be a proposal, from the reactionary Councillors, that Aldermen shall be invested with robes and a chain, and I shall be expected to vote against it." It seems that a robe and chain are considered the reverse of Progressive. Why?

Have voted—for the trappings! Regret to say, proposal lost, as most of Aldermen going in constant fear of the energetic Wire-puller, who organises the Party, and appears to disorganise most of its members. Go to another Civic spread, and get a City official—on my promising never to vote against the interests of the old Corporation—to lend me *his* robes and gewgaws, including massive gold chain. Now feel something like an Alderman.

Query.—Am I becoming a Retrogressor? Anyhow, can't be pushed out of my position for three years; so don't much care what the Progressive Wire-puller thinks of me.

Later.—Attend a still more sumptuous entertainment, this time given by a City Company. Fine institutions, old City Companies—not Progressive, perhaps, but hang progression! Go to bed in my robes and chain.

A PERSONAL ANSWER.

(By a Prejudiced Party.)

WHY should not Ladies smoke
The fragrant cigarette?
Ah! surely that is asked in joke,
My sweet-lipped pet!
I know the practice grows,
Like others that are baneful;
But see a "weed" beneath *your* nose?
The thought's too painful!



Personal? Why, of course!
Yet 'tis "most relative."
Answer of more conclusive force
How could I give?

Let females coarse and plain,
With lips none care to kiss,
Puff what is womanhood's worst bane,
Though manhood's bliss.

But *you*, with birdlike lips,
And breath like briars in June?
No! Take my earnestest of tips—
'Tis not in tune.

Take no foul cigarette
Beneath that dainty nose.
Heavens! Who would fuming Tophet set
Too near the Rose?

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.—Direct Taxation.



FIGURATIVE.

Head Waiter (the Old Gent had wished for a stronger Cheese). "Hi! JAMES—LET LOOSE THE GORGONZOLA!"

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ECONOMICAL ENTERTAINING.—Your determination to show your friends how to lessen the expense of social intercourse, and to exemplify your idea by giving a cheap entertainment yourself, is certainly spirited, but we think on the whole we would advise you not to mention your project, as you propose, on the cards of invitation. Your idea of decorating your rooms with a dozen penny coloured lamps is tasty, and ought to afford some pleasure and surprise to the two hundred and fifty guests you talk of inviting. Sixteen shillings is not a large sum to spend on the supper, but as you say you are determined not to exceed this, perhaps your plan of laying it out on tinned oysters would be the most effective. They should be carefully re-served up on shells got from some adjacent dust-heap, and then, if their flavour be well smothered with Chili vinegar and Cayenne pepper, it is just possible that, coupled with the fact that there is nothing else to eat, they will pass muster, and even in some instances, be swallowed hurriedly with relish. We think your receipt for champagne-cup a little risky, one bottle of Jobson & Co.'s "Dry Creaming" (1889) being hardly enough to mix with the six gallons of water, as you suggest. Perhaps a bottle of cheap potato spirit, if added to the beverage, would help to give it character and a little more of the "go" usually associated with this fashionable drink. Your method of supplying the necessary music, by getting a mechanical street-piano into your hall, and giving the man nimpence to play it the whole evening at the bottom of the stairs, is in every way excellent. By all means secure the services of the drunken linkman you mention. Such an official is invaluable in assisting at the departure of your guests, and would, with his familiar sallies, lend a fitting *éclat* to the conclusion of the whole entertainment.

DEALING WITH A MUTINY ON BOARD A PLEASURE YACHT.—Your having started with your friend the Duke and a distinguished company for a cruise down the Channel, with a crew consisting of a crossing-sweeper, two Lascars, three "unemployed" riverside loafers, and an ex-pirate, under the command of a dismissed Boulogne steamboat-steward, who assured you he would be "quite sober as soon as he came on board," was hardly a proceeding that promised a very successful issue to your voyage, and we are not surprised to hear that at the close of the second day, when you had got out of the Thames, and beyond the immediate hail of every passing ship, you found yourself suddenly face to face with open mutiny. It must, as you describe, have been very annoying to you and your guests, just when you were preparing to sit down to a comfortable little seven o'clock

dinner, to have had your cabin invaded by the whole crew, hopelessly drunk, demanding a year's wages in advance, the key of the spirit cupboard, a free passage to America, and threatening to scuttle the yacht forthwith, if these outrageous terms were not instantly complied with. Your clearing out the intruders with a mop seems to have been a very happy inspiration. Of course, the correct thing would have been to have put the ring-leaders in irons, but as you say you had no irons on board, this was obviously impossible. Your subsequently sending the Duke "for ard" in his slippers to read the Riot Act to them, while you watched him from the skylight with a loaded revolver, may be regarded in a certain sense as a substitute for this, and we think—though it led to nothing more serious than his Grace being obliged to retire under a shower of stout-bottles—was certainly a little risky. However, "All's well that ends well," and it was undeniably fortunate your chancing on that tug that eventually towed you into Margate. As you evidently made no terms with the Captain, you had better pay the £754 14s. 6d. he demands for his assistance, and not dispute it in the County Court. It is a pity that, on arriving, you quite forgot to hand your mutinous crew over to the local police, and that they all of them in consequence escaped.

AN AWKWARD BEQUEST.—We can quite understand your feeling puzzled to know how to turn the hundred and fifty Bathing-Machines, of which you have lately come into possession under your Great Uncle's will, to any profitable account, but feel convinced that, if you only give free rein to a little invention and enterprise, that you will speedily solve the difficulty. Your idea of starting a Farthing Omnibus Company has no doubt something in it; but why not purchase a hundred and fifty coal-barges, clap a bathing-machine on to each, and supply the public with a cheap and serviceable house-boat? If you could do this, and manage to get them all down at Henley by the next regatta, we feel quite confident that you might do an enormous business, and make quite a little fortune. Anyhow, if worst comes to worst, you can, of course, as you suggest, get rid of them in half dozens through the columns of the *Bazaar* in exchange for piano-organs, bicycles, Japanese fans, guinea-pigs, concertinas, cranberry jam, rare postage stamps, and other attractive and useful articles, for, as you very sensibly point out, a bathing-machine is always a useful thing in itself, and sure to be in much request amongst English middle-class families, especially those located in inland county towns and suburban districts, where you might anticipate some difficulty in running across one at a moment's notice. Still, we think it is a pity that the Executors had them sent away from the sea-side, and delivered to you at your place at Wimbledon, without giving you any notice of their proceedings. It would have been, we think, better, had they first consulted you on the subject. However, no doubt you will get rid of them in time. We shall, of course, be glad to hear from you how you get on with their disposal.

PIGEONS AND CROWS.—The *Post* reports experience of "heavenly weather" at Monte Carlo—the shining hour improved by nobility and gentry, British and foreign, with the manly sport of pigeon-shooting. It needs not be said that pigeons are plentiful at the great Continental resort of gamblers and gunners. Besides the birds turned out of the trap, other pigeons are let into it, to be plucked only, none shot, except those who now and then shoot themselves, for example.



A COMPROMISE FOR THE CELT.—An evening Contemporary takes occasion to remark, that "The ideality of the Irish Celt was in the direction of taking other people's spices without payment." Not exactly so. Instead of that, he would much prefer to give his Landlord spice, and pay a peppercorn rent.

GOOSE SAUCE—PREPARED IN JAPAN.—It has been announced, with a flourish of paper trumpets, that certain enthusiastic Japanese propose to send Buddhist Missionaries to Europe and America. The originator of this project may be considered a proper gander in himself.

BALLADS OF TO-DAY.

FURNIVAL'S INN.

(By *Houquet Wa kère.*)

In your still garden, when the bells are chiming,
When the rooks clamour, and the crocus blows,
And house-boat snails the border-bricks are sliming,
And light and shadow line the lawn in rows,



Think how, amid the roar of City traffic,
I make heart's music to the jarring din,
And spin *Alcaic, Elegiac, Sapphic*,
Taking mine ease in Furnival's Old Inn.

*"Furnival's Inn, and Furnival's out,
Furnival's grown a gadabout;
Furnival's here, and Furnival's there,
Through the crescent, athwart the square;
Furnival's off, and Furnival's on,
Whither, ye Shepherds, has Furnival gone?"*

Rolls there a 'bus by, or careers a hansom,
Rattles the peaceful PICKFORD'S chariot-van,
Love still, with smiling eyes, will pay the ransom,
Still chant serene what man hath made of man.
Though on their prancing destriers the Templars
Stay not the traffic now in Fetter Lane,
The Mail-cart Knight reveres his great exemplars,
And drives his palfrey half as fast again.

Still, through a conflagrant spilt of splendour,
Vanquishing Venice and the lim lagoon,
The heart will yearn for England's April tender,
Singing, Go, rill, along with sober boon.
And, like some great Express to Bath or Grantham,
Gleams of your voice that day you came to tea
Mingle for ever with the old-world anthem,
Sung on May morns to Tudor minstrelsie,

*"Furnival's Inn, and Furnival's out,
Furnival's grown a gadabout;
Furnival's here, and Furnival's there,
Over the crescent, and through the square;
Furnival's off, and Furnival's on,
Whither, ye Nymphs, has the malapert gone?"*

YACHTING FOR THE PROSTRATE.—Rare and cheery opportunity. A confirmed Naval Valetudinarian, who has recently purchased a Penny River Steamer in an averagely good condition, is desirous of meeting with one or two cheerful but hopeless invalids, who, struggling for existence, think that they might possibly derive some benefit from the novelty and excitement consequent on joining him in a projected cruise down the Channel. The idea of the Advertiser, if the vessel prove seaworthy, would be to put in at all the recognised Hospitals along the Coast, and endeavour to obtain advice gratis from the Authorities. Applicants could come in their own Bath Chairs, which they could occupy during the whole of the voyage, being securely strapped to the bulwarks in rough and boisterous weather. For full particulars and terms apply to "Commodore," 5, Churchyard Place, Gravesend.—[ADVT.]

NECK OR NOTHING.

HER MAJESTY, having expressed her willingness to dispense with the daylight display of shoulders at her Drawing Rooms, in the case of applicants who can satisfy the LORD CHAMBERLAIN that on account either of "illness or infirmity or advancing years," they are entitled to a dispensation, it is probable that that functionary will find himself in some difficulty when called upon to discharge the rather delicate duty entrusted to him. However, let him take heart. He has merely to prepare the following brief paper of questions, and request every fair applicant to fill up as much of it as she will or can—and the thing is done:—

1. What illness have you had? State whether it was nettlerash, measles, one of the five fevers, or any other contagious or infectious disease that would necessitate your being wrapped up in its convalescent stage in an East wind?

2. Are you infirm? If so, state the nature of your "infirmity." Are you deaf, lame, or blind? Do you wear a wig, false teeth, or a glass eye, or are you able to mention any other artificiality about you that may warrant you in claiming the exemption on the plea of your being considered "infirm"?

3. If you put forward the excuse of "advancing years," give your age on your last birthday, and state, if you can, how your "advancing years" tell on you? Do you totter and stagger as you walk, and are you helped up the steps by the footman? Are you hopelessly imbecile? Is your memory either going or gone? or are you merely a middle-aged frisky matron, who tries to cut out her own daughters, who say of her, behind her back, "Oh! Mamma's too dreadful!" If not this, mention one or two signs, such as a paralytic stroke or two, indicative of the fact that you are generally breaking up, and should therefore enjoy the privilege of attending the QUEEN'S Drawing Room in a dress that will not accelerate the process by leaps and bounds.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

My faithful "Co." has it all to himself this week. He apparently has had a good time of it.

If Mr. FREDERICK G. KITTON'S first Number of *Charles Dickens by Pen and Pencil* is a good sample of what the whole work will be like—and there is no reason to suppose it is not—it is likely to be a valuable addition to the Biography of the Author of *Pickwick*. In the present Number there is a portrait of DICKENS in 1835, there is the portrait by MACLISE in '39. There are many additional Illustrations of great interest, and in the letter-press there is not a little that will be new to the countless admirers of our great Novelist. The whole work seems to be carried out with an exactness, and the most careful attention to minute detail, that renders it especially valuable.

Old Chelsea, by Dr. MARTIN. "All my eye and BETTY—" No! Beg pardon. "All the eyes of Dr. MARTIN"—seems to have been used to the best advantage in his "summer-day's stroll." If anything escaped him, he fortunately had Mr. JOSEPH PENNELL—he ought to be called Mr. JOSEPH PENCIL—with him, who has given countless graphic representations of "all that is good in Chelsea." A genial gossiping book. Chelsea is here pleasantly penetrated by pencil and by pen, and no one will be anxious to become a Chelsea pen-shunner.

THE BARON DE BOOK WORMS & Co.

Sporting Intelligence.

VERY bad for sport of all kinds nowadays. If you want to shoot, it rains furiously; if you wish to hunt, it freezes vindictively. It is poor sport, after all, to stop at home. Much better to go to the Grainery at St. George's Hall, and hear a certain versatile entertainer give a solo on the CORNEY! (Ha! ha!!) He will tell you all about it, with wondrous *bonhomie* and spontaneity; with an utter absence of the dismal horse-collaric merriment of the "funny man," and with sparkling snatches of song and music. Go and hear him sing, "I won't go out Shooting any more!" "Something to Kill," the pathetic "Squire's Song," and "The Old Banjo." In a comfortable, well-warmed room, you will be quite independent of our detestable climate, and in *A Day's Sport* you will find an evening's amusement.

EPIGRAPH FOR THE GREAT TOWER OF PARIS (if it topples over).—"I fell!"

A PARADOX.—BOULANGER representing the Seine!

NOTICE.—Rejected Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will in no case be returned, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. To this rule there will be no exception.

'ARRY ON THE ICE.

DEAR CHARLIE,

'Ow's Eighty-nine serving you? Fust time I've wrote yer *this* year. It's a pelting like fun as I start, and we're in for a drencher, I fear. Skates to-day seems as useless as snow-shoes; I've only 'ad mine on me twice, But I do want to tip yer the tale of the gammock I had on the hicc.

The year began topping, dear pal, though old blokes as would doss in a bog So long as 'twas muckily warm, did complain of the frost and the fog. Fog and frost! The old gonophs may grumble along o' the cold and the dark, But they do me a treat. Who wants light when you're out for a lap and a lark?



Ony wish as they'd stay a mite longer, the frost more pertikler, old pal. That's the wust of our climate, confound it! It's jest like a flirty young gal, On the shift and the shove all the time. 'Ardly got your old skates out of pop, When the ponds, as was stone in the mornin', at night is all slither and slop.

I don't lose no time I assure you; as soon as the puddles gits friz I'm down to the parks like a popgun; it's sure to be tidy good biz.

If yer can't mount the irons, my pippin, and go for a fair rattle round, There is sure to be some barney on it there's mivvies and mugs on the ground.

Oh, the mugs and the mivvies, dear CHARLIE! Wot *would* life be wuth without them? [took 'EM.

It is sech as gives sport to hus snide 'uns. I went to Hyde Park and You know little 'Em of the Boro'; as smart as they make 'em she is, And I don't know a dashing 'er and at a 'op and a bottle of fizz.

Couldn't skate, so I hofferred to learn her; in course she was on like a shot; You trust 'er, old man; she knows 'ARRY, and twigs that he's up to wot's wot. Pooty foot, too, she 'as, and no error; I tell yer it fair did me proud, [crowd. When I screw'd on the steels to them trotters, and steered her along through the

I'd been the day prevyus, but, bless you, the Bobbies was then on the ramp, And the trees was all 'ung with "Prohibits," the hicc bein' thin-like and damp. "Ware, oh!" was the cry; but we worked 'em, mate, me and jest two or three more,

Till the hicc-men was reglar at sea, and the crushers went dotty ashore.

We dodged 'em, we did ducks and drakes with big stones as went skidding along, And bashed one or two gals on the hankles. In course this was rorty and wrong; But the fun of it, CHARLIE, the fun of it! Lor', I did laugh fit to crack, When I shied a big chunk at a hicc-hole, and caught a old bloke in the back.

He 'owled and went down like a hegg, and the crushers was soon on the nick, But A I ain't a sprinter, and 'ARRY for BOBBY's a trifle too quick. So we kep up the barney, dear boy, till the ice-men and slops was that riled That they pooty nigh bust, and the ice, so the papers all spluttered, was spiled.

Spiled! We didn't find it so, CHARLIE, not me and 'EM BATES didn't; no, Bit rough and cut-up round the edge; but we chanced it, and didn't we go? 'Em was jest a bit sprawly, in course, and we sometimes came down with a run. But who cares for a cropper or two? Wy, the gals think it arf of the fun!

We cannoned a pair of rare toffs, fur and feathers, mate, quite *ah lah* *Roose*! We was all in a pile on the hicc, and the swell he let hout like the doose. But his sable-trimmed pardner, a topper, with tootsies so tiny, dear boy, Well I do not believe she arf minded, a spill is a thing gals enjoy.

"Old hup, Miss," I sez; "no 'arm done: it's all right hup to now, don'teher know,"

And she tipped me a look from her lamps, as was sparklers and fair in a glow. If she didn't admire me—well, there, 'ARRY don't want to gas, but 'EM BATES Got the needle tremenjus, I tell yer, and threatened to take orf the skates.

I soon smoothed 'er feathers down, CHARLIE. But, oh! the rum look and the smile

As that other one tipped me each time as we passed. She'd a heye for true style,

She 'ad, and no error. Lor', bless yer, the right sort *they* knows the right sort, And that's wy I 'old as Park-skating's a proper Socierty sport.

Helps the great Modern Mix, my dear feller. You know 'ARRY ain't a low Rad. And if there is one thing I 'ate like bad whiskey, old man, it's a Cad.

All your levellers ought to be squelched. Skilly round is the biggest of hums, But the dough in Society's Cake's getting more and more mixed with the plums.

They ain't all at top, not the plums ain't; it's stirabout now, my dear boy, If a gent who ain't flush with the oohre, yet knows 'ow to tog and enjoy, Courts and Clubs, big Ball Marsquees, ancetrer, ain't no call to look down on *him* 'Cos he's one on 'em, CHARLIE, at 'art, though he mayn't 'ave shoved into their swim.

Suppose I struck ile or nicked nitrates! Lor bless yer, the swells would soon find

I was born for their Mix, dear old pal, me and them being all of a mind. [round on the skates,

Then me and that sparkler in sables might do a waltz Though at present I 'ave to put up with grey Astrykan cuffs and 'EM BATES.

Well, my turn may come, mate, who knows? There's lots like me now come out top row;

Of course the thor bunnicked the hicc hup afore we 'ad 'ad a fair go. [will carry

Howsomever, the Winter ain't over; as soon as a kid it The very fust ones on, you bet, will be 'EM, and yours, bobbishly, 'ARRY.

BIG GUNS AND LITTLE ONES.

SCENE—Mr. PUNCH's Sanctum. Mr. PUNCH discovered reading the Speech of Lord WOLSELEY at the Prize Distribution of the Artists' Rifles (Volunteers). Enter to him the Adjutant-General.

Adjutant-General (saluting). Trust you are satisfied with my little speech, Commander-in-Chief-Commanding-in-Chief.

Mr. Punch. Hum! Flowery as usual. Not quite up to the mark, perhaps, of those wonderful manifestoes you used to send from Egypt, my Lord.

A. G. Well, Sir, you see they were so much better done subsequently by Mr. London County Councillor AUGUSTUS HARRIS, that I thought it as well to discontinue them. But what did you think, Sir, of my reference to the step we are taking in the right direction?

Mr. P. What, getting new swords and bayonets ready, to supply the place of those that broke at Suakin?

A. G. (confusedly). No, Sir, I don't think I touched upon that matter. (Regaining his habitual self-confidence). No, I alluded to the offer that has been made to the Volunteer Artillery of two hundred and fifty-two field-guns.

Mr. P. Pardon me, my Lord—but gammon! Call that a move in the right direction, why they are all of an obsolete pattern?

A. G. But still they will be useful for drill.

Mr. P. And the Volunteers, in exchange for these old-fashioned muzzle-loaders, are to return into store the 40-pounder rifled breech-loaders they already possess! A nice arrangement truly! How are the gunners to learn their breech-loading drill?

A. G. (vaguely). By joining Schools of Instruction or something.

Mr. P. Come, come, my Lord, you are too sensible to mean what you say. As a matter of fact only officers are entitled to attend the schools. And how many (non-coms. and commissioned combined) can afford the time?

A. G. (shifting his ground). Well, Sir, at any rate, it's introducing a novelty.

Mr. P. It hasn't even that questionable merit. There were numerous Volunteer Field Brigades (one of the best was the 3rd Middlesex Artillery) until the War Office took it into (what it is pleased to call) its head to break them up.

A. G. Well, Sir, as I suppose, we shall have to submit to you, in the long run, what would you advise?

Mr. P. I advise nothing! I order that the obsolete guns be returned into store, and that ones of the latest pattern with all the most recent improvements be served out to the Volunteers in their stead.

A. G. (grumpily). Anything else, Sir?

Mr. P. Why, yes. Just see that the Reserve of Officers (that most useful body of men) are properly treated. After a man has served twenty years, grant him a step of brevet rank. It is only just. The auxiliary Forces have this advantage, why not the Reserve?

A. G. (making a note in his book). Certainly, Sir. Yes, Sir. I will see that your suggestion is carried out. Anything else, Sir?

Mr. P. Why, yes. I am busy. So you, my Lord, can go! [Lord WOLSELEY salutes and exit, while Mr. Punch gives his mind to matters of more serious import.

A SPECIAL Costume has been designed for the Lady-Alderman—it is called the Aldermantle.

MAMMONITE THRIFT! OR, THE HEROD OF OUR DAYS.



Mr. Punch. "ESTIMATES! YES, BUT THERE'S SOMETHING FURTHER FOR YOU TO LOOK AFTER, MR. SMITH—THE SURPLUS POPULATION!"

"When a Mammonite mother kills her babe for a burial-fee,
And Timour-Mammon grins on a pile of children's bones,"

Tennyson's "Maud."

"The strongest statement in favour of infant insurance is that it encourages thrift."—*Mr. Braxton-Hicks on "Infantile Insurance."*

"It is clear, he remarks, that to allow a poor parent to effect an insurance on his child's life gives him a direct interest in its death."—*The "Times" on Mr. Braxton-Hicks's Letter.*

"THRIFT, thrift!" Oh, convenient Death!
Wise counsel he whispereth under his breath
Into pitiful poverty's ear!
Poverty makes even parentage keen
At catching his sinister hints. 'Tis a scene

For a new *Danse Macabre*; that bald bony now!
Crape-canopied craftily set cheek-by-jowl

With the conscienceless vassal of Beer.

"Thrift, thrift!" It is surely the last subtle shift
Of the Spectre to pose as a preacher of Thrift!

True, Mammon and Mors have been ever allies;
But here is a scene that might almost surprise

The Moloch for whom they both cater.

The cynical grin of the fiend of the flame
Might melt to a look of compassionate shame
At sight of the Golden God's last little game,
Which should bring a hot blush to a satyr.



"NOT NEGOTIABLE!"

Impecunious Lodger. "JEMIMA, DID YOU ASK MRS. MAGGLES WHETHER SHE WOULD TAKE MY I. O. U. FOR THIS QUARTER'S RENT, AS I'M RATHER—"

Maid of All Work. "YES, SIR, AND SHE SAY SHE WON'T, SIR, NOT IF YOU WAS TO HOFFER 'ER THE 'OLE HALPHABIT!"

TO CHLOE.

To have some more Supper.

I ASK not again to encircle that waist,
Though prettier never a girdle has graced;
That our feet in the fetters of rhythmical bars
May twinkle together, like hide-and-seek stars;

I look not again for the flush on thy cheek,
The eyes that of mystical maidenhood speak,
The rabble-some sunlight of clustering curls,
And the dancing delight of the dearest of girls;

I seek not to bind you for waltzes far on,
When one, or the other, or both, may be gone,
Nor to throw others over, with falsehood and pain,—

But let us, my fair one, have supper again.

Should I slip in alone I should quail at the eye
Of the waiter who served me with turkey and pie,

Who plished my plate with the choicest of
And filled up my glass with assiduous care.
But happy and bold with a chivalrous grace,
With you for my object I'll make for a place.
I do not desire you to drink or to eat, [sweet,
Coquette with the Clicquot, or toy with a
But I, gentle lady, with might and with main,
Will really and truly have supper again.

Then leave we the Arabs, Venetians, and Japs,
The satin-skinned beauties in charity caps,
The tricky young pinafores creatures in socks,

And the slim scintillations of ankles and
The sweet fishermaid from some myrtle-clad coast,
The statue diviner than sculpture can boast.

The youth in a velvet of willow-leaf hue,
The dashing Hussar in his medals and blue;
Like pattern in paper on waiting-room wall,
Like crests of the billows, that rise as they fall,

Love's fancies in endless procession advance,
But supper stands firm in the swirl of the dance.
For you and for me in the wonderful crowd,
Nay, let us confess it, some fancy cries loud,
And the swoop of the music, like gales of the spring,

Brings tidings of summer to come on its wing.
But I find that the costume of FRANCIS THE
Develops inordinate hunger and thirst; [FIRST
So seek we the supper-room, silent and cool,
With the Bandit and Milkmaid, the Fairy and Fool,

And list to the soul-racking music unmoved,
And eat unmolested, and laugh unreprieved.
For the world it is weary, and true-love is vain,
So let us, I pray you, have supper again.

POLITICS FOR SCHOOL-GIRLS.

THE following appears in the *Daily News*:—

GOVERNNESS, dismissed from Conservative clergyman's family for her Gladstonian views, desires the assistance of her party in getting SITUATION as COMPANION, or to teach young children, immediately.

Undoubtedly this is a case for the consideration of Mr. GLADSTONE. In the same way, had the lady been dismissed from a Liberal clergyman's family on account of her Salisburian notions, the matter should have received the immediate attention of Lord SALISBURY. At the same time, we object to any Governness

having "views," and we deprecate the introduction of politics into the schoolroom. If this kind of thing were allowed to go on, poor PATERFAMILIAS would never have a moment's peace. When he sought the quiet of his home he would be made miserable by the "views" of rosy Radicals or gleesome Gladstonians; he would be annoyed by the orations of Home-rulers in home-spun, Tories in tailor-made frocks, Liberals in lace, Conservatives in crinoline, Socialists in short petticoats, and Fenians in frills. In fact, he would find the house divided in most unparliamentary fashion.

A DIGNITARY ON DANCING.

THE Bishop of BEDFORD is willing
That girls for Terpsichore thrilling
Should join in a "hop"

Such as bigots would stop—
Bilious duffers! Bravo, Bishop BILLING!

Nay, more; this most sensible Bishop,
Knowing innocent girlhood will wish hop,

Would lead off the dance
If he had a fair chance!

Bigots will not find custom at his shop!

But, oh! won't these bigots just fish up
Complaints, and a scan: mag: soon dish up
Against kindly BILLING?

But *Punch* bets a shilling
Good Christians will back up the Bishop.

Sour faces at this will be screwing,
But dancing does not mean undoing.

"Saints" given to curse
Blameless joys, may do worse
Than smile upon BILLING—and Cooing!

ALL IN PLAY.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

WHEN I learned that it was your desire that I should, so to speak, sample the London Theatres, not only for the benefit of the Metropolitan Public, but for the information of the greater part of

CHARACTERS IN GOOD OLD TIMES Plate I



"Good Old Blood and Thunder."

the civilised world (always "coming to town"), I was delighted, as I knew I should at length have an opportunity of seeing Mr. WILSON BARRETT once more in a romantic character. This pleasing tragedian is, in my opinion, at his best as a persecuted hero of Melodrama. I admit that some like his *Hamlet* (which certainly is a creation that would not be considered incongruous in the Tottenham Court Road), while others, I confess, find more pathos in his *Claudian*, than in all the "serious moments" of Mr. TOOLE in *Paw Claudian* (good as that popular gentleman is in the character) put together. For all that, personally, I prefer Mr. WILSON BARRETT in some such impersonation as *John Langley* in *Good Old Times*, than in any other. It is delightful to hear him declaiming, in the centre of the stage, the noblest sentiments. It is magnificent to find him brave but luckless during three-fourths of a piece, to come out braver than ever and overwhelmed with good fortune in the last quarter. In *Good Old Times* (I did not quite understand the title, but fancy it may be meant as a subtle compliment to the "leading journal," when I suggest that *Good Old Punch* would be better), Mr. WILSON BARRETT is a Sheriff of Cumberland, who has a mad clergyman known as "*Parson Langley*" (this is the only way I can account for this strange ecclesiastic being seemingly dispossessed of his property by his own son, and certainly wearing the gaiters of a bishop) for a father. As Sheriff, he has married Miss EASTLAKE, who, for some reason or other, shirks meeting the murderer of her father,—a murderer who also happens to be her lover, and who has concealed his identity under an assumed name. Mr. BARRETT becomes jealous



A Dangerous Situation. The Part-Author with his (fowling-) piece.

of this former lover, when he pays him a visit on Christmas Eve (which is being kept festively in Holme Place, Derwentwater, with two motto-cards and a few sprigs of holly), but upon finding subsequently that he (the murderer) has been shot by his (the Sheriff's) wife, obligingly takes the consequences of Miss EASTLAKE's crime upon his own shoulders. Those consequences entail transportation for a series of years to poor Mr. WILSON BARRETT, for life to Mr. LEWIS WALLER (the excellent representative of the villainous early lover of Miss EASTLAKE), and expatriation to Miss EASTLAKE herself. The consequences further entail scenes in a convict settlement, a long panorama, a serio-comic savage, a wholly humorous colonial clergyman, and several sketches of low cockney life. Here let me say that I have discarded the names of the *dramatis personee*, and kept to those of the performers, as the easiest means of identification. To the last I was in doubt about the real title of the heroine, and I fancy had the matter been brought before the learned President of the Probate Division of the High Court of Justice, that his Lordship would have been equally puzzled. Perhaps the most pleasing incident

in the play is where Miss EASTLAKE, cleverly disguising herself as MARIE ANTOINETTE, takes her convict husband into her household without his discovering her identity. This is the nobler conduct on her part, as the persecuted Mr. BARRETT continually carries about with him a gun that he handles so recklessly that it must be the terror of all those within its range in the neighbourhood. In the course of this charming situation, Mr. BARRETT laments that he (the infant in question unhappily being defunct) "will never see his baby boy." And there are few who do not join in his sorrow, as a long line of *Langleys* (with speeches to match) is a prospect that offers to most persons a weird fascination. In the last scene the mad "*Parson*" arrives in Tasmania (apparently with the insane idea of causing Miss EASTLAKE to be hanged) is united to his son, and all ends happily. This being so, it is unnecessary to add that the heroine ceases to be MARIE ANTOINETTE by discarding her wig, and, having done so, becomes once again the comely *Mrs. Langley*.

I can conscientiously recommend *Good Old Times* to those who like the more ancient form of Melodrama. It reminded me frequently of *Good Old Skelt*, not to say *Good Old Penny Plain* and



A Theatrical Float. (Sketched from behind the Scenes.)

Twopence Coloured. On the first night the Panorama was a little unmanageable, and consequently it was a comfort to me to see that Mr. WILSON BARRETT (who was very much to the front in a stationary canoe) was accompanied by his Chaplain, as I cannot help thinking that it would have been an extra trial to this always courteous Tragedian had not the presence of a Clergyman exercised a restraining influence upon what would naturally have been, under such trying circumstances, the bent of his eloquence. Had I been in his place as part Author and leading Actor, I know that I should have found great difficulty in uttering noble sentiments behind the scenes to the stage-carpenters. However, all's well that ends well, and *Good Old Times* ended very well indeed. Both Mr. WILSON BARRETT and Miss EASTLAKE received any number of floral souvenirs—a demonstration which gave the former an opportunity of displaying once again his pluck and common sense. This time not behind, but before the curtain. A bouquet caught fire, and Mr. WILSON BARRETT immediately put it out with his boots.

Of the other theatres, I may say that *Nadgy* is doing well at the



A Very Cold Audience. (Suggestion for the Stalls in Mid-winter.)

Avenue, and *The Balloon* at the Strand. Mr. BEERBOHM TREE, I am told, has strengthened his legs in *Sir John Falstaff*, which were thought at first (by the hypercritical) a little thin for the part. This versatile Actor seems to be able to accomplish everything—he can even supply his own understudy! *Pickwick* is flourishing at the Comedy, and *Macbeth* is drawing enormous audiences to the Lyceum.

Visitors to London should go to all the theatres; because, truth to say, there is something worth seeing in every one of them. Probably by the time these lines are published, the weather will be positively charming. However, when I went the rounds, I found the roads covered with ice and snow, and furs and wraps for evening dress *de rigueur*. So cold was it, that it was with genuine reluctance that I found myself

THE CRITIC FROM THE HEARTH.

ROBERT WITH THE COUNTY COUNCILLORS.

WHETHER it was quite a wise thing of the old Copperashun to allow the new body as has got to perform the rayther difficult task of guvverning the rest of London in the same grand style as the old City is guvverned, —to meet in their butifool Counsel Chamber, remanes to be seen, but it suttently was a bold and an ansun thing to do, and so in course they did it. And I was there on Toosday larst to see how the new-comers behaved theirselves.



There wasn't quite the same amount of quiet dignity and quite-at-homishness among 'em as when the reel owners of the plaice takes their seats, and in course the haspecks of the plaice was sumthink quite diffrent. The new Lord Mare, if he is one, didn't make much of a appearance, for I arldy expecks to be bleeved when I says as he didn't wear no butifool Robe of Offis, and still wuss, no Cocked Hat of Power! In course the nateral result follered, and scarcely nobody paid atenshun to what he sed, and so they set to work to eleck sumbody else in his plaice, which aoshally took 'em just about 2 hours, altho amost ewerybody was agreed that, as they were most on 'em Raddiels, they coodn't do better than have yung Lord ROSEBERRY. I think as BROWN must have been rong when he told me as they had got nineteen Aldremen among 'em, for I ony seed one a setting on their onered bench, and he hadn't no Skarlet Robe on, and, as has bin said, a Alderman without his Skarlet Robe is no ansuner than a live lobster.

The butifool Counsel Chamber seemd just about to fit its new ockeypants, but I opes as they won't forget as they're ony Quarterly Tennants and allreddy under notice to quit.

I seed quite a lot of the old ritefool Owners up in the Gallery, and they looked on at the rayther noisy perceedings, I think, with more estonishment than hadmirashun. But they had a good menny broad grins at the rayther noomerus mistakes as the yung Counsellors made. Several Pints of Order was called for, but, I rayther think, as many on 'em, judging from their thirsty looks, wood have preferred ordering Pints of quite a different kind. Why the very artiest larf of the hole afternoon was caused by the alushun of one Counsellor to a "Shampagne Supper!" Ah, my poor hard-working London Common Counsillmen! you may hutter such delishus words, and cheer 'em to the Ecco, as you did on Tuesday afternoon, but they will never be anything more reel to you than rekleeshuns of a fairy dream!

At the end of the 2 hours of not werry hinteresting tork, xcept when one onerabel Counsellor called another onerabel Counsellor a Trayter! Lord PRIMROSE ROSEBERRY was elected Chairman in place of the other almost unanimously, and went and took his seat in the Lord Mare's onered chair. And then came the treat of the afternoon, and that was the new Chairman's speech, which I most respectly calls a reel staggerer. In the fust plaice he sed as he had never spent two more uncumferal hours, for they had all bin a torking about him all that time, and he wasn't alowd to say a word. He then estonished us all, Counsellors, and Common Counsillmen, and Waiters, and all by declaring that he quite agreed with the few gentlemen as had woted against him that, neether by traning, or capasy, or xperiens, was he at all fit for the plaice! Of course I naterally thort as he was about to give it up, but he didn't, but oocypied the Chair for about two hours, and, allowing for what we're accustomed to in Lord Mares, did it werry credibly. How the old sperrit bubbles up in a true man! One of the new Common Counsellmen, who is also a old Common Counsellman, kept adressng the new Chairman as "My Lord Mare," at which they all larfed, but I've werry little dowt but that my Lord PRIMROSE ROSEBERRY wished as it was true. Who nose but that the singler mistake may be the fersht thing to put the hambishus idear into his Lordship's honnerd hed.

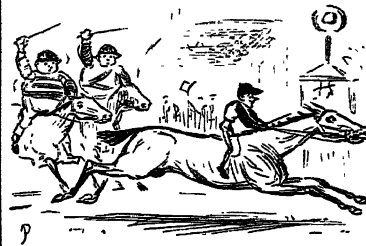
Sum great Feelosofar has remarked that you can allers form sumthink like a correct idea of the amount of branes in a Publick Assembly, by the preporation of ball deds among 'em, as it is the hactivity of the brane as wares off the hare. Judging the New Counsellors by this standpoint I shoold say as they compares werry unfaveraly with the Ouse of Commons where the habsence of hare is remarkabel.

The Counsel broke up about 7 a clock, and most on 'em drove away direckly ether in their own private Carriages or Cabs. But a considerable number lingered about jest as if they thort as the grand

Old Copperashun might posserbly ask 'em to dinner, and it woodn't have bin at all a bad idear for the new Fust Commoner to have invited 'em to a nice snug little dinner at the Gildhall Tawern. There's nothink like a hinterchange of good wishes over a glass or two of good old wine to smooth away diffrences and make things generally plessant, and it must naterally have caused jest a leetle feeling of gelyosy to arise in the buzzums of at any rate sum of the New Counsellors, to think that they was leaving the old Home of Ospitality without so much as a stirrup cup to elp 'em on their long weary pilgrimage to Bethnal Green or Bermansey. ROBERT.

THE NAGS' TALE.

A REPRESENTATIVE gathering of London horses has just taken place (in response to an urgent "whip") to consider the state of the streets, and to support the action of the horse-owners and horse-lovers who recently met at the Barbican Repository to debate the same subject.



Light and Leading.

A Bay Mare proposed that their respected friend, the Sorrel Nag, having once had the honour to run in the Derby Race (*cheers*), should occupy the Chair.

The proposal was voted by acclamation.

The Sorrel Nag, on taking the Chair, begged to thank his assembled friends for the honour they had done him.

He supposed every horse present understood the object of the meeting. (*Cries of "Yes, yes!"*) He believed a gathering had recently taken place in the City, at which some very sensible opinions were expressed as to the execrable state of the London pavements. (*Cheers.*) After all, men could not know so much about that sort of thing as horses themselves. Men laid the pavements, and horses used them. It was the horses that slipped—the men only whipped. (*Laughter, and cheers.*) He would now invite suggestions from any horse present. (*Cheers.*)

A Cab Horse, whose name failed to reach the reporters, in a lively and humorous speech, described the awful condition of asphalt when greasy. The wood pavement was little better. What was wanted was scouring when muddy, and this scouring could take place at night. (*Cheers.*) If that were done, and gravel strewn in slippery weather, they would have very little to complain of. (*General cheering.*)

A Brewer's Dray Horse hoped his presumption—"No, no!"—in rising to address such an aristocratic assembly of horses would be pardoned. He knew he was called clumsy, but then he was very strong. (*Cheers.*) What he could not understand was, why the Authorities insisted on laying wood or asphalt at the bottoms of hills, just where a horse's real collar-work began. (*Cheers.*) He would rather sacrifice his oats any day than have to go up Ludgate Hill in a greasy thaw. (*Sympathetic cheering.*)

A Spirited Roan said he noticed that the City people were going to form themselves into a Standing Committee to watch the state of the roads.

The Horses who had to use the roads were a *falling* Committee. (*Laughter.*) He thought it was very appropriate that the Authorities to appeal to about the slimy nature of the pavements should be the Commissioners of Sewers. (*More laughter.*)

A Piebald remarked that he should like to say a few words about shoes, which he feared were a necessity of what was called civilisation. He had recently had to change his shoe-maker—

The Chair-Horse, interposing, remarked that he thought they must keep off the subject of shoes; to which the Piebald replied that the difficulty was to keep them on. (*Laughter.*)

A Bus Horse said that what he chiefly complained of was having too heavy a load behind him. To expect two horses to drag a cumbersome machine uphill and down dale, with an average of twenty passengers constantly in it or on it, was sheer cruelty. (*Cheers.*)

Another Bus Horse said in the Company to which he belonged, the horses were well treated. (*Oh!*) He meant what he said. He would never condescend to draw what was called a "Pirate," belonging to some needy private jobber, who could not afford to treat his animals properly. (*Cheers, and "Question!"*)

A vote of thanks to the gentlemen who had taken part in the City meeting being proposed, the Chair-Horse requested those present to signify their assent in the usual manner, by holding up their hoofs.

The Vote being carried without a single neigh, the audience then dispersed to their respective stables.



A Turn for the Turf (a sketch by Horse-lie).



HARDLY CONSISTENT.

Brown (to Smith). "UGH! THERE GOES JONES, AS USUAL, WITH A CROWD OF ADORING DUCHESSES HANGING ON HIS LIPS, AND GROVELLING AT HIS FEET, AND FOLLOWING HIM ALL OVER THE ROOM! HOW DISGUSTING IT IS TO SEE A MAN OF GENIUS TOADYING THE ARISTOCRACY LIKE THAT!"

"A FLOURISH OF TRUMPETS!"

SOUND an alarm, ye brazen trumpets, sound,
And call the brave, the eager brave, around!

Of an old lay the latest of new versions.
Twang! Tootletoot! List to the fourfold bray!
How mighty heralds multiply to-day,
And how increase alarms and excursions.

Time was when trumpets twain sufficed to rally
Two rival hosts. They twangled musically,
Competing horns in well-set antiphony.
But now four-square to the four winds they blow
Conflicting blasts, loud, gentle, fast, and slow,
Cacophonous and querulous of tone.

The Jewish ram's-horns blew in unison
Round Jericho, but this strange four find fun
In harshly hurtling forth discordant shindy.
One wonders much what stable party-wall
Will be the first to totter and to fall

At this sonorous summons wild and windy.

The public tympanum has long been strained
By vigorous *reveillés* that have rained
All the recess in ceaseless *charivari*
From brazen lips and loudly-braying throats,
Till sense has wished the noodles and their notes,
With other nuisances, at—well, Old Harry.

Bugles and penny-trumpets silence now
Before the rousing right official row
Of the four heralds in their motley tabards.
Now hurrying hotly up, the rival hosts
Will tumble with loud tumult to their posts,
Maces will lift, and swords will fly from scabbards.

Tan-ta-ra! Tory SMITH, that herald sleek,
Sounds an advance that is not wild or weak;
So think at least the troops that heed its summons.

Toot-toot! That seems a friendly echo on
The brazen bass of Herald HARTINGTON,

Big-lipped, the steadiest twangler in the Commons.

Hark! *Tirra-lirra!* Surely that is not
The silver clarion of Sir LANCELOT;

'Tis strident, strong, a blast to fret and frighten.
See, see, the Grand Old Trumpeter, with lips
Full-puffed, and nervous tremulous finger-tips,
Is blowing stoutly, like a Grand Old Triton.

No want of wind! Some hold there's overmuch,
And that the ancient stately truth of touch,
Famed in old tourney days, has now diminished;
But blow he can, like Boreas, and will blow
Until the tourney's issue all men know,
Or the old Herald's fiery course is finished.

And in his rear what blast is that which blown
Appears to blend and mingle with his own?

The harp upon the tabard 'scutcheon only!
Yes, 'tis the new Hibernian Herald, he,
Whose *tirra-lirra* has so little glee,

Who, fixed amongst the four, yet looks so lonely.

Blow! Blow! Alarms and Excursions soon
Will follow. 'Tis a more than doubtful boon,
This innovation of the Fourfold Flourish.

Blow! Blow! But, Heralds all, remember pray
Your business is not *all* brazen bray
Wisdom on wind alone you cannot nourish.

SCARCELY FIRST CHOP.—Count HERBERT BISMARCK, to judge from his demeanour towards ambassadors and others with whom he is brought in contact, exhibits himself in the character of a chip of the old block. A chip that (if rumour is to be believed) has recently been cut.

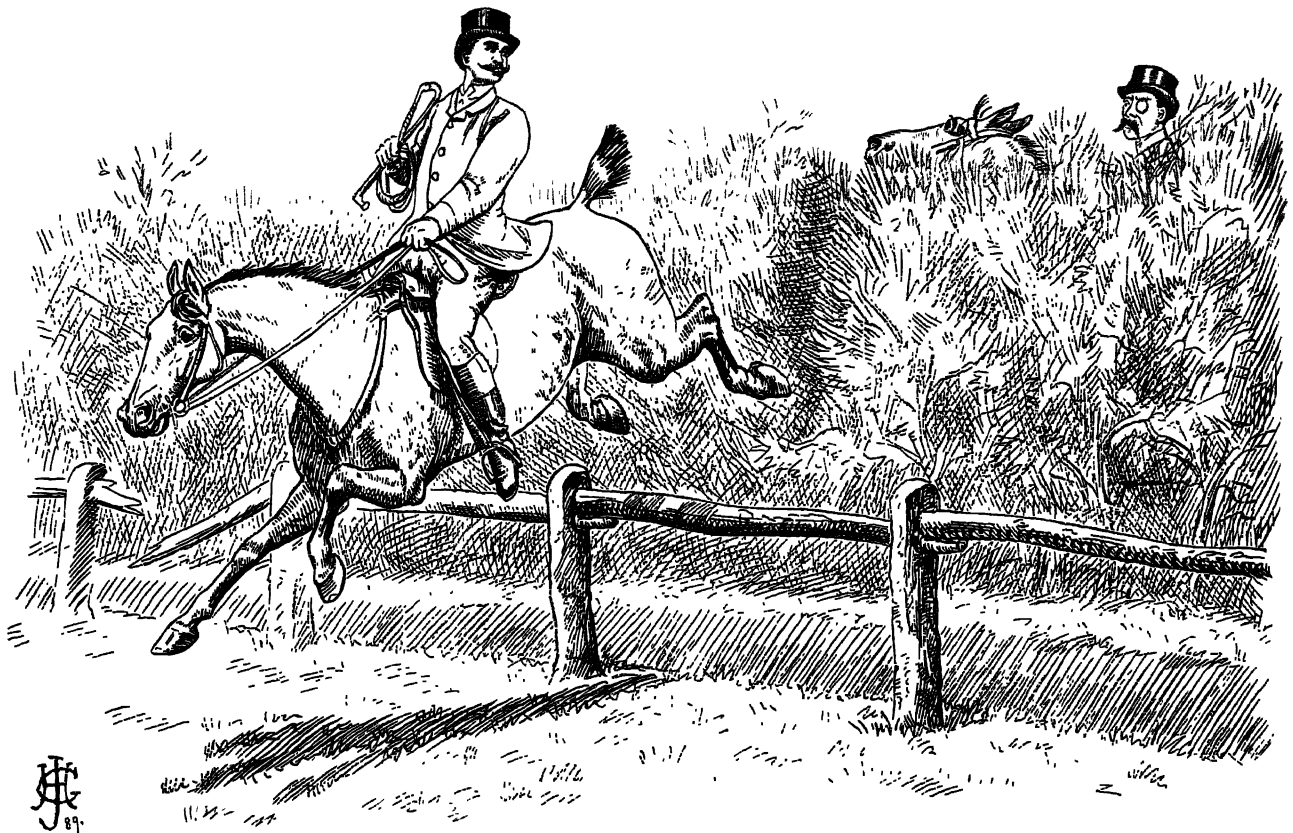
THE MOST CONSCIENTIOUS ALDERMAN.—Miss CONS, of course!



SWA IN 3^d

“A FLOURISH OF TRUMPETS!”

(“ALARMS, EXCURSIONS,” &c., &c.)



A DISTINCTION WITH A DIFFERENCE.

Cautious Craner. "Hi! I SAY! WHAT'S THE OTHER SIDE?"

Sportsman (just landing). "YOU ARE!"

VERY CIVIL LAW.

In the course of the prosecution of PATRICK MOLLOY for perjury a witness of the name of DELANEY was examined, and informed the Court that he was "a convict undergoing penal servitude for life," for having conspired to murder Mr. Justice LAWSON. A little later Mr. CHARLES MATTHEWS, the most courteous of Counsel, had occasion to recall this misguided and luckless individual, when the following dialogue is reported:—

"Mr. MATTHEWS: I think, DELANEY, you wish to make a correction in your evidence. You said on Friday that you had not seen the prisoner from the year 1882 until you saw him in the dock here, when you gave evidence. Is that so?—Witness: No. I saw him in Holloway Prison.

"Where you are at present detained?—Yes."

"Where you are at present detained" is delightful, and suggests reflections of the pleasantest character. Why should we not be polite with our prisoners? After all, harshness is a relic of barbarism. We have it on the authority of OVID that the polish of social life "*Emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros*," and surely the Bench and the Bar should lay the lesson to heart. Instead of the usual painful conclusion to the more serious trials at the Central Criminal Court, which commences with "Prisoner at the Bar," and ends with "mercy on your soul," why should we not have something like the following?—

SCENE—The Old Bailey.

The Audience are awaiting the delivery of the Sentence.

Judge (assuming his black cap). Mr. WILLIAM SIKES, will you favour me by kindly standing at that Bar for a few moments—I will not inconvenience you for many seconds. Thank you. I must ask your pardon for wearing my hat while you remain uncovered, but the fact is this Court is terribly draughty, and I find that even my wig is not a sufficient protection against the chance of my taking a sudden chill. Coughs and colds are so very prevalent at this inclement season of the year. Hem! I am sure we are very much obliged to you for giving us so little trouble. Thanks to you, the evidence upon which the jury have founded the verdict they have just delivered is of the clearest possible character, and they have had no difficulty consequently in arriving at a just conclusion. I am sure that you will wish to join with me and the LORD MAYOR who

sits on my right in offering them our sincerest recognition of their valuable services. I will not weary you with the details of a matter in which you have taken a prominent part, and with which, therefore, you are equally conversant as myself. It is my duty, however,—a duty which is at once a pain and yet a pleasure,—to inform you that the law requires certain formalities to be observed which I am convinced will meet with your entire approbation. On leaving the particular portion of the Court which has been graced with your presence on this most interesting occasion, you will be invited to return to the apartments you have recently occupied. You will find that my worthy friend, the Sheriff, has studied your comfort by providing a handsome carriage and pair for your convenience. It is heartily at your service, and I hope you will have a pleasant drive. A little later, the Sheriff will call upon you and submit other arrangements in contemplation, for your consideration. I have no doubt everything will be entirely to your satisfaction, and—you will pardon the innocent pleasantry—that enough rope will be given to you. We must not be too strict with persons like yourself, accustomed to have their own way. In conclusion, believe me, you have my earnest desire for your future happiness. I must now reluctantly say adieu, as we both have engagements that require immediate attention—moreover, I am unwilling to trespass further upon your goodnature. I have the honour to wish you a pleasant afternoon.

[Raises cap, bows, and exits.

Surely this would be an improvement upon the present painfully disagreeable formula. Perhaps Mr. Justice HAWKINS (who has not unfrequently taken a part in proceedings somewhat similar to those to which we have referred) might like to inaugurate the new régime? His Lordship is never wanting in courtesy, even now. Were he to advance in the direction we have indicated, we feel sure that, in a very short time, it would be a genuine pleasure for all of us to hang upon his every word.

Chess So!

[Dr. KING, Bishop of LINCOLN, is about to be tried for ritualistic practices.]

WHAT, going to try the great Bishop of LINCOLN?

A terrible thing for a layman to think on.

Their game? Oh! it's not an unusual thing,

A Bishop to move to give check to a KING.



SO VERY LIKELY!

"SHALL I TAKE CARE OF YOUR LITTLE DAWG WHILE YOU 'RE A SHOPPIN', MISS?"

DOWN SOUTH.

Villa Rouge-gagne, Monte Carlo, Feb. 14.

CHER ET CARO MONSIGNORE PUNCHIO,

HERE at 9:30 A.M., having just finished my early chocolate and my fragrant cigarette *per esser felice*—the adjective reminds me of what Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM said when, after telling her nephew not to smoke in the dining-room, she found him with what he called "a fragrant weed" in his mouth, so that, as she said, "I caught him in *fragrante delicto*"—but this quite "*en parson*," as the waiter said when he saw his white tie reflected in a looking-glass—here I am, sitting out amid the orange and lemon trees, feeling myself making part of a Burne-Jones picture, in summerish attire, under a sunshade, looking out on to the blue Mediterranean, down on to the hot and dusty road to Nice, and up at the saffron-coloured tiles and the pale white-and-yellow walls of the Citadel of Monaco. It is too hot to walk much—except, presently, down hill, as far as the terrace of the Casino—so I prefer to bask beneath the pleasant verandah while I read the day before yesterday's *Times*, which recounts how London is in difficulties, as usual, with the snow, how the sun has shone fitfully, for a few minutes at a time, during the day, and, in a general way, how beastly the weather is everywhere but here.

On Monday we had our share of wind, for there was what Mrs. RAM terms "a Minstrel," which raised blinding clouds of dust, and one minute you were hot, and the next you were cold, the whole entertainment "presenting," as the dear old lady above-mentioned says, "a complete illustration of one of ALLSOP'S Fables about the Sun, the Wind, and the Traveller." But to-day life is worth living,—and it would be still more so if one could look back without regret to the result of last night's *roulette*, when I lost quite fifteen francs, or could anticipate with certainty the successful issue of planking down the maximum on a single number,—and, at the present moment, life would be perfectly enjoyable, if two dirty raffish-looking troubadours, with a couple of guitars, had not invaded the gardens, and commenced a serenade. Where are the police? Where is the army of Monaco? They don't expect police, but they do expect "coppers." And I shan't be happy till *they* get them. Their style and manner reminds me of the Derby Day, and of the itinerant musicians whom one sees

outside public-houses in London, pursuing their calling, or rather, their bawling. I fancy under the influence of a Franco-Italian sky I am dropping into poetry. "It's the fine weather brings them out," says our confidential waiter at the Hôtel Windsor, "*Comme les oiseaux au printemps*," which is small compliment to the birds.

Everybody here, in this wonderful Casino! Many who, I imagine, must be neglecting their professional duties "to serve tables." Some excellent people would like to see each of these tables a "*tabula rasa*," but where's the special and particular harm, any more, that is, than in horse-racing, card-playing, Stock Exchange speculation, or any other form of gambling?

Perhaps all gambling is bad,—I don't say it isn't, and I certainly am far from saying it is,—but why is this particular form of it at Monte Carlo to be denounced as so utterly monstrous?

"Why," says some one to me, "notice the faces round the tables! Look at the people! Did you ever see such a set? Look at the women, regard the men! The Demon of Play has seized them all! It is a Pandemonium!"

"Quite so," I reply, "and by the way I observe several distinguished English Statesmen and highly respectable English ladies in that crowd—and—as the red hasn't turned up for the last four times, I shall put on *les quatre premiers*, and on red—excuse me." And turning to apologise to my companion for interrupting his flow of moral conversation, I find I am addressing myself to a perfect stranger, and that my virtuous friend has contrived to get a seat, and has his money on in four different places. The Mediterranean is blue, the oranges and lemons are yellow, the sun shines brightly, the air is exhilarating—health before everything by all means. But at Monte Carlo—as in Denmark where there was something rotten in the state *tempore Hamletto*—"the play's the thing"—*il n'y a que ça—rien ne va plus*—and so I finish my brief correspondence just to let you know where I am. Well, I am on the four first, the middle dozen, and red. I sign myself yours truly, singing—

"MONTE CARLO IS MY NAME!"

P.S.—I have returned from the Casino. Yes. The gambling ought to be stopped. The weather is chilly. I will have the fire lighted. Such a fire! Only wood—no coals. Bah! Why come here for health and change of climate? Isn't good honest snow and muck in England, and no sun, better than losing 500 francs in three-quarters of an hour? And to think that if I had only put on the *quatre derniers*, instead of the *quatre premiers* (as I did), I might have won something fabulous. I shall send for my bill. Where's a cheap restaurant? Shall I have one turn more at the tables? Well, just one. To-night.

P.S. No. 2.—Lovely night! Beautiful moon! Stars magnificent! Such an atmosphere! Who would stop in England, and, above all, in smoky London, if they could only get out here? Let me see; I'll just empty out my pockets—750 francs; that leaves me 250 to the good. After all, there's no harm in gambling; merely *pour passer le temps*. And then the place is so healthy! Why, one can be up till two in the morning, and take anything and everything, and smoke any amount, without feeling the effect. The air is so exhilarating. Shall stay here a few days more. Shall I play again? That is the question. At present I am inclined to say, *Monsieur, faites votre jeu! J'y suis!* I send you this as a sort of diary just to show you what good the climate here is doing to

Yours truly,

M. C.

Those Happy Japs!

(Mem. by a Parliamentary Cynic.)

AND so, without riot or revolution, Japan has got a brand-new Constitution, The which, according to quidnunc and quacker, Was the one lack in the great land of lacquer. From the Mikado's rule to true M.P.-dom Is a long stride in the great March of Freedom. Our western progress is more slow and breezy. Those Japanese do take it Japaneasy! They've taught in Art (though some that as an error rate) Next they will teach us how to job and perorate!

"A BOLT FROM THE BLUE."—Running away from the Policeman.



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Extracted from the Diary of JOBY. M.P.

House of Commons, Wednesday.—New Session opens to-morrow; old one seems to have closed only yesterday. Time coming when we shall refuse to make two bites at cherry, and, meeting on 1st of January, shall adjourn on Christmas Eve, as we did last year. Found Old MORALITY here taking last glance round before battle begins. Looks plump and pleasant. Has laid in new stock of copy-book headings, a few culled from foreign languages.

"A little more flowery some of them," he said, affectionately turning over leaves of stout note-book, "but I fancy they'll fit in."

"Heard you were not coming back," I said. "Reported that you were going a step higher to consort with the Barons of England."

"Well, if you listen attentively you may hear a good deal of me that is not actually consonant with truth. Never was any foundation for this particular fable. Shall never desert the Commons until they wear me out."

Glad to hear this. Old MORALITY not as brilliant as DIZZY, nor as eloquent as GLADSTONE. But everybody likes him, and wishes him luck in the new Session.

Business done.—Going to begin.

MEETING OF THE GODS.

SWAIN 20

WHAT MR. PUNCH'S MOON SAW.

SIXTH EVENING.

HEAR what the Moon told Mr. Punch:—"I knew an Ant some time ago. He belonged to the class of worker Ants, though he had been too much disturbed in his mind of late to attend to his duties. Often of a night, when I was at my full, and all the other ants in the hill were busily engaged in their various labours, he would come to the entrance of the ant-hill, and gaze up at me with sorrowful, hard, bright eyes. Frequently the other Ants would follow, and endeavour, by striking him with their antennæ, to recall him to the work he was born to perform—but he heeded them not. He complained bitterly that the whole universe was in league against him. Many a time has he reproached me for what he called my 'cold and passionless serenity'—and yet I could not help it," the Moon said, plaintively, "and I was really sorry for him. For a long time I did not know the reason for his unhappiness—I thought it was what in Germany is called '*Welt-schmerz*,' or despair over problems in life which his intelligence was powerless to solve. This is not uncommon among the more thoughtful Ants, and is a very sad thing to witness, because there is no certain cure for it.



"However, it was worse even than this, as I learnt a few nights ago. It was not to me, after all, that he confided his sad secret, though I happened to be shining when he unburdened himself to a Soldier Ant who was on sentinel duty at the gates. They conversed, of course, by touching one another with their antennæ, but I understood them quite well. From what passed, it appeared that this unhappy Ant was indeed to be pitied. He was suffering, as he said himself, from the pangs of hopeless love, an attachment for one so far removed from him in station that any return was impossible. The Sentinel was a rough old warrior, and I thought he might have shown more sympathy. Females, such was his opinion, were not worth so much fuss being made over them; he recommended the other to 'be an Ant,' and forget his infatuation, but this, the Civilian Ant declared, was out of the question while he lived. Then, gathering courage, he disclosed who it was that was the object of his passion; and I myself grew pale as I heard, for I could not have imagined such audacity. When I have told you, it will be your turn to be shocked. You may even disbelieve it, though it is quite true—the object of this misguided lover's attachment was no less a personage than the Queen of the Ant-hill herself! With antennæ that were quivering with emotion, he described how he had first beheld her, sitting in the State Apartment, surrounded by pupæ and eggs, and how he had never been the same Ant since. Yes," said the Moon, thoughtfully, "I have seen many lovers in my time, some of whom were in much the same position. I have seen ANTONY at the feet of CLEOPATRA, I have heard the lutes of RIZZIO and of CHASTELARD—but that poor, humble, labouring Ant showed a passion more really volcanic than any I had ever witnessed before. He absolutely rolled in the dust, and bit his hind legs in the agony he suffered, though the Sentinel remained unmoved by it all, and, as soon as the hapless lover had grown calmer, summoned the guard, and informed them of his monstrous presumption. Next I saw that they marched back through the gates into the Ant-hill with the labourer Ant between them—a prisoner. The whole affair must have been kept very secret," concluded the Moon, "for, up to the present time, I have not seen a word about it in any of your papers. Yet I should like to know his fate, for I have not been so interested in anything I have seen for a very long time."

IN THE "SUNNY SOUTH."

(Notes from the Travel Diary of Toby, M.P.)

On bleak Bayonne
No sunlight shone.

At Biarritz
Wild hailstorm-fits.

At Jean de Luz
Fur coats we use.

A peep at Spain
Blinded with rain.

At crested Pau
Shut in by snow.



Drifting to Lourdes;
By fog immured.

At Arcachon
Re-rained upon.

And at Bordeaux
A gale did blow.

My box I pack,
And hurry back,

Never to roam
Again from Home.

THE Curse of Koshu, by the Hon. LEWIS WINGFIELD. *Curse-o'-Koshoo!* Sounds like a sneeze, doesn't it? But, anyway, this is not a book to be sneezed at. It is an original story, treated in an original manner, which is mighty refreshing in these days, when most novelists run in the same groove. It is a thrilling romance, written in Japan, with real Japanese sensation, properties and scenery painted on the spot. It is a genuine Japanese story, which is not, to an untravelled chap, an easy task to write—a capital bit of Japanese laquer, which should not lack a large number of readers.

THE IMPROMPTU ARMAMENT.

A Lay of the Gunless Fleet.

"It has been circumstantially stated, that at least 15 great war-ships are useless for purposes of defence or attack, because they are without guns."—*Universal Review*.

"It's as fine a fleet as you'd put to sea,
If you come to measure by steam and tons;
But you see, my Lord, it's no use to me,
If it ain't got none of them blessed guns!"

It was a rough old Admiral who spoke,
And then a muffled oath or two he swore.
The First Lord smiled. He recognised the joke—
The French in force were threatening the Nore.

For war had on a sudden been declared,
And things had gone,—well, just a little wrong.
In fact *Whitehall* had not been quite prepared,
Although on paper they had come it strong.

The Channel somehow had been deftly cleared:
And now the sole force left, the foe to meet,
Was, as the evening papers truly "feared,"
These fifteen vessels of the Gunless Fleet!

And so the First Lord thought it out a bit.
"Look here," he cried. "Don't fear. We'll see you through,
You'll have your ships all right and trim and fit;
And this is all, you know, you'll have to do.

"Behind the Horse Guards—there, two guns you'll find;
They mayn't, perhaps, prove quite the proper sort—
But take 'em. Then a third I've in my mind,
At Margate, by the flagstaff on the Fort.

"On Ramsgate pier you'll find a couple more.
If of their size you're going to complain,
Well, go to Mr. HARRIS. He's a store,
And p'raps might lend you some from Drury Lane.

"If you want more, there's some cracked thirty-twos
They'll let you have, at Portsmouth, I'll be bound.
So, though if not quite up to modern views,
Your fleet in guns won't be half badly found!

"So set about your work without delay!"
The Admiral responded, "Yes, my Lord!"
And gloomily went on his darkened way,
And, in low spirits, got his guns on board.

They had but one a-piece. He shook his head
As he, in tears, surveyed the sorry sight:
And then he called his Captains, and he said,—
"D'you know, I think, we didn't ought to fight.

"But here's my orders sealed." He looked them o'er,
Then shook his head again. "It's all no go!"
He cried—"we've got to stop 'em at the Nore!
So follow, Mates; I'm off to meet the foe!"

Then they set sail. They hadn't far to run
Before they met the foe, and did their worst,—
Which wasn't much, for every British gun
That day, soon as they fired it, straightway burst.

And so the Frenchmen triumphed down the line,
Sank half the fleet, and took the rest in tow;
Sailed up the Thames, crushed Woolwich by a fine,
And with a shot or two laid Greenwich low.

And when the *Times* came out next day and moaned
In three long leaders o'er the "base defeat,"
And let the First Lord have it hot, and groaned
At his shortcomings with his "Gunless Fleet;"

Until it stirred the mob, who then and there,
Determined jobbery should have its fall,
Dragged the First Lord from his official chair,
And lynched him on a lamp-post in Whitehall.

Rough justice, p'raps—but still it served its turn;
For to the Board the revelation came,
That this new lesson they might have to learn,—
That public trust was not a party game!

And since that day each First Lord has relied,
The chances of invasion to prevent,
On ships with proper ordnance supplied—
And not on an "*Impromptu Armament!*"

THE DIARY OF A NOBODY.

January 21.—I am very much concerned at LUPIN having started a pony-trap. I said, "LUPIN, are you justified in this outrageous extravagance?" LUPIN replied, "Well, one must get to the City somehow. I've only hired it, and can give it up any time I like." I repeated my question, "Are you justified in this extravagance?" He replied, "Look here, Guv.; excuse my saying so, but you're a bit out of date. It does not pay nowadays, fiddling about over small things. I don't mean anything personal, Guv'nor. My boss says, if I take his tip, and stick to big things, I can make big money!" I said I thought the very idea of speculation most horrifying. LUPIN said, "It is not speculation—it's a dead cert." I advised him, at all events, not to continue the pony and cart; but he replied, "I made £200 in one day; now suppose I only make £200 in a month, or put it at £100 a month, which is ridiculously low—why, that is £1250 a year. What's a few pounds a week for a trap?" I did not pursue the subject further, beyond saying that I should feel glad when the Autumn came, and LUPIN would be of age, and responsible for his own debts. He answered, "My dear Guv., I promise you faithfully that I will never speculate with what I have not got—I shall only go on JOB CLEANAND'S tips, and as he is in the 'know,' it is pretty safe sailing." I felt somewhat relieved. GOWING called in the evening, and to my surprise, informed me that, as he had made £10 by one of LUPIN'S tips, he intended asking us and the CUMMINGS round next Saturday. CARRIE and I said we should be delighted.



Nobody did it.

January 22.—I don't generally lose my temper with servants, but I had to speak to SARAH rather sharply about a careless habit she has recently contracted of shaking the table-cloth after removing the breakfast things in a manner which causes all the crumbs to fall on the carpet, eventually to be trodden in. SARAH answered very rudely, "Oh, you are always complaining." I replied, "Indeed, I am not. I spoke to you last week about walking all over the drawing-room carpet with a piece of yellow soap on the heel of your boot." She said, "And you're always grumbling about your breakfast." I said, "No, I am not, but I feel perfectly justified in complaining that I never can get a hard-boiled egg. The moment I crack the shell it spurts all over the plate, and I have spoken to you at least fifty times about it." She began to cry and make a scene, but fortunately my 'bus came by, so I had a good excuse for leaving her. GOWING left a message in the evening that we were not to forget next Saturday. CARRIE amusingly said, "As he has never asked any friends before, we are not likely to forget it."

January 23.—I asked LUPIN to try and change the hard brushes he recently made me a present of, for some softer ones, as my hair-dresser tells me I ought not to brush my hair too much just now.

January 24.—The new chimney-glass came home for the back drawing-room. CARRIE arranged some fans very prettily on the top and on each side. It is an immense improvement to the room.

January 25.—We had just finished our tea, when who should come in but CUMMINGS, who has not been here for over three weeks. I noticed he looked anything but well, so I said, "Well, CUMMINGS, how are you? You look a little blue." He replied, "Yes; and I feel blue, too." I said, "Why, what's the matter?" He said, "Oh, nothing, except that I have been on my back for a couple of weeks; that's all. At one time my doctor nearly gave me up, yet not a soul has come near me. No one has even taken the trouble to inquire whether I was alive or dead." I said, "This is the first I have heard of it. I have passed your house several nights, and presumed you had company, as the rooms were so brilliantly lighted." CUMMINGS replied, "No. The only company I have had was my wife, the doctor, and the landlady; the last-named having turned out a perfect trump. I wonder you did not see it in the paper. I know it was mentioned in the *Bicycle News*." I thought to cheer him up, and said, "Well, you are all right now?" He replied, "That's not the question. The question is, whether an illness does not enable you to discover who are your true friends." I said such an observation was unworthy of him. To make matters worse, in came GOWING, who gave CUMMINGS a violent slap on the back, and said, "Hollo! Have you seen a Ghost? You looked scared to death, like IRVING in *Macbeth*." I said, "Gently, GOWING—the poor fellow has been very ill." GOWING roared with laughter, and said, "Yes, and you look it too," CUMMINGS quietly said, "Yes, and I feel it too—not that I suppose you care." An awkward silence followed. GOWING said, "Never mind, CUMMINGS. You and the Missis come round to my place to-morrow, and it will cheer you up a bit, for we'll open a bottle of wine."

January 26. An extraordinary thing happened. CARRIE and I went round to GOWING'S, as arranged, at half-past seven. We knocked and rang several times without getting an answer. At last the latch was drawn and the door opened a little way, the chain still being up. A man in shirt-sleeves put his head through and said, "Who is it? What do you want?" I said, "Mr. GOWING. He is expecting us." The man said (as well as I could hear, owing to the yapping of a little dog), "I don't think he is. Mr. GOWING is not at home." I said, "He will be in directly." At this moment CUMMINGS and his wife arrived. CUMMINGS was very lame and leaning on a stick, but got up the steps and asked what the matter was. The man said, "Mr. GOWING said nothing about expecting anyone. All he said was he had just received an invitation to Croydon, and he should not be back till Monday evening. He took his bag with him." I was too indignant to say anything. CUMMINGS looked white with rage, and as he descended the steps, and struck his stick violently on the ground and said, "Scoundrel!"

A WEATHER WAIL.

"I wonder whether, bless your eyes,
Can any man be weather-wise!"—*Songs of a Sangarorum.*



WHAT is the use of forecasts and barometers?

Silly the study of air and of sea.
Useless are weather-cocks, warn-
ings, thermometers,
Storm-drums and signals mean
nothing to me!

Hopeless the conning of clouds and
hygrometers,
No one can tell what the weather
will be!

*Captious the climate, I
think you'll agree,
No one can tell what the
weather will be!*

Weather-wise prophets, precise
and emphatical,
Heed not their prating at night
or at morn!

Do not take notice of twinges
rheumatismal,
Treat all catarrhical symptoms
with scorn;

Disregard darnings in regions he-
patical,

Mind not the shoot of your
favourite corn!

*Thoughtless the Clerk of
the Weather is he—
No one can tell what the
weather will be!*

Lured by the sunshine, so bright
and magnetical,
How you will grieve if your
Gamp you've forgot!

If in fur garments you're peripa-
tetical,
Doubtless you'll find that the
day will be hot:

Should you wear clothes that are
thin and aesthetical,
Then the Nor'Easter will blow
—will it not?

*[as she,
Coy as a woman, and fickle
No one can tell what the
weather will be!]*

THE WATER COMPANIES' VIEW.—An eye to the Main Chance.

LA FRANCE'S LAMENT.



"I HAVE no Men to govern in this wood:
That makes my only woe!"
So CLEOPATRA cried in mournful mood,
(TENNYSON tells us so).
My only woe is of another kind.
'Tis no MARK ANTONY
I seek; my sorrow is that I can find
No Men to govern me.
MARK ANTONY indeed! That steel-clad tool
Of silken fingers? Nay!
Rather some CÆSAR who at least can rule.
And where is such to-day?

They come like shadows, and they so depart,
These mannikins of mine.
Not one with a strong head and dauntless heart
Like a fixed star to shine.
GAMBETTA's gone, brave little THIERS is dead.
No CÆSARS they, and yet
That fiery spirit, that sagacious head,
I cannot but regret.
Nay, even perjured LOUIS, for a space,
Made shift to stand and seem
The hero he was not. But this new race
Of pigmies? A bad dream!

Not AMURATH to AMURATH succeeds,
In my disordered state;
Midget to midget, rather. My heart bleeds
O'er such a petty fate.
TIRARD to FLOQUET, and to TIRARD whom—
In, say, six weeks or so?
No Men to govern me, that seems my doom,
And that's my only woe.
But for this Phrygian cap I could cry out
For CÆSAR's self again;
If there be any CÆSARS—which I doubt.
BOULANGER? He may strain,

And strut, and crow; but, after all, a cock
Is not an eagle—no!—
And yet—and yet—when all the others mock
My hopes, rise, fall, and go,
E'en a NAPOLEON *pour rire* attracts.
He poses well, but then
Should disillusion come when he once acts?—
I'm sick—for want of Men!
[Left lamenting.]

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

AN AMATEUR MENAGERIE.—Your determination to make the two full-grown Bengal tigers and the boa constrictor, that have recently reached you as a present from your friend the Indian Nabob, the nucleus of a little private Menagerie, which you purpose starting for the amusement and entertainment of your friends, does credit to your spirit and enterprise, and your temporary sojourn at your invalid Uncle's suburban residence seems, on the whole, to offer some conspicuous advantages for the inauguration of your little project. It is certainly a matter of congratulation that, with the aid of the sixteen dock labourers who brought them, you were able, by getting their heads into a couple of coal-sacks, to move the tigers up to the back drawing-room; and that, though they have torn down the looking-glass, the chandelier, the wainscoat, and have eaten away the inside of a cottage-piano, as you keep them supplied with a fresh leg of mutton every half hour, you may consider that, for the moment, at all events, you have them fairly under control. Your having, however, consigned the African lion you purchased at the Wild Beast Emporium at Mile End the same evening to the bath-room, though only a temporary measure, strikes us as slightly injudicious; for, in the event of your invalid Uncle wishing to take his customary bath before retiring to bed, the creature could hardly be got out of the way at a moment's notice without the intervention of at least a dozen policemen, provided with red-hot pincers, gags, and other suitable apparatus, thereby causing a commotion, calculated to act prejudicially on the nervous system of any one who, like your Uncle, is under strict injunctions from his Doctor to avoid, at all costs, any unusual or unnecessary excitement. The elephant that you have managed to get into the front area seems all right, though his "trumpeting" all night appears to have annoyed your neighbours opposite; but it is a great misfortune that you have let the boa constrictor escape out of the attic window, and that it should have terrified a five o'clock tea-party next door by coming down the drawing-room chimney. By all means send round a clothes-basket for it, with your apologies, as soon as it is dark, and keep it in future, as you propose, in the linen-cupboard. As your Uncle is still keeping his room upstairs, perhaps it would be as well not to mention the arrival of the creatures, especially as you are intending, as you say, to get them all down to-morrow to the house of a friend in the country, who has given you leave to bring a few domestic "pets" with you. Yes, certainly, if you can't get an omnibus big enough, take them all down in a furniture-van. The elephant, by the way, might walk. It would perhaps be as well to arrive in the dark.

RARE PLANTS.—The itinerant vendor who persuaded you that he was letting you have a selection of "the choicest Orchids out" at one-and-twopence a dozen, must have been deceiving you. We don't know the *Tropica gigantiflora Hackneywicki*, but feel sure you can't have been offered the correct thing at two plants for three-halfpence. We are afraid that you have been taken in.



"THE FOURTH ESTATE."

Dapper Gent (former Employer). "WELL, BOWSER, HOW ARE YOU GETTING ON? WHAT ARE YOU—?"

Bowser. "THANKY, SIR, VERY WELL, SIR. I'M ON THE PRESS NOW, SIR."

Dapper Gent. "OH, INDEED! EDITOR?"

Bowser. "NO, SIR. I DIRECT THE WRAPPERS, SIR!"

VERY EARLY SPRING.

(By a Mixed-Impressionist.)

THE day lengthens
In crocus and daffodil light;
The cold strengthens,
Till one's wife is a regular fright;
Blinding and choking,
Like a storm in a desert of sand,
Is the dry joking
Of the well-meaning mud in the Strand.
Snowdrops tranquil,
Glad of their snowdrop lot!
Fragrant jonquil,
Hyacinths, sixpence a pot!
Yellow in Jaffa
Oranges, juicy and sweet;
Yellow in daffa-
downdillies sold in the street!
Copper and amber
Over St. Clement Danes
The clouds clamber,
Then—oh, my hat!—how it rains!

An hour's journey
By a leisurely local train,
And, furzy and ferny,
Here is the home again.

The tree-tops feather
The sharp, cold line of the sky;
In the windy weather
The clacketty mill-sails fly.
The brown furrows
Follow the sturdy team;
On sandy burrows
Patches of sunlight gleam.
(The breezy vision
Is banish'd from fancy's eye
By fierce collision
With a corpulent passer-by.)
Like solemn Hindoos
The night-clouds are swathed in white,
And the shop-windows
Shame them with shameless light;
But day lingers
Over the weary land,
With wan fingers
Soothing its sleeping hand,
As a lone mother,
Weary with anguish wild,
Her grief will smother
Nursing a neighbour's child.

IMPORTANT LITERARY ANNOUNCEMENT.—Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT is about to publish a *History of the Round Table*. He would doubtless like to end his prose epic as Lord TENNYSON did his poetical one, with a "Passing of ARTHUR" (BALFOUR).

ON COMMISSION.

Preliminary and Explanatory.—I must confess that I felt very greatly gratified when my learned friend, Mr. TOBY, Q.C., M.P., having work in "another place," asked me to "take a note," for him, of the proceedings now claiming attention at the hands of the President of the Probate, Divorce, and Admiralty Division, and Messrs. Justices SMITH and DAY.

"Just jot down what occurs to you, BRIEFLESS," he said. "You see we have a pretty full report in the daily papers, to say nothing of the verbatim shorthand note supplied by the Court itself, so that I am not very anxious about the evidence. But I should like to know how it's going. I give you the greatest latitude, and would suggest (if you have no objection) that you should not robe, for you will be more at home without your wig and gown."

I did not quite follow my learned friend's reasoning in the last particular. However, without further preface, I append the "note," taken in the unconventional fashion that has received his recommendation.

Tuesday, February 19.—Some difficulty in obtaining a seat.



Reserved for the Press.

Seemingly the place, if any, to which the green ticket I held entitled me was occupied. Upon remonstrating, I was informed that I could not possibly have it, and I felt that as I was not in my robes, I was practically powerless. I was glad at length to sit amongst the gentlemen of the Press, for whom a limited number of places had been reserved. The rest of the Court was occupied by persons who certainly did not look in the least like journalists. I was forced, I fear, to

be the cause of great inconvenience. I cannot sufficiently thank, under these trying circumstances, two eminent descriptive writers who, in the most courteous manner imaginable, permitted me, so to speak, to occupy a moiety of their laps,—each supplying one of their knees for my accommodation. However, in this position I suffered under the disadvantage of having to take my note with a very friendly (but still an) elbow in my ribs on one side of my body, and an equally friendly (but still equally an) elbow in my ribs on the other. My situation was further distracted by the movements of one of the officials, who while the Court was present, was forced to give directions to somebody (who I fancy was sitting on someone else's hat) in dumb show.

The proceedings commenced with an application by Sir CHARLES RUSSELL to commit someone for contempt of court. My hearing is scarcely so good as it used to be, and I regret to say I did not quite catch what passed. And this was the stranger, as Sir CHARLES and the President spoke with their customary distinctness. I asked a gentleman near me to tell me what had happened.

"The same old game," was the immediate reply. "RUSSELL to get the affidavit and the rest of the bag of tricks, and then those chaps on the Bench will think it over."

Scandalised at this disrespectful reference to their Lordships, I turned my attention to the witness-box, and found Mr. MACDONALD (the Manager of the *Times*) in possession. I must confess that I was astounded at the acuteness shown by this gentleman in answering some of my learned friend Mr. ASQUITH's questions. His caution, his candour, and his shrewdness were equally remarkable. As for my learned friend, he acquitted himself so admirably, that I made a mental note that, should an opportunity ever occur, I would do my very best to get him to consent to act as my devil. During the hearing a point of law was raised—Had a Counsel the right to ask the Manager of a newspaper for the name of a contributor? Sir CHARLES RUSSELL contended that he had, and when asked (by Mr. Justice SMITH) for a case, gave the instance of a witness refreshing his memory from a diary or an account-book. The Court



Reserved for the Public.

having (so it appears to me) shown some dissatisfaction that the name of the cause referred to had not been disclosed, I beg to supply the omission, speaking roughly, from recollection. I ask leave to instance the unreported case of *Brown v. Jones*, or was it *Smith v. Robinson*?

Wednesday.—As I had been so seriously inconvenienced on the previous day by having no seat, that I had had to abandon my note-taking prematurely, I entered the Court early. My right to sit down again being challenged, I appealed to the universally respected Secretary to the Commission for redress. That learned gentleman, having explained to me the scope of the verb hypothecate, most courteously invited me to occupy a seat in the box usually reserved for the Jury. I was very grateful thus to find at length a spot, the possession of which could not be challenged, as I had hitherto felt a sort of Nineteenth Century forensic embodiment of the old legend (immortalised by the pen of SWA, and the pencil of DORE) of the continually perambulating pedestrian, who, although travelling all the world over, had a legal domicile in Palestine. And here I may note that I was much amused at the changes of position of some of the spectators from day to day. The movements of Mr. SEAW-LEFEVRE, for instance, reminded me of a game of chess. On the Tuesday this eminent statesman had occupied a seat with the Junior Bar, but on the Wednesday he had moved down a bench, and, so to speak, had taken a Q.C.—presumably my learned and respected friend, Mr. LOCKWOOD, who did not appear during the sitting. Then there was Professor BRYCE (whose Lectures before now have filled me with a sensation of indescribable awe), who occupied a place next to a well-known artist, who on the previous day had been on the other side of the Court, and during the adjournment, presumably, had (once more to use the chess phraseology) "castled." The genial Professor appeared to take a great interest in his neighbour's sketches, and seemingly frequently encouraged him to renewed exertions with a smile of friendly approval. This being the case, I was sorry to find, later on, Mr. BRYCE shifted away from his neighbour, and carried (by a sort of Knight's move) from the right of the Bench to the left of the Witness Box.

The feature of the sitting was the cross-examination of Mr. HOUSTON by Sir CHARLES RUSSELL. It is my candid and deliberate opinion that more searching questions could not have been put to this witness, even had I cross-examined him myself.

Thursday.—I notice that a great deal depends upon the Ushers of the Court. Seemingly, when one of these officials thinks a statement of sufficient importance has been made to cause a sort of bold whisper (and thus warrant the parenthesis "Sensation" in the daily reports), he shouts "Silence!" He adopts the same plan to mark the proper insertion of "laughter" after some one has audibly smiled. To-day, for the first half an hour or so, there being nothing to do, the Ushers had a grand time of it. The Secretary was also well to the front. The celebrated Parnell Letters were examined in the course of the day's proceedings, and then came his opportunity. This resembles in some degree what followed, thrown into a dramatic form:—

Mr. Attorney (addressing Secretary courteously). Will you be so good as to separate these two letters, which, I find, are in the same case?

Secretary (very distinctly). You are quite right, they are in the same case. *(Solemnly.)* I put them in the same case myself, for convenience. *(As a concession.)* But if you think they will be more convenient in separate cases—*(with an air of authority)*—I will have them divided, and put into separate cases at once!

Mr. Attorney (bowing deferentially). If you please.

Secretary (good-naturedly). Certainly. *(Decisively.)* The letters shall be put in different cases forthwith.

This dialogue, heard in a dead silence, was really most impressive and interesting. Exciting, however, as was the evidence given during the sitting, the day's sensation was, in fact, the sensation of the Day. It has been suggested (in my opinion most improperly) that the excellent Justice of that name, has occasionally, during this protracted inquiry shown signs of weariness. I must confess that, when the occasion warranted it, his Lordship was very much awake indeed. Several times during the course of the examination and cross-examination of Mr. PIGOTT, Mr. Justice DAY showed that he was following the inquiry with as much interest as the most excited spectator. It may have been a surprise to those who had a preconceived idea of his Lordship, but to those who have long known him as one of the ablest Judges on the Bench, and one of the wittyest and kindest of men, this demonstration of acute intelligence caused no sort of astonishment.

At the luncheon adjournment one of the officials, as usual, was good



The Sensation of the Day.

enough to give information on seemingly abstruse points of law to the more intelligent and younger members of the aristocracy, who very properly seemed to regard him as a second edition of that admirable legislator the present LORD CHANCELLOR. Again Sir CHARLES RUSSELL conducted his case with an ability that made me feel regret that I could not claim him as a pupil who had read in my own chambers.

Friday.—We have at length reached the end of the week, and my note. I must confess the last few sittings have been exciting ones, bristling with surprises. To-day the "laughter" and "sensation" were genuine enough. Whatever the Commission may yet bring forth, it will have served to prove that "Buckshot FORSTER" was the kindest-hearted and gentlest of men. Once again Mr. JUSTICE DAY was very much on the alert as Mr. PIGOTT's statements were tested after the customary fashion.



STUDY OF A MAN OF LETTERS.

"Amongst those present was Mr. B-rne J-n-s, who seemed to take a great interest in the proceedings."

N.B. However, it is *not* suggested that the above sketch was extracted from his portfolio.

he asked, in a tone suggestive of great doubt, "Am I wrong, in supposing that you are a Member of the Bar?"

This to me! After practising for— Well, such is fame!

Pump-handle Court. (Signed) A. BRIEFLESS, JUNIOR.

During an adjournment, I had a pleasant chat with one of the officials, who (so I understood) had known everyone connected with the Law Courts for nearly half a century.

"Then," said I, with a pleasant smile, "you must know me."

"Well, Sir," he replied, evidently searching his memory, "I never forget a face, and yours, somehow, seems to be familiar to me"—He hesitated a little, as if about to put a fishing question. Then

WATERLOO!

(A LONG WAY AFTER LORD BYRON.)

Being a Lay of the Leash written at the great Coursing Cup Meeting of 1889.



But Colonel NORTH's great puppy's flying feet
Forge well ahead, the black-and-tan can't score;
Great Herschel though his victory doth repeat;
And nearer, nearer, deadlier than before,
Comes the great final struggle. How the people roar!
And yet bad luck poor Herschel doth befall,
For Mr. HORNBY's favourite, one must fear,

HARK! there is shouting
at Hill House! Brave sight!

Rank, Sport, and Capital
have gathered then
Their 'cuteness and their
coursing zeal, and bright
The winter day shines on
the sporting men.

A thousand hearts beat
eagerly; and when
Swift Miss Glendyne beats
smart Happy Rondelle,
Dark eyes look hate to eyes
which gleam again,
And some laugh merry as
a marriage bell;

To some the favourite's fall
is as a gloomy knell.

See, there goes Sorais,
swift as flies the wind,
Rattling up points in
fashion smart as fleet.
Off with the leash! E'en
Fullerton will find
That Barbican the Second's
hard to beat.

Is gravelled by that last fierce rush of all,
That hare was a fair demon, fleet as deer,
And there's a voice prophetic in our ear
Which hints to-morrow Herschel won't be well,
And Fullerton will have the pull, that's clear.
Yes, Miss Glendyne as ever ran right well,
But to young blood at last in rattling Troughend fell.

Third day! There is much hurrying to and fro,
And gathering crowds, and signals of distress.
Backers are pale that but two days ago
Flushed with the cheerful prospect of success,
Herschel runs pluckily, but the stern stress
Of yesterday's grueler foils him, though he tries
The North Star still is in the ascendant. Yes!
Troughend beats Danger Signal, shouts arise
And Fullerton and Troughend share the well-earned prize!

And there is mounting in hot haste; the weed
Lights at pale lips, luck tends the Colonel's car;
He paid huge price for those two dogs indeed,
And well they've served him in the long-drawn war.
And the cheers thunder peal on peal afar,
The Cup is his, bought at a tidy sum.
Next year we'll follow the Great Northern Star,
If to the slips again his dogs should come;
But this year's "Waterloo" is o'er—the cry is, "Home!"



A LITTLE LESSON FROM MONTE CARLO.

BALLADS OF TO-DAY.

DRIFTING.

(By Houquet Walkère.)

"WILL we walk a little faster?" said the Miller to the Maid.
"There's the Cooper close behind us, and a Miller's ne'er afraid;
But 'twould make the laddie's heart beat sair beneath the chestnut
shade,

If he saw us walk together in the hey-day, yea-ho weather,
Since hand in hand a week ago we' you the Cooper stray'd."

"Oh, Miller, Miller, Miller," the winsome lass replied,
"In flow'ring rush and meadow-sweet that grow the stream beside,
The ferry-boy his ferry-boat against the bank has tied;
Then, sweetheart, blithe and merry, you shall row me o'er the ferry;
Though Cooper JOHN is cross and sad, the stream is deep and wide."

He has row'd her o'er the river; they have climbed the 'fencing
slight,
Where LETTICE fair, the laundry lass, has hung the kirtle white,
And in Farmer GILES's clover-field their troth they're fain to plight;
But the brindled bull was feeding, broke in upon their pleading,
And toss'd them o'er the palings in the golden evening light.

Up to the star-land sailing,
Over the pleasaunce paling,
It is merrie, merrie in the crimson evening glow;
Birds in the orchard housing,
Kine in the clover browsing,
And a ferry-boat is drifting fast where deep weir-waters flow.



WHAT TOMMY DREAMT ONE NIGHT

AFTER MISS SMITH HAD TOLD HIM THAT THE MAMMOTH WAS LIKE AN ELEPHANT, ONLY EVER SO MUCH MORE SO—AND THAT ITS LIMBS WERE LIKE THE TRUNKS (AND ITS TRUNK LIKE THE LIMBS) OF THE TREES IN KENSINGTON GARDENS!

PATCHING THE "PALLADIUM."

Mr. Nestor-Punch speaketh:—

WHO knows not Ilium's tale? How, dropped from heaven,
Pallas's statue, to King Ilium given,
Assured the safety of Troy's citadel
So long as Troy that image guarded well?
True patriot's charge was the Palladium's
Neglected, lost, or out of due repair, [care;
Its power-protective property was lost
To traitors shrinking from its charge or cost.
For what could reconcile "the blue-eyed maid" [trayed?

For her stol'n statue, and her tower be-
"For so religion and the gods ordain
That if you violate with hands profane
Minerva's gift, your town in flames shall burn." [learn

JOHN BULL, from the old legend you may
Opportune lesson. Trust your *Punch*, old boy,
And take to heart this ancient Tale of Troy.
Traitors kick out, strike dogs of faction dumb,
England, like Troy, has her Palladium,
BRITANNIA rules the waves! The brave old
boast [cost.

If you'd maintain, you must not count the
BRITANNIA's self in crested helm arrayed
Resembles wondrously the blue-eyed maid
Whose shield was Troy's assurance, and
whose spear, [fear.
Unblunted, shook Troy's fiercest foes with
The helm, the trident, and the buckler, JOHN,
Are arms that Pallas would be proud to don
As goddess-guardian of our sea-girt isle.
One pictures Neptune, with a pleasant smile,

* VIRGIL, *Æneid*, II.

Placing his tri-pronged fork, the emblem
grand

Of ocean rule, in his great sister's hand.
"Here you are, Pallas! JOHN's a pal of mine,
My pet and partner on the billowy brine;
Your head-piece and my trident ought to be
Combined to keep him ruler of the sea—
Minerva armed by Father Neptune! Come!
That's something like a New Palladium!"

Twig, JOHN? The truth is patent to your eyes,
Though put by *Punch* in semi-classic guise.
Ilium's Palladium was Minerva's form—
Whilst Troy held that, no foe its walls might
storm:

Ours is BRITANNIA, armed to hold the main,
So that no foe our citadel may gain;
'Tis yours to keep the Sea-queen helmet-
crowned,

Her trident pointed, and her buckler sound.
That duty to fulfil grudge no-expense,
England's first need is National Defence.
Patriots no wise expenditure would spare
To keep our great Palladium in repair,
Which lost, or left to fall into decay,
England, like Ilium, shall have seen her day;
Her pride is lowered, and her hope is sped,
Then let Ulysses come, or Diomed,
Alien astuteness, foreign valour, creep
Into our citadel what time we sleep,
Or count our coin, we by false thrift ensnared,
For valiant onset shall be unprepared,
And lost in petty reckonings of pence,
Lack time or heart for National Defence.

No, JOHN; to do you justice, you'll *not* mind
The cost of your Palladium, if you find
Its guardians vigilant in honest care,
And its proud panoply in full repair.

'Tis their first duty, all too long ignored,
They've spent your money, but have *not*
restored

That tutelary figure to such state
As only makes you master of your fate.
What mean those blunted points—that dented
shield? [should yield.

Not thus the crest should droop, the neck
Erect and *cap-à-pie* the shape should stand,
Vigour at heart, and valour in its hand.
Cost money? Yes, good GOSCHEN, without
doubt, [he's about,

And BULL—like *Punch*—would know what
In loosening his purse-strings once again,
So often loosed aforetime, and in vain.
No trumpery temporary patching, pray,
To furbish our Palladium for a day;

No squandering of millions, spent *sans* wit,
On arms that bend, and helm that will not fit.
No, put it once for all in sound repair,
JOHN BULL's Palladium, and he will not care
To haggle over pence. But fumble on,
As you, and those whom you succeed, have
done

This many a weary year, and JOHN, tired out
By rival bogglers turn-and-turn-about,
Each potent in self-praise and party curse,
Till each guards the Palladium—and the
purse;

Kicks out the rival duffers—and does worse.
JOHN will declare the whole bad squabbling
batch

Not patriots but Sinons; not a match
For hostile Greeks, or champions, or spies.
But warders who invite the foe's surprise,
Like those of old Troy's Temple, who slept on,
Waking to find death near, and their Palla-
dium gone!



PATCHING THE "PALLADIUM."

LORD SALISBURY. "FIRST, WE MUST PUT *THIS* IN ORDER."

CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER. "H'M!—IT WILL COST A LOT OF MONEY!"

MR. BULL. "I DON'T MIND,—IF YOU'LL ONLY DO IT THOROUGHLY!!"



"CLEVER WITH HOUNDS."—MR. TOPPLE'S SECOND HORSE.

MOANS AT A MATINEE.

"For years we've come to this decision,
That lovely woman blinds our vision!"
The Gloomy Gargler of the Ganges.

In a well-cushioned ten-shilling Stall,
An elderly gentleman sat;
But he sat and saw nothing at all—
His vision was barred by a Hat!



For a lady was
sitting before
—I fear the
old gent
muttered,
"Drat!"—

When he saw
that her lady-
ship wore
A marvellous
steeple-
crowned Hat!

It obscured e'en
a glimpse of
the stage,
With feathers,
and flowers,
and plait;

And the playgoer got in a rage—
His pleasure was spoilt by a Hat!

All the music he heard, it is true,
And sound of the dance—pit-a-pat;
But of singers and dancers the view
Was hid by that horrible Hat!

Thus for aught he could tell of the play,
He might have been blind as a bat;
He had nothing to do but survey
The build of a frivolous Hat!

So he dodged it each side with a frown—
And, testily, murmured he, "Cat!"—

He got up, but they all cried, "Sit down!"
He wished he could sit on that Hat!

Now let Managers quickly decide
To issue at once their fi-at,
That the ladies should all be denied
Such tyrannous use of the Hat.

For why should we ten shillings pay—
Can Managers answer me that?—
To see, at a long *Mati-née*,
Just naught but a feminine Hat?

WHAT MR. PUNCH'S MOON SAW. SEVENTH EVENING.

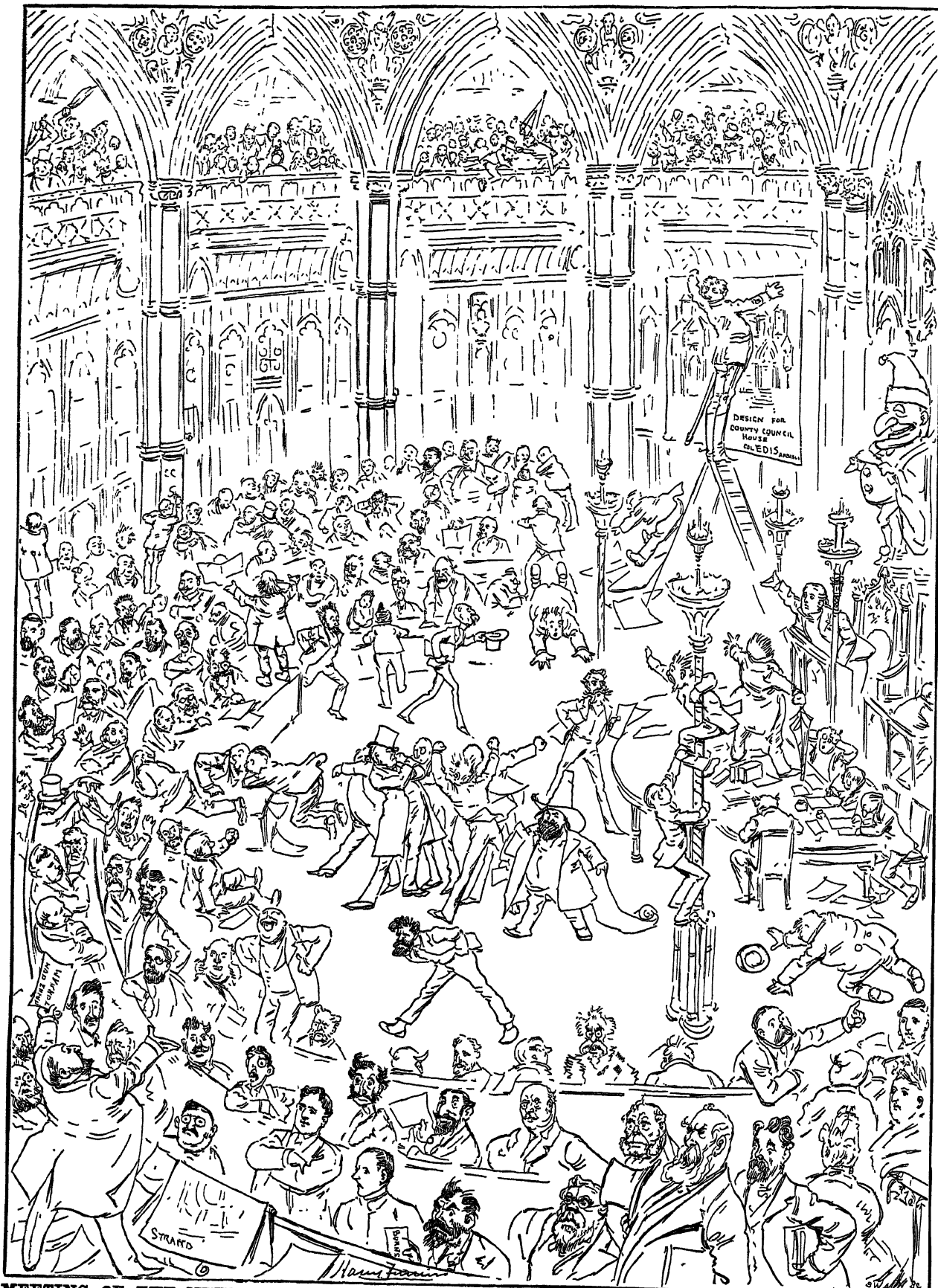
"I LOVE the Children," said the Moon,
"especially the quite little ones—they are
so droll. Why do you look like that? I
will know. . . . Oh, so HANS ANDERSEN
declares I said the same thing to him long
ago, does he? I should have thought it
would have been more polite to put it down
to a 'literary coincidence;' but, as you will
probably be able to find all that I was going
to tell you in his book, I shall evidently
waste my time in talking to you!" said
the Moon, looking distinctly flushed.—"Good
evening!" and, drawing a cloud around him,
he promptly became invisible. Mr. Punch,
however, "lay low and said nuffin," and
presently, as he had foreseen, the Moon came
out again. "If you really *want* me to go on,"
he said, in a much milder tone, "I will—
but please have the goodness not to mention
HANS ANDERSEN to me again. I know very
well that I am not clever, and that he was a
genius—but, for all that, one doesn't care to
have words put into one's mouth, even by a
genius, *does* one?"

"Last night, then, I shone down on a small
garden at the back of a suburban villa. Two

children, a little boy and a still smaller girl,
were digging in one of the side-beds; both
looked very solemn, and this was proper, as
they were engaged in a sad occupation. They
were burying the little girl's doll, which had
died that morning, of scarlet fever and old
age. At least, the boy said so most positively,
and his sister,—although she would never
have discovered for herself that the doll had
died, and could not, even now, see any striking
difference in her ap-
pearance,—had too
much respect for his
opinion to dream of
contradicting it. So
the doll—a forlorn-
looking object, cer-
tainly,—was being
buried, and the boy,
who was grave-digger,
undertaker, and chief
mourner, all in one,
was enjoying himself
in a decent and sepul-
chral fashion. Before
he had quite finished
digging the hole,
(which he made deep
enough to hold a doll's
house), the little girl slipped quietly away,
because, so I thought at the time, she could
not bear to stay to the very end. Presently,
however, she came back, carrying some little
china dishes, which, to my great surprise,
she placed in the grave with the doll. "For
the worms," she said in a whisper, and I
really think she found an odd comfort in
this forethought of hers, for when I left the
pair, she was planting a garden-stick bearing
an appropriate inscription above the doll's
resting-place with what was almost a cheer-
ful air."



INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS. No. 58.



MEETING OF THE NEW LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL IN THE COUNCIL CHAMBER, GUILDHALL.

"BUS"-ING ON THE CHEAP.

(What it may Come to.)

CONDUCTOR, I have come from Hammersmith, and wish to be set down at the Bank. Here is a half-penny—could you oblige me with change?

What! Twopence for the journey from Greenwich to the Royal Exchange? Oh, this must be a Pirate Tram, and I shall certainly speak to a Policeman.

It is satisfactory to have hot-water tins and the electric light provided in the 'busses of the Universal Omnibus Company; but I should feel more comfortable if the Conductor always got his "Sunday off."

This Tram Line must be a triumphant success! Not only does it return fifty per cent. dividend to its shareholders, but it takes passengers from Hampstead to Croydon for three-halfpence, and gives them mulled claret in winter, and iced champagne-cup in summer, gratis, on the journey.

No wonder that the Underground Railway has closed its stations and gone into the Insolvency Court. The rivalry between the "Road Saloon Company" and the "General Car Company" is so great that the latter actually carry their passengers for nothing, and supply them with concertina melodies, sandwiches, and the daily papers to beguile the tedium of the way.

Yes, that "wheeler" certainly does appear to be rather thin, and I am convinced that he is only supported on his legs by the rigidity of the pole to which he is attached. But it is, of course, impossible for the Company to pay thirty per cent., and carry passengers fifteen miles for a penny, without economising their quadrupeds' oats.

Hi, Conductor! I asked to be put down at Hyde Park Corner, and here I am at Piccadilly Circus! Why, the man looks just as if he had been asleep! It's abominable, and I shall complain to—eh, what? "Only five hours' sleep last night," do you say? "And fourteen hours' work a day, Sundays included?" H'm! Result of free competition in fares, I suppose. But is that the same thing as fair competition?

DUE SOUTH.

Evening of the Fifth Day.—Beautiful night for walking home. Moon bright. Air fresh. Charming place! Lovely weather! After many ups and downs at the tables, I have come off a winner of ten francs. Had I lost ten francs, I do not think the night would appear to me so lovely as it does. It is a long way up to the Villa Rouge Gagne, so my companion, who says he is out to "see life," purposes taking light refreshment *en route*. Among the many light refreshment-places here, one of the most successful seems to be an English Bar, on a small scale. Here distinguished compatriots stroll in after the tables, to take a "John Collins"—I believe this is the name of the harmless beverage—or a few oysters and stout, or a glass of beer, or spirits and water. Odd to come all the way from London merely to play *roulette* in a hot and crowded room, and afterwards to sit at the bar of a small public-house overlooking the blue Mediterranean. But I do—and so do very many others. In front of this bar, within the last few minutes, the policy of an empire could have been quietly arranged over a "John Collins" or glass of whiskey-and-water and a cigar. We stroll out into the moonlight, and just look in "*Chez PETERS*." Here, while the dignified but obliging and industrious Monsieur PETERS serves behind the bar, sportsmen gather round the simple marble-topped tables, discussing pigeon-shooting, and strange stories of the chances of war, at *trente et quarante* and *roulette*. One very big man, with a loud voice, is energetically recounting to a small circle of admirers some wonderful *coups* that he had made at the tables. Thirty thousand francs at one go is the lowest amount he will condescend to talk about.

"I put down, Sir," says he, emphatically thumping the marble table with his fist, and addressing no one in particular, "four times I put down a thousand francs at each corner, and one of the numbers came up every turn."

"No!" exclaim some young men who are listening, open-mouthed.

"Very odd!" drily remarks a shrewd-looking person, with the cynical air of an elderly Mephistopheles.

"Yes, Gentlemen, I did," says the big man, emphasising his narrative with more thumps on the marble



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE EXPRESSED OTHERWISE.

"WELL, I MUST SAY GOOD-BYE, MISS GREEN. I'VE GOT MY SERMON TO PREPARE."—"OH, SURELY YOUR SERMONS NEED NO PREPARATION!"

table, "and then I put down forty on *passe*, a hundred on *six premiers*, and another forty on 22. They all turned up, and so I went on, and that evening made just eighty thousand francs, in something under an hour."

"No!" again murmur the younger portion of his audience, while the elderly Mephistopheles, lighting a cigarette as he raises his eyebrows, and observes, "Did you really? Very strange!"

I certainly became interested in his stories. They made me thirsty. Some one suggests oysters and stout. I think, hearing of all these vast sums of money being won, has given me a strong inclination for oysters and stout, as suggested. Though I had not thought of them before, I now feel that I can't possibly go on for another five minutes without them. An additional incentive is, that the friend who has joined us, and who suggested this form of nourishment, is in excellent spirits, having unexpectedly won forty francs, and offers to provide the entertainment at his own expense. Offer immediately accepted. And so we sit down to oysters and stout, and bread and butter "*Chez PETERS*," at Monte Carlo, and for all that we see of the Southern sky, the brilliant moon, and the blue Mediterranean, we might as well be at *RULE'S*, in Maiden Lane, or *WILTON'S*, in King Street, St. James's. But when we leave "*Peters*," and walk up the hill, then we feel the effects, not of the supper, but of the invigorating air, and the clear atmosphere; and as we look upwards at the deep blue sky, and the brilliant moon, we say to one another, Shakspearially, "On such a night we could stay out for any length of time, and walk anywhere, without fatigue"—which sentiment may be more poetically expressed in the words of the immortal bard, who sang, "We won't go home till morning, Till daylight doth appear." As a matter of fact, it is, 12'30, and we retire now, one of the party to Villa Rouge Gagne, and the other two to the Hôtel Windsor.

On a Current Controversy.

(By a Sufferer from Smoke.)

No Coal! That's a prospect of which we the cost shun, Though seventy years hence, *savants* say, 'tis our goal. But Coal has cost me such a deal of exhaustion, I could almost desire the exhaustion of Coal!

WHEN dear old Mrs. R. was visiting her American cousins, "there was nothing," said she, "that I enjoyed so much as the Terrebene soup and sparkling Micawber wine!"

ON COMMISSION.

Tuesday, February 26.—Quite delightful to find so many persons of distinction turning their attention, at length, to the Law. The wife of an eminent ex-Premier was accommodated with a seat amongst the Press. So far as I can understand, it seems to be a rule of Court, when in doubt as to what to do with an importunate celebrity, to find him or her (as the case may be) a seat amongst the



See-Saw.

scarcely warranted a distinctly mirth-provoking display of what (in our opinion) might be termed forensic jocularity. For the occasion was certainly a solemn one.

On the Commissioners taking their places, after bowing to the Bar (by the way, I fancy their Lordships must sometimes miss the cordial courtesy of the briefless brotherhood who have had to surrender their benches to others), there was a slight pause. My learned friends, the leaders on both sides, were present, but the witness-box was empty. Then it transpired that Mr. PIGOTT (a gentleman whose cross-examination, I think I may venture to say, without laying myself open to a charge of contempt, was becoming quite a feature in the case), had removed himself without giving reasonable notice of his intention so to do. Immediately Mr. ATTORNEY—(by the way, how sincerely my learned friend Mr. SOLICITOR must regret that he is not associated with his brother Law Officer of the Crown in this deeply interesting case)—had announced and proved that Mr. PIGOTT was *non est*, Sir CHARLES RUSSELL, in his most persuasive manner,



Ready for a Box.

eloquence. Then there was quite a competition for a place in the witness-box. Mr. SOAMES was Sir RICHARD's candidate, and Messrs. LEWIS, LABOUCHERE, PARNELL, and persons of lesser note were ready to represent the other side. Ultimately, Mr. SOAMES appeared, and gave additional particulars about Mr. PIGOTT's correspondence—a correspondence always of a more or less interesting character. After Mr. GEORGE LEWIS had been called, came an adjournment—nay, I believe many adjournments—in fact, I do not think I should be far out if I describe the day's proceeding as “intermittent adjournment.” The order was somewhat as follows:—1. Fiery

address of Sir CHARLES RUSSELL about something or other. 1. Mild remonstrance of the Bench. 3. Renewed fiery address. 4. Desire of Mr. ATTORNEY and “the friends, with whom he was associated,” to consider their position. 5. Adjournment. Their Lordships' appearances and disappearances were not only frequent, but (from a spectacular point of view) most pleasing—the Commissioners seemed to be taking part in a new figure of a sort of forensic set of legal Lancers. The “setting” every time the Commissioners appeared on the Bench of the Judges to the Bar was full of a semi-gay and semi-gloomy grandeur. During the absence of my learned (but slightly embarrassed) friend, Sir RICHARD WEBSTER, and those with whom he was acting, my learned and laughter-leading friend, Mr. LOCKWOOD, occupied his place, and I have reasons for believing employed his brief leisure in preparing proofs that, had they been made exhibits in the case, would, I fancy, have illustrated the situation in a manner entirely satisfactory to all parties. And here I may note, that during the absence of the Commissioners, their ever courteous Secretary served as a truly admirable *locum tenens*. One of the most dramatic situations of a day full of excitement was the moment when a loudly-talking audience were hushed to a deathly silence to hear the ever courteous Secretary ask (in tones at once solemn and business-like) for the name of the constable who should be charged with the duty of apprehending PIGOTT. The day's proceedings were brought to a pleasant close by a merriment-compelling joke of Sir JAMES HANNEN about “catching a hare,” which sent me and the rest of my learned friends into hearty but respectful convulsions.

Wednesday.—Again the Court was crowded. Since the adjournment it appeared Sir RICHARD WEBSTER had devoted his whole attention—“almost entirely every second of his time”—to the grave matter claiming their Lordships' consideration. My learned friend handed to the Court a packet bearing a superscription, which was alleged to be in the handwriting of Mr. RICHARD PIGOTT. Sir JAMES HANNEN gave the necessary permission to the ever courteous Secretary to read the documents which the packet was found to contain, and the obliging official (with the zealous aid of talented assistants), carried out his Lordship's instructions. The documents consisted of a signed confession, witnessed by Mr. GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA, and a brief but cheery letter from Mr. PIGOTT, pleasantly intimating that he “would write soon.” The ATTORNEY-GENERAL then made a statement, in which he presumed (and, if I may humbly suggest, rightly presumed) “that everyone would agree with him that no one ought to attach any weight to the evidence he (PIGOTT) had given.” He further expressed sincere regret, in which I think all of us (and I even venture to include the persons accused in the number), must have shared, that the letters received from Mr. PIGOTT had been published. Mr. PARNELL was then called, and on oath denied the authenticity of the letters which had been imputed to him—he had neither written them nor authorised them to be written. He moreover gave evidence of his skill as an expert in the comparison of penmanship. During the examination of this witness Sir CHARLES received assistance from my learned friend Mr. ASQUITH, whose services in the case (if I may be permitted to suggest) have been of very great and very distinct value. My learned friend's learned leader listened with the greatest attention to his Junior's remarks.

However, this did not create surprise, as Sir CHARLES is well known for the marked courtesy he invariably displays to those members of the Outer Bar who have the honour to act with him. Shortly afterwards, as there were no other witnesses ready for examination, and Sir RICHARD WEBSTER having also expressed a desire for further time, the Court adjourned. Thus the proceedings of this sitting only occupied about forty minutes, and were not quite of so exciting a character as those of the previous day. Indeed the rising of their Lordships was at so early an hour, that my learned friend Sir CHARLES RUSSELL did not consume his usual self-strengthening “refresher”—a compound in a soda-water glass, that, from a distance, suggests some delicious preparation of coffee. However (and I have no doubt my learned and laughter-leading friend, Mr. LOCKWOOD, will confirm the assertion), the documents received from Mr. PIGOTT were in themselves a “refresher” of a sufficiently supporting character.

Friday.—Only formal evidence and paper-reading. However, the law-loving spectators were cheered by the promise that an important statement would be made to them on the following Tuesday.

Pump-handle Court.

(Signed) A. BRIEFLESS, JUNIOR.



A Refresher.



MR. PUNCH'S NOTES—IN CORRECT TIME.

REALA.

Another Study from Life, after "Ideala."

SHE came among us with a flourish of trumpets, and we have never been able to get rid of her since. We have leaped over her, careered around her, and yelled at her. Yet there was nothing very remarkable about her. I think something was wrong with her hair. But she had those lustrous and translucent eyes, like great saucers of whelks, which thrill yet confound the unobservant spectator with a sense as of some remote and ill-disciplined longing. She had curious notions on the subject of dress, and it was never easy to say exactly what she had got on. Sometimes she would appear in a sort of loose bed-curtain that fitted her like a sack; sometimes in a *cretonne* tea-gown *bouillonné*, with a ruching of antimacassars; but whatever she wore it was sure to be staring and inappropriate. "It isn't the clothes that make the woman, but the woman that makes the clothes," she said to me one afternoon, throwing off with her rich aluminium laugh one of those profound philosophical aphorisms that used to fall from her so plentifully at about this time; and we all clapped our hands and capered after her.

It was at a garden-party at the Bishop's that I first met her, and she was in one of her absent moods. A performance of Punch and Judy had been provided for the entertainment of the guests, and she was seated opposite this watching the progress of the story with a rapt and earnest gaze, slowly helping herself the meanwhile from a large plate of muffins that she had unconsciously appropriated and held on her lap. At length she reached the last half-slice that made up the dozen, and apparently realised the feat she had accomplished, for she rose with an impatient sweep of her head, and made for the house. I don't think she can have been feeling very well after that, but we were anxious to see what she would be up to next, and we followed her. REALA was in a curious mood that afternoon. She found the dear good old Bishop fast asleep in an American rocking-chair with his feet on the drawing-room mantelpiece; and she tilted him out of it under the grate. We quickly rescued him, and sat him up on a sofa, and rubbed his legs for him, but on being informed what had happened, he only smiled feebly and shook his good old head and said, "It was so like REALA!" REALA meantime was supremely unconscious of the whole incident. She had taken the red-hot poker from the fire, and in a dreamy abstracted manner was drawing patterns with it on a blue satin ottoman. On one of us pointing out to her the damage she was doing, she suddenly looked up with a surprised smile, and saying, "Dear me, I thought I was stirring the fire!" deposited the poker, still red-hot, in the gold-fish globe. In less than two minutes the fish were boiled, and as she swept out of the room, humming the refrain of a low music-hall comic song, we all with one accord, echoed the good old Bishop's words, and said, "How like REALA!"

But a great change had come over REALA latterly. We had all noted it, and agreed that her moral nature had undergone a pantomimic-transformation scene. The truth was she had met JERRYMANDER. I don't know where she picked him up. "I just saw him, and went for him," REALA had said to me one day, with her own marvellous incisiveness of expression, when I asked her about him. She had found him at the Pauper's Cosmopolitan Palace of Superfluous Delights, a colossal undertaking to which he had been appointed managing director. She was at that time thinking of putting *Bradshaw's Railway Guide* into blank verse, and I fancy she went to him to give her a hint or two how to set about it. They took in the half-penny papers at the palace, and so she would naturally have had these to fall back upon as a library of reference.

But it was a peculiar institution. It had been founded by several millionaires, for the purpose of supplying indigent paupers with useless commodities. These were arriving all day, at the front entrance, in waggon-loads; and JERRYMANDER's spacious eight-windowed room, to which they were continually being transferred, afforded a spectacle of chaos and confusion that defies description. The splendid Louis Thirteenth silk-brocaded furniture of the apartment was literally covered with piles of jam tarts, diamonds, pork chops, heads of celery, unstrung pearls, rich Eastern silks, choice *objets de vertu*, patent



WHAT OUR ARTIST HAS TO PUT UP WITH.

He. "BY JOVE, IT'S THE BEST THING I'VE EVER PAINTED!—AND I'LL TELL YOU WHAT; I'VE A GOOD MIND TO GIVE IT TO MARY MORISON FOR HER WEDDING PRESENT!"

His Wifey. "OH, BUT, MY LOVE, THE MORISONS HAVE ALWAYS BEEN SO HOSPITABLE TO US! YOU OUGHT TO GIVE HER A REAL PRESENT, YOU KNOW—A FAN, OR A SCENT-BOTTLE, OR SOMETHING OF THAT SORT!"

blackening-bottles, polishing-paste, jewellery of the most delicate description, kitchen utensils, cases of British wine, and a thousand-and-one other miscellaneous articles.

Here REALA would sit watching JERRYMANDER as he rushed raving about the room, tearing his hair, and maddened by the confusion and disorder which he was powerless to control. They would be for hours together like this, then he would suddenly start up and say, "There is no means of getting a sandwich in this confounded establishment; let us come to the railway buffet round the corner, and have a regular champagne luncheon." REALA asked no questions, but followed him. And this went on daily. But things came to an end at last.

One afternoon, when the customary champagne lunch was over, and they had returned again to his quarters, JERRYMANDER, looking at her almost savagely, said, "I tell you what, this can't go on."

REALA faced him steadily, and drank him in with her large melting saucer eyes. "Can't you guess?" he hissed, slowly. Then he groaned and tore his hair, and rolled about the floor, in a paroxysm of uncontrollable emotion, knocking over chairs and tables as he proceeded, and scattering pearls, pork chops, diamonds, patent medicines, mechanical toys, and new potatoes in every direction in his progress. REALA got on a chair and watched him.

"I guess," she said softly, to herself, "I had better get out of this." Then she left him.

After this, she disappeared for several years; but one evening, when we had invited a few dozen friends to meet the Bishop at a quiet little dinner, she suddenly turned up with the railway omnibus, and took us all by surprise. We rushed at her in a body, gave her three cheers, and carried her up in triumph to the drawing-room. She bounded from us, and came down with a heavy *pirouette* upon the good old Bishop's toe. He started with the pain, and, rubbing his glasses, said, "Why! bless me, if this isn't REALA!" "Yes, my Lord," she answered, chucking him, in her old familiar manner, playfully under the chin—"and, what is more, I've come to stay for six months." She had—for she is with us still—and how we shall ever get rid of her again—Goodness only knows!

THE LITTLE FLIRT'S LETTER.

"There is no doubt about it. There is a distinct and steady decline in the time-honoured office of a Chaperon; and, as far as we can see, there is every prospect that this much-maligned, long-suffering individual will soon cease to exist."—*The Lady.*

My dear Mr. Punch, I must shout *Hip! Hurrah!*
You really don't know how delighted we are,
To read there's a prospect, at no distant day,
Of ending the grim chaperonical sway:
When girls will be able to do as they please,
With no one to counsel, or worry, or tease!—
When I may sit talking with *Someone* alone,
Unmindful of frowns from a prim Chaperon!



If I'm at the Play, in the smartest of frocks,
And BERTIE should chance to look in at our box:
(He's tall and extravagant, well-dressed and dear—
A poor younger son, who has nothing a year!)
I know why he comes, for he's bored with the play,
I see, by his eyes, what he's longing to say—
Though forced to reply in my *frigidest* tone,
I wish I could strangle my stiff Chaperon!

'Tis *hard* that I *always* am under her thrall,
That I ne'er can escape at a rout or a ball;
She vows I shall dance with Sir CHARLES CLARRIVERE,
Because he's a banker with thousands a year!
He's fat, and he's gouty—just look at his shoes—
If ALGY should ask me, I'm bound to refuse!
Though none can *value* better than he, I must own
Such partners are *gall* to my sharp Chaperon!

Her eye is a *piercer*, which few can evade—
I loathed her last Sunday at Prayer-Book Parade!
When innocent HUGHIE, who tried to look good,
Found all his nice speeches were *misunderstood*.
She saw through my semblance of haughty disdain—
He spelled for an invite to luncheon *in vain*!
How I longed for some power to *swiftly dethrone*
And quite *disestablish* my strict Chaperon!

Thank goodness, the Chaperon's dynasty's past,
And there is some chance of enjoyment at last!
Her dull, rigid reign let us try to forget,
The *irksome* restraint of her cold etiquette:
For we will decide what is quite *comme il faut*,
The men to be danced with, the people to know!
So, dear Mr. Punch, let it widely be known,
In future a girl is her own Chaperon!

"If I've no appetite," says Mrs. R., "I always find the best thing to take is a glass of nice Manila Sherry and Anaconda Bitters, about half-an-hour before dinner."

Bo-Peep in the Peers.

LORD CARNARVON would keep
From the Peers all "black sheep;"
Says SALISBURY, "Where will you find them?
Let them alone,
There are few, almost none,—
Best go on our way, and not mind them!"

DUE SOUTH.

MONTE CARLO, February, 1889.

ON my road to the Casino at Monte Carlo I meet HODGKINS, PETERSON, and FLICKMORE. "How have you done?" I ask, as I am collecting all the information I can about the country, so to speak, in which I am about to try my fortune. "Pretty fair," answers HODGKINS. "Not bad," says PETERSON. "Might have been worse," observes FLICKMORE.

"Lost five hundred louis first day," says HODGKINS, looking sharply at his two friends.

I smile sympathetically. Five hundred! Dear me, a large sum to lose. And I began to think that I'd better reflect before I tempt the hazard of roulette.

"We picked it up next day, though," puts in PETERSON, also looking round at his companions, and smiling.

"And the second day were two thousand to the good," says FLICKMORE. "Not pounds—louis; but not bad business even in that."

Bad business, indeed! I wish it would happen to me even in francs—or half francs, for the matter of that. I am eager to know the system.

"Well," answers HODGKINS, "you see it's a little difficult to explain and to carry out, unless you're really going in for it. Perhaps you'd hardly understand it."

Well, I think my powers of comprehension are quite up to this; I mean that, if these three chaps, who are mere *flâneurs* on the face of the earth (except when they are in their business in the City) can master the system, I'm pretty sure that I can.

"Can't you give me an idea of it?" I ask, almost piteously.

"Well," says FLICKMORE, "it takes a day to carry out properly, even with luck, and it requires three fellows to play it. We're a Syndicate, and we bring in five hundred apiece. Lose that, we stop."

Thank you. Much obliged. I needn't trouble them for their system, as I am not "three single gentlemen rolled into one," and so can't be a Syndicate.

They are going in to the Casino, and pass me on the steps. Now what shall I do? While I am meditating on my plan of campaign, Lord ARTHUR STONEBROKE, passing me hurriedly, cries, "Halloa, old chap, going in to break the Bank, eh?" I reply, as he halts for a second by the door, as carelessly as I can, as if I hadn't quite decided whether I should let the Bank have another day's grace or not,—"Well, I don't know." And then I pay him the compliment of asking "what he is going to do," as if to imply that my movements shall be decided by his.

"Oh," says he, in an off-hand manner, "I'm just going in for a flutter before dinner. Only taking in five hundred louis."

I nod to him pleasantly, and he passes in, and disappears. "Only five hundred louis to play with before dinner!" I am debating with myself whether I shall put on three five-franc pieces all at once, or extend the operation as they used to do the torture of the rack by doing it in three turns. Shall I stop at three five-franc pieces, or shall I go on to six? Let me see—five five-franc pieces are a sovereign, and therefore ten make two sovereigns. I wish one could make two sovereigns—and that one be myself.

First Decision.—I settle that it is better to have the ten five-franc pieces in my pocket, in case I want to play.

Second Decision.—The number of my coat is 200. I've often heard that a man backing the number of his coat, or multiple of it, or some division of it, makes a heap of money. *Happy Thought.* Try it. I ask SMITHSON, who has been an *habitué* for years, how he would divide 200 so as to make it into playable numbers. SMITHSON, with an air that inspires me with confidence, says offhand, "Put on the *six premiers*—that includes the two—on the middle dozen, so does that—on the *pair*, which includes the 20, and on zero, that's your game." And, nodding knowingly to me, he walks away with the satisfied air of a man who has done the best he can for a friend, and who, throwing off the responsibility there and then, leaves the friend to do the best he can for himself. I note it down, and determine to act upon it. It is, one fiver—I mean one five-franc piece—that is, four-and-twopence, only it sounds more sporting to speak of them as "fivers"—one fiver on the first six numbers, another on the middle dozen, another on "even," and another on zero. Good. Stay—that makes four all at once, and I only intended to put on three. If I lose these, then on go four more—that's eight—and I shall only have two left.

I decide to change a third sovereign—just as well to have fifteen "fivers" (silver fivers) in my pocket as ten.

I enter the room. I walk up to the Changers' bureau, and get my fifteen French five-franc pieces in exchange for three beautiful golden English sovereigns. It doesn't seem fair, to begin with. I look upon them as counters, and three sovereigns seems a lot of money to pay for fifteen counters. I go to a roulette-table in first room. Crowd. No getting near it. I see PETERSON with a pile of gold before him, looking very serious; behind him stand HODGKINS and FLICKMORE. Their eyes are on the table. They don't see me. Next moment the *croupier* cries out something that I don't catch, and the effect of it is that a lot of money is swept off one way, a lot another, and then HODGKINS and FLICKMORE seem to breathe again as PETERSON has notes and gold pushed towards him with the *croupier's* rake. Somehow I don't like this table. I leave it. I don't even visit the one opposite, and enter the middle room. Here the table at the lower end has an attraction for me. Some one standing by one of the *croupiers* just moves out, and leaves a momentary vacancy, which fate seems to point out to me as the very place for me. It is almost opposite *pair*, which just suits my plan, the only difficulty being to get at the other end of the table, and deposit my five-franc piece on the middle dozen, and to get

it back again, with the companion which it ought to win, from that distance in safety. At the tables I have often heard of old French women collaring what doesn't belong to them; and then, indignantly protesting that the expostulating Englishman had tried to rob them.

This rather sets me against the middle dozen. Also somehow I don't fancy zero. If I snub the middle dozen and zero, then I only need risk two fivers each time, and this will give me more sport for my money. And, after all, on the middle dozen you only get two to one, and the odds against zero turning up are greater than against anything else on the table. Besides, instead of losing four each time, I should only lose two. For all these excellent reasons I decide to follow only half of my friend's advice, and I select the *six premiers* and *pair*. When shall I begin? No time like the present. Now: this next turn. I brace up my nerves, I give a nod that the Duke of WELLINGTON, at Waterloo, might have copied, when he shut up his telescope with a snap and gave the word to charge, and producing two five-franc pieces, I lean over the man in front, and with a polite "Pardon, M'sieur!" I take his rake from him, and push my piece on to *pair*, nearly jobbing him in the eye with the handle as I draw the instrument back again. Elderly Frenchman looks up angrily. I feel hot and awkward: I foresee a duel, and so give him a smiling apology to turn away his wrath (which it doesn't), and then catching the *croupier's* eye—not with the rake this time, but figuratively with my eye—I ask him to shove my other five-franc piece on to *six premiers*, which he does with a careless air as if it didn't matter two-pence to him (and it doesn't), or to anybody (no more it does except to myself and family), what becomes of this absurd stake.

Then I draw back, fold my arms, try to appear utterly indifferent, look round the table to see if I can spot a friend to nod to, fail, and then I keep my eye on my pieces, and stoically await the issue. "*Rien ne va plus!*"—click!—it is over. *Vingt-cinq*—middle dozen and uneven. Thank you—five-franc pieces, fare ye well!

Two more on the same. Same business of jobbing Frenchman's eye with rake, catching *croupier's* eye, folding arms, awaiting verdict—which . . . *nineteen!*

Thank you. Exeunt second supply. Upon my word, I think I'll try the whole lot at once. *Six premiers*—zero (hate zero)—*pair*—and middle dozen. I do. MIDDLETON comes up at the minute. "Doing any good?" he asks. I shrug my shoulders. As I turn round, the number is called—I don't see what it is—but whatever it was, I find that it was neither zero, nor *pair*, nor middle dozen, nor *six premiers*, and all my pretty chicks are gone at one fell swoop. No, I'll limit myself to two. It's quite enough to lose at a time. And those two shall be—stay . . . shall I change my plan—evidently I'm not in luck. Wish I hadn't asked SMITHSON how to divide 200. Also wish I'd never heard that some gamblers choose the number of the ticket given them for their coat, and have immense luck with it. Stupid story: it's stories like this that lead one so astray.

My last two. I object to zero. The first six have played me false. The middle dozen can no longer be trusted. *Impair* has once stood my friend. Suddenly the number 19, which has nothing whatever to do with my calculations, seems to stand out from the rest, and invite me. It absolutely seems to say, "Put five francs on me, and one on the red." My whole plans are deranged. Nineteen is staring at me. "You'll regret not planking down on me," it says. "*Messieurs, faites le jeu!*" "*Faites!*" Fate it is. Once more "pardon," and I job the irate Monsieur in the eye with the end of the rake. On to the 19 plump, *en plein*. Already I see the *croupier* preparing to pay me thirty-five times my stake. Shall I put another, the other—and the last—on something? If so, on what? The ball is whizzling round! The second—shall I on zero? SMITHSON said zero—it was part of his original plan—as I catch the *croupier's* eye—an inspiration. "*Six premiers, s'il vous plaît!*"—he pushes it on just where I would give any amount—another five francs to recall it. The *croupier* opposite says, inexorably, "*Rien ne va plus!*" and—click! . . . *zero!* Ha! ha! and I was within an ace of putting on zero. O SMITHSON! When I tell you that, after asking your advice, I've not acted on it, you will think I've been making a fool of you—and of myself.

Shall I change another sovereign? And try another table? I will. I go to the magician who warily examines and changes the gold into silver behind the pigeon-hole of the bureau, and get my five-franc pieces. Odd! this time as I slip them into my pocket, I feel as if I'd won them from the man behind the pigeon-hole, and somehow, I experience the pleasant sensation of having somehow or another got the best of him in a bargain. To which table shall I go? What plan shall I pursue? With SMITHSON'S I can only play once with four francs, and if I lose, then once with one. At this moment up comes BYNGLEIGH.

Now and Then.

A LITTLE while ago the Knights of the Modern Round Table, were, according to Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, "within sight of each other." Now they appear (politically speaking) to be taking sights at each other all round.

ALL IN PLAY.

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,

As the most recently produced piece at the Princess's will, no doubt, sooner or later, find its way to the Provinces, I give you a few particulars for the information of all England, Scotland, Ireland, India, and the Colonies. It is "a new Romantic Drama," and also "a Tale of the Turf;" it is called *Now-a-Days*, and is written by Mr. WILSON BARRETT (again to quote from the programme), "the most popular actor of the age." So far as incident is concerned, it is



Now-a-Days.

very like *Flying Scud* and *The Odds*—two sporting Dramas that were exceedingly popular some ten or twenty years ago. There is also a savour about it of the *Run of Luck*, which was produced a little while back at Drury Lane. The dialogue is rather uneven—some of it not very good; some of it very far from bad. The author introduces us to a strange set, in which are included a "heavy father," who makes an honest livelihood by gambling; a pathetic bookmaker, who is the bosom friend of a country squire; a masher jockey, who is joyfully accepted as the said squire's son-in-law; and a wicked baronet, whose better nature comes well to the fore in the last Act. So far as I am aware, it is not a very correct realisation of modern society. To go into details, the scenery is excellent, and the acting quite as good as the piece deserves. Mr. AUSTIN MELFORD greatly distinguishes himself in the part of a low-class betting man. It is a very clever sketch, and quite worth seeing. Mr. WILSON BARRETT (who reminded me not a little of Mr. WEEDON GROSSMITH), appears in a character that I fancy is intended to be more comic than tragic, but of this I will not be sure. Mr. GEORGE BARRETT is the pathetic bookmaker, and certainly the creation is an interesting one. Still I think the two brothers might swap parts with advantage. Miss GRACE HAWTHORNE, "the sole lessee of the theatre," is also included in the caste. I may add that the "most popular actor of the age," although fairly amusing in the last scene (especially when he condescended to show nothing but his legs kicking over a hoarding), was more to my taste as the *Silver King*, or even in *Hamlet*. I shall not be surprised if *Now-a-Days* is very well attended during Lent.

The Yeomen of the Guard is going merrily at the Savoy. The music improves on acquaintance, and the acting is excellent all round. Sir ARTHUR, I fancy, will not be required to supply anything better to fill this popular house for a very long time to come.

Weather, as I write, bitterly cold, consequently I shiver as I sign myself, once more at home,

THE CRITIC FROM THE HEARTH.

What Next?

(By a Totary of the Weed.)

THESE Leagues are just getting too dosed despotic.

There are Leagues against Landlords, and Leagues against Drink; And now here's another called "Anti-Narcotic,"

Whose object—confound it!—is—what do you think?

To put out our pipes, and taboo our Tobacco!

By Jove, Mr. Punch, 'tis too much of a joke!

Many Leagues we to faddist, fanatic, and quack owe.

But this?—Well, thank goodness, it must "end in Smoke!"

A MISSING COLLIE.—"IGNORAMUS" writes to say that he went to the Collie Show held last week at St. Stephen's Hall, Westminster, and was disappointed. Among all the Collies, he didn't find a single CIBBER.



NORTH AND SOUTH.

(Differences of Dialect.)

The "Macchuskey." "WEEL, MY BRAW WEE ENGLISH LADDIE! HERE HAVE I COME A' THE WAY TO LONDON TO VEESIT Y'R GUID FEYTHUR AND MITHER, THAT BROUGHT YE WITH 'EM TO SEE ME IN THURMNITROCHIT LAST YEAR—WHERE YE RODE A COCKHORSE ON MY KNEE! D'YE MIND ME, THE NOO?"

The Bravo Wee English Laddie. "OH NO—I DON'T MIND YOU—NOT A BIT. IT'S PAPA AND MAMMA!"

BLOW IT, BOREAS, BLOW IT!

A PLAIN MAN'S ODE TO MARCH.

"It is an ill wind that blows nobody good."

"ROARING moon of daffodil and crocus!"
(As I think you once were dubbed by
TENNYSON.)

Clear us of foul cants that blind and choke us,
And you'll earn our benison.

Your East Wind is an ill wind to most of us,
Torment to our lips, our lungs, our livers;
Giving to the suffering human host of us
Shock, and smarts, and shivers.

Yet if you will only waft away from us
Much that makes our public life so hateful,
Blow the foul miasmas of the day from us,
We shall be quite grateful.

Life, dear March, is getting *too* mephitic.
Clear us, if you can, of scurril shindy,
Party Pasquin, and log-rolling critic,
Spouter wild and windy.

Blow away the blatant Boanerges,
And the perorating public liar.
Yes, the year on vernal verdure verges,
Whiff from budding briar

Soon shall greet us when abroad we wander;
But there's an effluvia foul and sickening—
'Tis the pestilential breath of Slander,
Daily, hourly thickening.

Oh, for any Boreas-cum-Eurus,
Though as fierce as HARCOURT's hot
polemic,
That should clear the atmosphere, and
cure us
Of this epidemic!

This fierce Saturnalia of Spitefulness,
This base Billingsgate of mutual "slating,"
Robs the dawning Spring of all delightful—
'Tis asphyxiating. [ness—

Blow these mad M.P.'s, all blare and blether,
Madly bent on mutual provoking,
While in all this fury of foul weather,
Public spirit's choking!

Blow these big and little party papers,
Basely slandering and boldly lying,
Whilst amidst their mean, malignant capers,
Common sense seems dying!

Blow the whole vile, venomous fraternity,
Tools of huckster greed or party profit,
Who, for pence, would make to all eternity
Public life a Tophet!

Yes, loud March, I own I do not love you;
But I'd brave your asthma and bronchitis
If you'd scatter—is the task above you?
• Malice's mephitic.

Cant, and calumny, and mean mendacity,
Cloud our civic atmosphere—all know it.
If March winds can clear the foul opacity,
Blow it, Boreas, blow it!

VERY O.U.D.-ACIOUS!

"Ho! Lictors, clear the way!" This is just what the Lictors at the Oxford revival of *Julius Cæsar* failed to do. They didn't even "clear" the Curtain, but got their "fasces" mixed up with it in such a curious fashion that the audience tittered. Probably they were not aware that Lictors and "sticks" have been connected from the earliest classical ages.

Then, weren't there too many women and children about the stage? We confess not to know much about these classical occasions, but surely when a revolution was going on, all the little Roman girls didn't appear in the streets? Anyhow while *Antony* was making his funeral oration they seemed superfluous.

Mr. ALMA TADEMA must have revelled in that Scene of the Forum! He and Mr. HALL between them have made an admirable thing out of it. The Temple of Janus and the Capitol in the background are picturesque, and so is the "Rostra" in front—so-called, we were told by an undergraduate who accompanied us, because it was the place where the Roman "beaks" used to give judicial decisions. Some old Roman wag had actually painted pictures of beaks on the pedestal! Very disrespectful! Perhaps one of the classical children before-mentioned as pervading the performance did it.

As a whole, the play was good, and interesting. Lovers of the Bard might have done much worse than take a return-ticket to the Isis to see it.



PENANCE !

"HIS HONOUR ROOTED IN DISHONOUR STOOD,
AND FAITH UNFAITHFUL MADE HIM FALSELY TRUE."—TENNYSON.



JUST OFF!

"RIDE HER ON THE SNAFFLE, TOM! DON'T RIDE HER ON THE CURB!"

"HANG YOUR CURB AND SNAFFLE! I'VE ENOUGH TO DO TO RIDE HER ON THE SADDLE!"

WHAT MR. PUNCH'S MOON SAW. EIGHTH EVENING.

"THERE is a Blind Man whom I know very well," the Moon told Mr. Punch. "He has never seen me, but I have seen him for many years now. All his dogs I have known, too—some of them really intimately, for most dogs are in the habit of telling me their private affairs, when they are tied up alone and I am at leisure to listen to their grievances. One dog of his was a particular friend of mine, and it is about him that I am going to tell you this evening. He was a terrier, with long bluish hair, and a face that somehow always put me in mind of a pansy. His master had trained him very well, and he was naturally intelligent. Every morning when the Blind Man left his lodging, the dog would take him to a corner, where the omnibus passed, and when he had seen him safely inside, would run away across the Park, and wait for his master there; and when the omnibus arrived, and put him down, the dog's leash was fastened on again, and he led the Blind Man to a certain passage behind a church, where he sits all day and makes nets. I have seen this myself on many a morning, when I have been up later than usual. And the dog would lie by his side with a tin cup under his chin, and, whenever a passer-by dropped a coin in the cup, the dog would thump his thanks with his tail on the pavement. He was, of course, deeply attached to his master. One night, when I came out as usual, and looked down into the deep narrow passage, I found the Blind Man sitting all alone; and for many nights after that he sat there, netting by the light of a candle stuck in a lump of clay, with no dog by his side. The fact was, that some thief (who must have been more wicked than most thieves) had stolen the poor man's dog. However, before very long, a kind-hearted person gave him another—a great ugly lurcher this new dog was, who would not wag his tail even for silver, and who growled, and showed his teeth, if any stranger attempted to pat him. Still, he was honest and faithful, in his way, and his master soon grew used, and even attached to him.

"Well, and this is my real story:—One evening, long after this, I saw another dog come hurrying down the passage, and I recognised him instantly—it was the pansy-faced terrier, the one that had been so cruelly stolen. He was greatly changed, and, I am glad to say, for the better, since I had seen him last. Then he had been gaunt,

and his coat harsh, and uncared for; now he was sleek and smooth, he wore a silver collar, and his hair was carefully parted all down the middle of his back. But, for all that, he seemed overjoyed at getting back again to his old master, and the leash, and the tin cup, and lying still all day, and he danced round him, barking violently, and leaping up frantically to fondle and caress him.

"The Blind Man sat there, puzzled. He could only recognise objects by the touch; and this silky-coated, well-fed animal, did not remind him in the least of his shaggy old servant—he imagined it was some gentleman's pet, who had taken a sudden fancy to him. I longed to tell him who it was; but a poor Moon can't do everything, and I found I could not make him understand me.

"All at once the original dog saw his successor, and grasped the situation in an instant. Before he could take his old place, he must drive the intruder away—so, though he was no match for the lurcher, he flew at him furiously.

"There was a terrible combat; the coppers flew out of the tin cup, and went rolling and chinking over the flagstones; the lurcher, though hampered by his chain, fought savagely, and the pansy-faced terrier was generally undermost, though that was, in some ways, better for him, for then he escaped the heavy stick with which the Blind Man laid about him in all directions.

"The fight could only end in one way; the lurcher was so much stronger, and the original dog seemed to get so much more than his share of the stick. He fought on as long as he could, but at last he saw that he was beaten, and must give it up. So he disengaged himself, all torn and bleeding, crept up to his master's side, and licked his hand once more, in token of forgiveness and farewell, and then limped away, whining, into the darkness, while the lurcher, still grumbling, coiled himself up, and, after licking his wounds a little, went to sleep.

"I think," concluded the Moon, "that the defeated dog went back to his new owners, where he was certainly much better off, and he has certainly never returned to the passage again. I am sorry for him, nevertheless, and I wish he could have been allowed to stay."

"ENGLISH AS SHE IS SPOKE."—Anglo-Saxon is being hurriedly acquired in Biarritz in honour of the QUEEN'S visit. A shopkeeper already hopes "to be a ritx person" before HER MAJESTY'S departure.

INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS. No. 59.



ROUGH SKETCH OF MINISTERIALISTS LISTENING TO THE G. O. M.

BELGRAVIA V. BOHEMIA;

OR, ART AND ADVERTISEMENT.

SCENE—A Studio. *The Bohemian speaks:—*

So his picture's sold, and mine isn't!
Well, I own it is rather a blow.
My coat is so painfully shabby,
And my friends are so painfully low.
They say that I keep in the background,
Don't put myself forward enough,
For these are the days of advertisement,
Paragraph, Posters, and Puff.
Well, no one can say that of him,
No bushel hides his little light;
He's nobbled the Press pretty well,
And perhaps, after all, he is right—
There's nothing he's kept from the Papers,
Nothing he's ever conceal'd.
Except, p'raps, his talent for painting,
And that is—as yet—unreveal'd.
You may read of the servants he keeps
Of his butler, and coachman, and groom;
Of the size of the bed that he sleeps in,
And how many sleep in a room.
Of the lemony-pink of the doorway,
The hall with its luminous mauve;
And the duck-weedy green of the boudoir,
And the soft yellow-tinted alcove.
The lamp that's so quaint and artistic,
With its gentle and soft diffused light—
So soft that you can't see to read by it.
And certainly can't see to write,
You can read of the terrible quarrel
He had with his whilom dear friend
When one of them wanted to borrow
And t'other dear friend wouldn't lend.
You can read of the parties he gives,
And the dresses the fine ladies wear, [them,
With the names of the firms who supplied
And a list of the "smart" people there.
Some two or three ladies of title,
Who really don't know why they go; [dear,
"But those artists you know, are so odd,
And quaint in their ways, don't-cher know."
Then forsooth he declaims about Art,
The Beautiful, Chaste, and Sublime;
How Art must be kept Pure and Holy;
Art is not for now, but all time!!
Fugh! why can't he try and be plainer,
And placard himself once for all
With saucers, and boots, and mix'd pickles,
On ev'ry street-hoarding and wall?
But why should I bother about him,
It's no use to snarl and to whine;
If he chooses to crawl in the gutter,
It's surely no bus'ness of mine.
What reason have I got to grumble?
I'm not badly off as I am.
What I've earned, I have honestly earned,
And never by shoddy or sham.
I've plenty of friends at my back,
Tho' you wouldn't describe them as "smart;"
But they've brains and, moreover, they've
what

Some "smart" people haven't—a heart.
So I think I'll go quietly on
Independent and free while I can,
After all, tho' my coat is so shabby,
There's something in being a Man!!
I wonder now if he remembers
The old student days long ago—
There were four of us chumming together
In a little back-street in Soho—
How hungry we were in those days,
And how seldom we had any meat.
When we hadn't we eat baked potatoes
"All hot," from a can in the street.
I wonder now if he would come
And sup with us three as of yore?
No! I don't think he'd like baked potatoes,
And beer from the public next door.
No! Farewell, my old student friend,
We can never recall the old days.
You stick to your new-found Belgravia,
And I to Bohemia's ways.



"A STRICT REGARD FOR TRUTH."

Nephew. "HOLD UP, UNCLE! PEOPLE 'LL THINK YOU'RE SCREWED!"
* *Uncle (the Wedding Breakfast had been hilarious).* "SCREW'D! NO, NO, SHEORSH! NO'
SH' BAD 'SH THAT! 'SHAME TIME—DON' LE'SH BE"—(*lurching heavily*)—"OSHT'NTASH'LY
SHOBER! 'CAN'T BEAR OSHT'NTASH'N!!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday Night, February 25.—House wore business air to-night. Two days spent in getting ready for work; ready now. Opposition Benches crowded; electrical condition; going off in startling pops at slightest provocation. ATTORNEY-GENERAL innocently brings in two Bills. One deals with Criminal Evidence, the other with Disclosure of Secret Official Information. Amazing reception from Opposition as he strolls towards table with measures in hand. A quick-witted spontaneous flash of humour.

Windbag SEXTON, who always underlines his jokes, fearful lest meaning of this should escape attention, asks whether one of the Bills will prevent disclosure of documents and information in possession of the Government in a case in which the ATTORNEY-GENERAL holds a brief for one of the parties?

"PREGOTT! PREGOTT!" Irish Members cry. A new sort of incantation this; a strange weird light illumines countenance of JOSEPH GILLIS as he utters it; it stops the mouth of

CHIEF SECRETARY when presently he rises to reply—"as if it were spigot," says JOHN O'CONNOR, who is presently going to prison, and in meantime claims all sorts of licence. It breaks out now and then *à propos* of all kinds of unlikely things, but always with the same effect.



"Here to-day—gone to-morrow."

Got his notes with finely-turned, adroitly balanced sentences; but has learned how to use them. Good hard-hitting, slashing, debating-speech.

"By far the best thing MORLEY has done yet," said WHITEHEAD. "He has discovered the secret of his certain success. Always marvel to me that his platform speeches should be so effective, and his House of Commons lectures so inadequate. What he had to do when standing at table of House was, to imagine he was on the platform at Newcastle. Did it to-night, and made a great hit."

Weighty words these. No one who has not lived in House of Commons for twenty years knows how wise is WHITEHEAD. "Solomon in all his habiliments," as LAWSON says, "was not half as impressive as WHITEHEAD's waistcoat."

BALFOUR brave to the last; his back to the wall. So far from being depressed, he is defiant. Instead of retreating, sallies forth on encompassing array. Perfect the single stroke by which he smote O'BRIEN and GEORGE TREVELYAN. TREVELYAN, he said, had gone so far as to found upon the eloquence of O'BRIEN the argument that he ought to be treated better than other people. "About the merits of Mr. O'BRIEN's style," BALFOUR went on to say, with a graceful obeisance to TREVELYAN, "no man has a better right to judge than the Right Hon. Baronet. Few have had fuller experience of it;" an awkward reminiscence of the days when TREVELYAN sat in the place of Chief Secretary, and the Irish pack, who now applaud, nightly howled at him.

Business done.—JOHN MORLEY moved Amendment to Address.

Tuesday.—Only one subject of conversation in either House to-day.

PIGOTT first, the rest nowhere. Debate on Address goes forward in Commons, but all ears strained for mention or reference to the, but yesterday, obscure scoundrel whose name now echoes to uttermost ends of earth. TIM HEALY back, in high spirits. Has suggestion to make to First Commissioner of Works. On walls in Octagon Hall is a vacant space for a fresco. Long been question what shall be done with it. TIM has idea. Why not "The Parting of PIGOTT?" he says. PIGOTT making off with a black bag, and in the background two "old friends" wringing their hands in despair. FLUNKET says he'll think about it; but really so hard at all times to get any money for Works purposes out of CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER, that hardly likes to broach the topic. Still, if TIM will leave it in his hands—and TIM does.



Saunderson's Bottle-holder.

Comedy and tragedy take turn in debate. Comedy, SAUNDERSON, full of quips and cranks, keeping the House in constant roar. Tragedy by JOHN DILLON, pale-faced, dark-haired, sad-voiced, denouncing a system of Government, which

he says "breeds PIGOTTS as corruption breeds worms." SAUNDERSON brought down prodigious number of *impromptus* neatly written down on note-paper. WARING takes charge of manuscript, as, sheet after sheet, SAUNDERSON flings it back on the bench. Also carries in hand a tumbler containing refreshment. Hands it up at regular intervals, occupying spare moments with collecting and rearranging the used-up manuscript. A pretty, touching sight!

Business done.—More debate on Address.

Thursday.—Thought just now there would be bloodshed under black shadow of gallery on left of SPEAKER. An outburst of angry conversation; a sudden tussle; and O'HANLON discovered on his legs excitedly throwing his arms about.

"I want this Gentleman to apologise," he said. "I'll just give him a minute to think, and if he doesn't apologise I will—"

What O'HANLON contemplated drowned in roar from shocked House. "This Gentleman" evidently HAVELOCK, who sat bolt upright looking into space.

This was O'HANLON's second incursion into proceedings. A few minutes earlier had interjected remark from one of the side-galleries and been repressed by SPEAKER's stern cry of "Order!" Had thereupon descended, entered from behind SPEAKER's chair, skirted bench from which T. W. RUSSELL was addressing House, and, *à propos de bottes*, persuasively whispered in his ear the magic word, "PIGOTT!" Precisely what followed is a matter of contention. HAVELOCK, called upon for explanation by SPEAKER, said

he "happened, by accident, to come into contact with O'HANLON." O'HANLON, on the contrary, shouted out, "The Hon. and Gallant Gentleman, as I suppose I am bound to call him, comes over and throws himself on me." However it was, here was O'HANLON angrily regarding the clock, and narrowly limiting HAVELOCK's opportunity.

"I'll not give him much time," he said. "Just a minute to think."

What a position for a man who had ridden into Cawnpore and won the Victoria Cross! Only sixty seconds and his blood would dapple the walls of the House of Commons! CHAPLIN, standing at Bar, in Heavy-Father attitude, held his breath.

SPEAKER attempted to bring about strategic movement in relief of gallant General. Called on RUSSELL to proceed. RUSSELL went on with his remarks; hadn't got through many sentences when O'HANLON discovered once more on his legs, waving his arms semaphore fashion, blood-thirstiness in his eye and a crumpled copy of the Orders in his hand.

"Mr. SPEAKER!" he roared,

"I beg your pardon again, but he says I had better get out of this."

"He," the indomitable HAVELOCK.

SPEAKER interposed with increased gravity, and HAVELOCK, casting on O'HANLON a glance that should have withered him, stalked away with his still uncrushed head defiantly upcast.

Business done.—Debate on Address.

Friday.—G. O. M. resumed Debate to-night. Seems to have renewed his life, like the eagle, in foreign parts. Voice come back in all its force; bubbling over with high spirits, particularly tickled by proximity of CHAMBERLAIN; goes through some high comedy scenes with him, amid rapturous cheers from Pit and Gallery. Parties in the Stalls a little glum. Been the usual *lever de rideaux*, in which Ministers called over the coals about alleged connection with the departed PIGOTT. TIM HEALY got his back up; cross-examines OLD MORALITY with pitiless persistency. HARCOURT tries to put an oar in; but not to be mentioned in same boat with TIM.

Just before midnight ended Debate, PARNELL turns up. Enthusiastic reception; disposition to chant, "*He's a Jolly Good Fellow*," stopped by SPEAKER. *Business done.*—JOHN MORLEY's Amendment to Address rejected by 339 votes against 260.



The Heavy Father of the House of Commons.

AN IMPERFECT RIDDLE.—When is a Joint Stock Company like a watch?—When it is wound up. Obviously. Only then the watch will go, but the Company stops.

NOTICE.—Rejected Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will in no case be returned, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. To this rule there will be no exception.

ON COMMISSION.

Tuesday, March 5.—The aristocracy becoming slightly bored with Law. Still a fair number daily tax the amiability of the ever-



"Well supplied with noble counsellors." Shakespeare.

graphs complained of. It was then that I fully appreciated how disastrous it would be were ladies ever admitted to the Bar. I could not help feeling that had two aged females been in the place of my learned friends, Sir RICHARD and Sir CHARLES, there would have been any amount of squabbling and loss of time. As it was, it is scarcely necessary to say that Mr. ATTORNEY was ready on the instant to go on, and that he received the greatest possible assistance from his learned friends on the other side. The Commissioners could scarcely conceal the gratification they evidently felt in presiding over so happy a family. It was a pretty and touching sight to gaze upon Sir RICHARD as he turned to his learned friends and asked, "Are you ready?" In a moment any number of miscellaneous documents were handed to him—all, no doubt, of the greatest possible value, if put in at the proper time. Mr. ATTORNEY's gratitude to "those associated with him" seemed to be unbounded, and he constantly called for Mr. SOAMES, no doubt to express to that learned gentleman his warmest acknowledgments for the valuable assistance that was being so copiously extended to him. Then came a few witnesses full of "information," as, no doubt, my learned and laughter-leading friend Mr. LOCKWOOD would say, as they were *informers*—hence the smile-compelling pleasantries. The last was seemingly a youth of somewhat tender years; and when my learned and laughter-leading friend suggested that Mr. RONAN should wheel the witness home (after re-examination) in a perambulator, the Court became quite Christmassy in its merriment before adjourning to the morrow.



Mr. Lockwood, Q.C., kindly assists Mr. Ronan to act on Counsel's Advice.

rather costly exercise was of distinct value to my learned friend, Mr. ASQUITH, who had the benefit of a reading lesson, personally conducted by Sir JAMES HANNEN. "May I ask you, kindly," said the revered President of the Probate Division, courteously but firmly, "to raise your voice, and hold your head up?" For a moment I almost expected to hear his Lordship add, "And slap your right leg with your cane, Sir, and wink at the girls!" I hasten to say, with heartfelt respect, that Sir JAMES gave no such martial, but entirely unlaywerlike direction. Moreover, it is only just to my learned friend (whose services in the case have been of the greatest value to his leader) to express my opinion that had he received such an order he would have hesitated, and rightly hesitated, to have carried it into execution; and this would have been the more commendable, as my learned friend has other than forensic claims to the title of "Junior," and Beauty in the Court has never lacked representatives. But it will be patent to everyone that it is no part of a counsel's duty (even under direction of the Bench) to recognise female comeliness by the sudden drooping and upraising of a wig-surmounted eyelid. This reminds me that some of our forensic perukes are far from perfect. Had I frequent occasion to renew

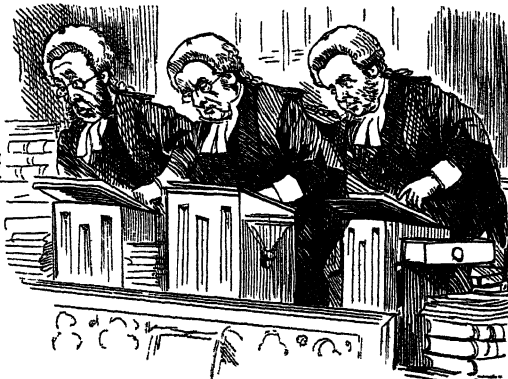
my own, I should go to Mr. Fox (whose wigs at the *Maske of Flowers* at Gray's Inn during the Jubilee were, so to speak, the toast of the Bench and the Bar), who, I feel sure would always fit me to my entire satisfaction. To return, the reproduction of the speeches of eminent statesmen and others (declaimed in his most brilliant style by my learned and energetic friend, Mr. ATKINSON) had certainly one advantage—it nearly cleared the Court. After the midday adjournment, the proceedings (like "grey shirtings" on certain interesting occasions in the City), became more "lively." Thanks to the gallant conduct of my learned and fiery friend, Sir CHARLES RUSSELL, there were several little "scenes in Court" (sub-



A Consultation.

sequently found of great benefit by the gentlemen of the Press) and now and again there was quite a "sensation." I left before the adjournment, and was surprised to hear a rumour that, after my retirement, in spite of the ample room in court for all present, the President was reported to be quietly sitting upon Sir CHARLES RUSSELL with every sign of satisfaction. Thursday.—A further falling off in the attendance. Mr. SOAMES (the most hard-working of solicitors) of course was present, and if Mr. GEORGE LEWIS was less *en évidence*, that learned gentleman left matters in the able hands of a most efficient representative. It was a very pleasing sight to see the principal conversing with his devoted adherent. My learned and fiery friend Sir CHARLES RUSSELL, however, was instrumental in giving a distinct interest to the proceedings. With evident disinclination (for he assured us that he was "singularly averse" to interrupting anyone), he somehow contrived to have quite an exciting little altercation with the Bench by (so it seemed to me) the introduction of contention-breeding interpolations. He also cross-examined a witness with a verve and a go that may have recalled to some of us the most respected memories of that grand old institution, the Ancient Bailey. But when he accused my learned and apparently rather depressed friend, Mr. ATTORNEY, of making an "audacious request," I reluctantly confess I could not enthusiastically follow on the same side. However, we were so pleased when we learned that Sir RICHARD expected to complete his case in the course of a day or two, that Bench and Bar seemed prepared to forgive and forget everything. As a matter of fact, when the Commissioners retired for the week, they took their departure with an air of relief that conjured up a vision in my mind of three of the best and ablest of our Judges dancing with dignified joy in their own private apartments.

And now, as this seems to be a suitable time for explanation, perhaps I may be permitted to make a personal statement on my own account. I have reason to believe that there has been some surprise expressed that I have not myself been "retained" either on one side or the other in this very interesting case. I must admit that it is certainly a fact that no brief has been delivered at Pump-handle Court (up to date) desiring me to appear either "with me the ATTORNEY-GENERAL," or "with me Sir CHARLES RUSSELL." However, on reflection, I commend the judgment of Messrs. SOAMES and LEWIS in making what at first sight may have appeared (to the uninitiated) an omission. I venture to suggest that it may have occurred to certain eminent Solicitors in Ely Place and Lincoln's Inn Fields, that perhaps, if at any future time I desired to enter Parliament, I might wish to join that august assembly untrammelled by associations which, although absolutely professional, to the lay mind might be suggestive of Party predilections. And not having been engaged in this matter, of course such bonds, so far as I am concerned, are non-existent. For the rest I feel sure the Juniors associated with Sir CHARLES RUSSELL have got on very well without me; and as for the case of the *Times* (especially that branch of it that engravers would scarcely term "proofs before letters"), I honestly do not think any effort on my part could have materially improved it.



Au revoir!

Pump-handle Court. (Signed) A. BRIEFLESS, JUNIOR.

THE OSPREY AND THE EAGLES.

"The abdication of King MILAN of Servia . . . has at length fallen like a thunderbolt on the State-craft of Europe."—*Times*.



FALLEN at last, but not *quite* like a thunderbolt!
Osprey is hardly a Jovian bird;
Rather a fowl that will, after big blunder, bolt;
Timid rapacity's slightly absurd.

True birds of prey should be boldly belligerent,
Dauntless in danger, and strong on the wing;
Crises on cocktails will act as refrigerant,
Courage he needs who of air would be king.

Fish-eating Osprey—men do not think much of him ;
 Not e'en a white-tailed Sea-eagle is he. [of him,
 His prey, when he's pressed, he lets slip from the clutch
 Shrieks, and seeks safety in flight o'er the sea.
Aquila imperialis is chasing him ;
 Osprey now hears his strong wings on the wind,
 Hates him, but has little fancy for facing him,
 Hooks it—but leaving his booty behind !

Obrenovitch Osprey, you never were eagle-like,
 Jackal at best to true kings of the air.
 Nemesis long on your track has hung, beagle-like,
 Destiny's down upon those who can't dare.
 Yes, you have made a big splash, there's no doubt of it,
 Dropping your prey in this summary style.
 Poor puzzled fowl, you are surely well out of it,
 Osprey ; but *après* ? A deluge of guile,
 Or war's cataclysm ? The prey you have parted with,
 Drops from your clutch ; will it fall where you please ?
 Swift on your track two true eagles have darted, with
 Eyes on that prey. These are turbulent seas,
 Wild and wind-swept from the East ; fierce and furious
 Swoop those two fowls in competitive chase,
 Whilst on his crag, in an attitude curious,
 Watching the fray with a Sphinxian face,
 Perches a third one, Teutonic ; the Thunderer
 Throned on Olympus might own him for mate.
 He is no rashly belligerent blunderer ;
 Watchful as Memnon, he's silent as Fate.
 What shall the issue be ? Poor pusillanimous
 Osprey, the Eagles are gathered ; you go !
 Iron-winged might is not mild or magnanimous,
Aquila's ever a pitiless foe.
 Into whose claws will the quarry you're frightened from
 Fall in the end ? The horizon looks black ; [from,
 When the far East a fresh storm shall have lightened
 Which of those Eagles will ride out the wrack ?

DR. ROBSON ROOSE has written an admirable article on the Water Supply of London in the current Number of the *Fortnightly Review*. Seemingly, we poor Cockneys are fairly well off, if we take care to keep a filter in the house. However, it is as well to see that it is not supplied (like another philter) by some modern *Dr. Dulcamara*. While thanking Dr. Robson Roose for his really valuable contribution to the welfare of mankind, *Mr. Punch*, in dealing with the subject, has a natural preference for a rather more spirited policy—a policy which would include in its scope lemon, nutmeg, alcohol in various forms, and other pleasant ingredients. The water used in this mixture should of course be heated to a suitable temperature.



AN APPEAL.

"NOW, SMITHERS, LET ME EARNESTLY EXHORT YOU TO TAKE THE PLEDGE."
 "CERTAINLY NOT, MY LADY ! I'M NOT ONE O' YOUR PEOPLE AS CAN'T KEEP
 SOBER WITHOUT GOIN' AND TAKIN' HOATHS ABOUT IT !"

WHAT MR. PUNCH'S MOON SAW.

NINTH EVENING.

"Not very long ago," said the Moon, "I shone down on the deck of a large Emigrant Ship, which was just leaving its moorings. It was crowded with people—men, women, and children, and many of the faces I saw wore a very sad expression. They were leaving the country of their birth, and the friends and scenes they had grown up and lived amongst, to begin life again in a strange land ; so it was not wonderful if they were not in the best of spirits. Still they bore up bravely, especially the men, though some of the women wept a little behind their shawls, and the children cried too, for company and the strangeness of it all. But they were sensible people at heart, and they quite understood that it was best for themselves, their country, and everybody, that they should go. They were strong, industrious, and sober, but there was no room and no work for them at home, the population was too large already, and by going they were making it better for the others who remained. And in the New World, far away, with their energy, industry, and health, they would be sure to prosper and become a credit to the colony. All that they knew—and yet, now the time had come to quit the old country for ever, they could only feel how dear it was ; and some of them would have given all they had in the world just then to be allowed to stay in their own land, even though they starved there."



Moonshine.

"As the great ship began to move slowly, another vessel passed it

quite close in the opposite direction. Its deck was as crowded as the first, and the passengers on both thronged to the sides and looked curiously at one another. I could not help noticing," said the Moon, "what a difference there was between the two sets of passengers. The first were peasants and artisans, sturdy, honest-looking, self-reliant, pinched some of them by recent privations, but all belonging to a class of which a great country might well be proud. Of the others—those in the vessel that was arriving—as much could not be said. They were undersized degraded-looking creatures, ignorant and filthy, of whom their own land was only too glad to be rid. They were coming to your shores with vague ideas of getting more money and living better than at home. I know what will happen to them!" said the Moon, "for I have seen it many a time. They will fall into the power of some of their own countrymen, only a little less degraded than themselves, and they will become slaves, herding together in horrible dens, and spreading disease and squalor and general bestiality in the neighbourhood they dwell in."

"And as the English emigrants looked at these foreigners, I know what the thought was which rose unbidden in all their minds. 'If there is no room for us,' they were asking with their sad eyes, 'Why is there room for these?'"

"And, upon my word," concluded the Moon, "although I suppose your clever statesmen could answer the question satisfactorily, I have not found it so easy myself!"

Nemesis.

(By a Sufferer from the Ring in Copper.)

THAT huge Copper Syndicate came a huge cropper!

Hooray! Like Hood's laundress they shiver and quake,

For, like her, they went in for "Skying the Copper,"

And blew up themselves—by mistake.

NEW NAME FOR THE CAPTAIN OF H.M.S. "SULTAN."—Ground-Rice.

DUE SOUTH.

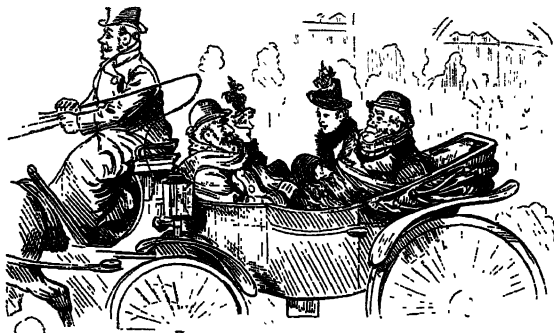
THE BATTLE OF FLOWERS AT NICE.

WHAT I did with BYNGLEIGH, who came up after I had lost my little all, and had changed some more gold into five-franc pieces, I will recount on a future occasion. At present a day must intervene, a *fête* day, which removes me away from the tables, and takes me over to Nice. Certainly, being at Monte Carlo, let us go to the second day of the "Battle of Flowers." This is March the 4th, and the Battle of Flowers does sound such a summery proceeding.

"Mrs. GRAYLING and her niece MABEL want to see it," says Mrs. GRAYLING's brother-in-law, the generous TAPLIN, who, when out for a holiday, likes to do the thing well; "and so, if you'll come," this to me, "I'll take the lot of you. One more or less makes no difference."

Being de-lighted at hearing that my presence will make no difference, I embrace the offer.

The carriage is at the door. There are two baskets of flowers and two bouquets. This looks like the First of May, old "Chimney-sweepers' Day." It may "look like" the First of May; but with a



Going to the Battle of Flowers at Nice.

cutting North wind, with just a touch of East in it, it feels like the time of year it is; namely, the fourth day of March, at Monte Carlo and elsewhere. At all events there is no fog, as there probably is in London at this moment. The sky is clear, the Mediterranean is blue, the sun is bright, the view is lovely; the wind is cutting. We take rugs, wraps, and overcoats, but out of compliment to the appearance of the place, with its hedges of geraniums, its red roses on the walls, the spreading palm-trees, the cactuses, the olive-trees, and the prickly pears, "all a-growing" and looking tropical—(how they do it is a wonder to me! I am inclined to think they're most of them sham, the deception being connived at by the authorities, and kept up by the hotel-keepers and the Casino officials at an enormous cost)—so, as I say, out of compliment to the tropical "scenery and properties," we decide on *not* having foot-warmers in the carriage.

TAPLIN, huddled up in rugs, with only the upper part of his head, under a pot-hat, appearing above (so to speak) the bed-clothes, exclaims, from time to time, "There's a beautiful view!"—nodding at it, for he won't take his hands out from under the coverings,—"Lovely, isn't it?" to which we all assent, the pair on the back seat not turning their heads to look at it, for fear of getting a stiff neck and being "struck so;" and then TAPLIN, wriggling down lower than ever under his counterpane and blankets, murmurs, with conviction, "But, I say, it is cold!" And so say all of us, and all snuggle down under the rugs. For all this, we are going to the celebrated Battle of Flowers at Nice.

Nice.—We pull up at the *Restaurant Français*. Descend. Nice is *en fête*. Flower-baskets everywhere. Fans for sale. Ragged urchins with baskets of flowers. Everybody moving about. Fortunately we find one table unoccupied. We swoop down on it, and occupy it bodily. We are here for the Battle of Flowers; so *à la guerre comme à la guerre*.

Restaurant doing enormous business. Crowd too big for the small room. Prices up probably in consequence. It will be "breakfast at the fork out." Head-waiter imposing personage, but with his wits about him. Good breakfast and good wine. We begin to feel warm and comfortable.

"Amusing scene," says Mrs. GRAYLING, patronisingly. Miss MABEL is delighted with everything. TAPLIN says, "I don't see anything very Carnivalish about the place." Miss MABEL exclaims, "Oh, don't you think so!" She is evidently afraid that if Uncle TAPLIN begins to be disappointed with it, he may suddenly decide to return without seeing any more. So she continues, "Why, Uncle, look at all the people! And then, you remember, we saw that figure of King Carnival sitting in a ship as we drove in!" "Ah, yes, so we did," replied Uncle TAPLIN, brightening up. Whereat we all brighten up too, and Uncle TAPLIN insists on our having some old

Burgundy, whereupon we brighten up still more, and become warm and genial. We expand like the flowers, and by two o'clock, when we get into the carriage again,—this time with the rugs concealed, and only the flowers displayed,—we are all in full bloom. The North wind has blown itself out,—at its own luncheon, perhaps,—at all events, we don't feel it so much in the town, and the sun is shining.

Everybody is now *en fête*. Shops are closed, all business suspended for the rest of the afternoon. It is the Flower Derby Day. All sorts of Tom-fools among the populace in false noses, dominoes, as Pierrots, and in a variety of shabby fancy costumes, the odds and ends of costumiers' old clothes. A carriage comes along, being one mass of flowers, wheels and all. It is Jack-in-the-Green on wheels. These faded costumes, and ruddled cheeks, these clowns, and harlequins, and columbines, do certainly recall my boyish recollections of Chimney Sweeper's Festival in London, with My Lord and My Lady, Pantaloon, the Swell, and Clown with the ladle collecting the coppers.

It is a great day for the *Niçois* 'ARRY and 'ARRIET. It is a great day for everyone who has anything in the way of a fan or a bouquet to sell. Any price. How much for that fan? "Fifteen francs." Bah! "Then how much will Monsieur give?" Monsieur will give a third of the price. "Oh, impossible." Monsieur passes on, and purchases two fans (with which the ladies are to protect their faces), for one franc each. "Let's have two good bouquets," says Uncle TAPLIN, becoming enthusiastic; and the ladies exclaim, "Oh, yes, do! Let's!" So Uncle TAP purchases two bouquets, and our coachman, being an ingenious creature, and a bit of an artist in colour,—having already decorated his horse's heads with small nosegays,—now takes the carriage-lamps out of their sockets, deposits them in a shop (I hope with a trusty friend), and in half a minute, the two bouquets have replaced the lamps, and give quite a gay and festive appearance to our equipage.

Basket after basket of flowers is offered to us. Ten francs, nine francs, any francs, down to one franc, according to size. Here's a good basket-full. How much Madame? Madame replies readily, hazarding a likely price, "Monsieur shall have it for nine francs." Monsieur, who is hard at a bargain this morning, won't hear of it. What, then, will Monsieur give? Monsieur will give five francs. "Tenez!" she exclaims, shoving it into my hands, "*prenez-le, prenez-le!*" She won't wait—the bargain is concluded—she is afraid I shall change my mind. I take the basket, and, my hands being full, I ask Uncle TAP for the money. "*Et encore un franc pour le corbeille!*" shrieks the lady, who is a type of a *Niçoise* as an outside-Covent-Garden market-woman.

"Hey, what's that?" asks Uncle TAPLIN, suspiciously, under the impression that something has gone wrong with the bargain.

"One franc more for the basket," I say, carrying it off to the ladies.

"All right!" says Uncle TAP, much relieved, and pays up.

Boys surrounding us, begging to be taken as *ramasseurs*. Fortunately some one has told me beforehand that a *ramasseur*, at two francs for the afternoon, is necessary as a sort of running footman, to pick up the nosegays, and return them to the carriage. I select a sickly-looking chap, who really does seem in want of a job. Five francs he wants. No. Three. Very good, he'll undertake it for three,—and will Monsieur pay beforehand? No, Monsieur won't. This engagement being made, our successful *ramasseur* shows that he is not quite the sickly creature he appears, by kicking and cuffing all the smaller and unsuccessful candidates for our *ramasseurship*, and then he mounts by the side of the coachman, and we are off to the *Promenade des Anglais*.

At the entrance we are stopped, and a louis is demanded. "Halloa!" says Uncle TAPLIN, induced to resent the demand as an imposition on confiding foreigners, "What's this for?" I remember the Derby Day, and remind him that even in free England we have to pay a guinea to take our place among the coaches on the hill. "Ah, so we do!" says Uncle TAPLIN, and seeing the matter in a different light, and rather pleased that this price of admission should be an imitation of an English custom, he pays it with cheerful alacrity, and the coachman receives a yellow ticket, while for one franc more, our consumptive *ramasseur* has purchased a Carnival fool's cap, which is the badge of his official connection with our carriage, and so we enter the rank as combatants in the Battle of Flowers.

The Drive is not crowded at first. It is railed in on both sides. There are mounted *gendarmes* keeping the course, and, occasionally, when tired of standing still, taking short sharp gallops from one



Before the Battle.

point to another, on the evident pretence of giving each other orders, or delivering official messages. There are important personages, stewards of the course, on foot, wearing red rosettes, who are very ill-tempered, cross, and fussy. By the *Hôtel de la Méditerranée* the crowd is really dense,—but never at any one point, or at any part all along the course, does it ever exceed the crowd to be seen in Hyde Park by the Serpentine on a fine day at the first meet of the Four-in-hand, or Coaching, Club. Here are the Tom-fools and clowns, and other professional gentry going about just as the acrobats, and the conjuror, and the strong man, and so forth, do on the Derby Day. There are very few good turn-outs, and the presence of *voitures*, hired traps, and vans, are rather suggestive (to the Englisher of Cockney experience) of a "day out" with the Foresters, 'Appy Ampton, or Odd Fellows. There is a band playing somewhere, which is to be heard occasionally.

"When is the battle going to begin?" asks Mrs. GRAYLING, who is a trifle nervous.

"O Aunt!" exclaims MABEL, "look—they're throwing already." And scarcely are the words out of her mouth than three small nose-gays fall lightly into our carriage, and a fourth drops outside, which is immediately picked up and given to us by our *ramasseur*, who from this moment has his work cut out for him. A gaily-dressed lady drives by, and throws a bouquet at Uncle TAPLIN.

"Ha!" he exclaims, his eyes sparkling with delight at the compliment thus paid him by the fair stranger, and he discharges one at her, which misses. Mrs. GRAYLING receives nice little nose-gays on her bonnet or her face, and returns them with a graceful sort of movement, as if she were curtseying on her seat. Miss MABEL becomes energetic, and goes in for rapid pelting, keeping the consumptive *ramasseur* hard at work.

"Really," says Uncle TAPLIN, chuckling, "this is capital fun." Here comes at him a small bunch of violets, which he returns so quickly that it gently hits his assailant—a very pretty woman—on the corner of her ear. "Aha!" laughs Uncle TAP— "and all done with such good-humour! Oh!" he cries, suddenly, "who the deuce did *that*?" as a heavy-handed bouquet, bound with wire, gives him a stinger on the cheek. I can't help laughing. "That was a nasty one," I say, and, seeing a big man, in a white hat, pass, I hurl the heavy bouquet at him. Bang goes his hat, and there is a shout of laughter. It is too late to retaliate,—he has been driven off one way, our carriage another.

"Capital!" I exclaim. I'm really getting quite warm with the exertion of throwing. I select prominent personages, on coach boxes, or sitting up at the backs of the carriages.

"Now look here," I say to Uncle TAP, "see me catch that chap on—Ha! conf—"



After the Battle.

A heavy blow, as if from a tennis-ball, catches me behind the ear, another whack in my eye, and a third bang on the cheek—"en plein"—as we say at *roulette*. Shouts of laughter from the bystanders. My cheek is smarting painfully, and my eye is watering. This is horse-play. This is not good-humoured. That blow on my ear—my, how it tingles!—was vicious, distinctly vicious. I prepare a heavy, well-wired bouquet. If I could only catch the confounded fellow who—Ah! bang on my hat. I turn sharply and discharge, savagely, my life-preserver bouquet,— "as an olive-branch out of a catapult,"—whack, on to the nearest Tom-fool's head. He flinches and goes down to avoid, whereupon, my life-preserver bouquet catches an entirely innocent person, standing just behind him. A laugh—and a whack at me—right on the tip of my nose—which feels smashed in. Nose-gay indeed! I feel my nose is anything but a nose-gay now. Shouts of laughter, in which Uncle TAPLIN joins. This reminds me suddenly, that I must keep my temper, or at all events, keep up appearances of being in the best possible humour; otherwise, if the crowd becomes nasty, vegetables might follow. So I take my punishment smiling.

Mrs. GRAYLING and MABEL have recognised lots of friends, and have been pelting and pelted right and left. Once MABEL gets rather a nasty one, and retaliates with all her might and main. Mrs. GRAYLING has her hat knocked on one side, which gives her a momentarily dissipated appearance; but she only smiles, and tosses back upon her fierce assailant a pretty little bouquet, making her usual half-courtesy on the seat, and then puts her hat to-rights.

Happy Thought.—As our baskets of ammunition may be soon exhausted, let us attract the fire of others upon ourselves by feigning to be preparing to throw. This succeeds admirably, and in a few minutes our baskets are choke full again.

Some one cries out, "There's the Prince of WALES!" and in the distance we hear the band playing our National Anthem, but I am unable to catch sight of His Royal Highness, as, just when I am

raising my hat to salute him, I receive a heavy bouquet full in the face,— "*en plein*" again,—and can't distinguish even the most distinguished persons for the next couple of minutes.

Having driven up and down the promenade three times, and having, all of us, received "nasty ones," more or less, in the eyes, nose, mouth, and ears, isn't the amusement becoming a trifle monotonous? Isn't the fun a little forced? Isn't it rather devoid of "life" and "go"? "Is there anything else to do or to see?" I ask the driver when we get into a quiet part of the promenade where there is only a single line of carriages. The coachman shrugs his shoulders; no, this is all. "*Tout ce qu'il y a à faire, ou à voir.*" When does it finish? Well, about 4'30, the coachman says, naming an early hour, as he probably is becoming tired of it, and wants to get home to tea.

"It's not well arranged," says Uncle TAPLIN, with his hat smashed in, and one side of his face as red as a rose from a recent violent blow.

"No," I reply, feeling very hot and very angry, because with a swollen cheek, a burning ear, and a partially discoloured eye, I have not been able to be revenged on

"The Man who struck O'Hara" —(Oh, if I had only been near him with a thick stick! I'd have shown him what a Battle of Flowers ought to be, and be blown to him for a coward!). "Let's turn back and cut it!" I suggest. Yes—the ladies have had enough of it. We are not vanquished. We do not retreat. No; we simply don't want to play any more—and—ha!—a drop of rain! Rain it is! and rain it will be, when it once begins. So hurry back, Coachman. Out with the bouquets, in again with the lamps, lighted this time, for the gloom is coming on, all the forces are routed, and in full retreat we drive along the road to Monte Carlo, arriving in time to vaseline our wounds, and prepare for dinner.

It has been a glorious fight, this Battle of Flowers. Not quite so lively as we expected, and yet a little too lively occasionally. We all agree that it is a pretty sight. But Uncle TAPLIN and myself are of opinion that it is badly managed, and that the horse-play spoils it. In excellent form for dinner. The very evening for a glass of real good champagne. Now in France, as a rule, this is just what you can't get, pay what you will for it. But, to the eternal praise of Signor ZUCCHETTI (of our Hotel) be it recorded, that he is able to produce for our benefit Pommery and Greno '80, and very soon we are all unanimous in our expression of opinion that the Battle of Flowers at Nice is well worth seeing, that we wouldn't have missed it for anything, that all the pelting was most good-tempered, and that if there were, now and then, a little horse-play, it must be expected from a crowd; and—after all—didn't we join in it as heartily (and as fiercely) as any one? Certainly. Another bottle of Pommery, '80 or '84, and here's the health of the Battle of Flowers at Nice.



Sudden Interruption of the Battle of Flowers at Nice. "Sauve qui peut!"

Tips to the Two Sides.

To an Uttering Unionist.

"UNION is strength," when sense cements communion,
But strength (of language) is not always Union!

To a Shrieking Separatist.

"FORCE is no remedy"—that's true, of course.
Then why seek remedy in (verbal) Force?

Dust Ho!

"A FAIR day's work, and a fair day's pay!" used to be considered the modest ideal of male labourers. A day's labour of eleven hours knee-deep in a foul-smelling, disease-disseminating dust-heap, for *tenpence* seems, according to recent Clerkenwell revelations, to be the wretched reality amongst some of our modern women-workers. If this is how our "Golden Dustmen" gather their gold, the cry will be, not "Down with the dust!" but "Down with the Dustmen!"

OF THE TURF TURFY.—The case against Messrs. SANGER, on account of the accident to the "Baldwin Pony" was dismissed by the Bench. "Quite right too," says little PLUNGER. "Betting may be illegal—more or less—but it would be a pretty state of things, by Jove, if a fellow were liable to be had up for the quite too awfully common misfortune of 'dropping a Pony,' don'tcher?"



KINDLY MEANT.

SCENE—A Dance at the Portman Rooms (late Madame Tussaud's).

Ingenuous Masher (to Ancient Chaperons). "AW—I SAY—AWFULLY DRAUGHTY HERE, DON'TOHERKNOW. WON'T YOU GO AND SIT IN THE 'CHAMBER OF HORRORS'?—THEY 'VE GOT A STOVE, AND YOU 'LL FEEL SO MUCH MORE AT HOME THERE, DON'TOHERKNOW!"

A WHITEHALL CANTATA.

ARGUMENT.—The Wizard of the Admiralty attacked in his Official Mystic Domains by Malcontent Spirits of the Opposition, defends his programme, and ultimately, spite the intervention of the Melancholy Demon of Peace-at-Any-Price, carries it through triumphantly amidst the acclamations of his supporters.

CHORUS OF MALCONTENTS.

WE wait here in our silent watch of wonder,
Mark everything you leave undone or do,
Keen to exult o'er every slip and blunder
That indirectly may be traced to you.

WE care not for your facts, nor what your
case is,

The whole may be well drowned in party din,
Provided it supplies us with a basis
Of ousting you,—and getting ourselves "in."
So mark us. If you prove to demonstration
The Navy for its work is all too weak,
And that the very safety of the Nation
Hangs on your getting the increase you seek:
If you prove this, and count on our assistance,
You'll find that you'll be disappointed quite,
For what you say is black, with much per-
sistence

WE're perfectly prepared to swear is white.
And this we'll do with will right true and
heartly,

For as a Politician you must know
That when the question's simply one of
Party, [way go.
The "Country" to the dogs may straight-
So here we keep our silent watch of wonder,
Mark everything you do or leave undone,

And mean to trip you up. You're safe to
blunder,

And if we oust you, then begins the fun.
But as for danger threatening the Nation,—
That possibly may be, or not, the case:
But anyhow it means to us Salvation.
If it, 'mid chaos, brings us into "place!"

THE ADMIRALTY WIZARD.

What venomous streams on Office seem to pour
From these malignant Opposition shelves!
And yet, such sentiments I've heard before!
When "out," we've given vent to them our-
selves.

But as my wish at present's to keep "in,"
I'll with my spirited demand begin,
And boldly public agitation meet
By asking means to build a brand-new fleet!

CHORUS OF ALARMISTS.

Ask what you will! For untold millions call.
We're dazed with terror, and we grant you all!
[They are about to kneel to him, when The
Melancholy Demon of Peace-at-Any-Price
slowly rises from the depths of an official
wastepaper-basket. The Malcontents
crowd about him, and greet him with
manifestations of welcome.

THE MELANCHOLY DEMON OF PEACE-AT-ANY-PRICE.

Not so! Already far too much you spend!
Why fancy every foreign Power your foe?
In every neighbour you should see a friend,
And at no outrage e'er resentment show.
Should war break out by chance, amid the
scare [prepare.
'Twould be quite time your programme to

A HALF-PAY ADMIRAL (*con fuoco*).

Great Heav'n! Must I such rubbish sit and
hear!

[Addressing The Wizard of the Admiralty.
We'll listen, please, to what you've got to say.

THE WIZARD OF THE ADMIRALTY

I think that I can make my purpose clear.
Shall I begin?

CHORUS.

By all means. Fire away!

SONG.

THE WIZARD OF THE ADMIRALTY.

WITH reproaches too long I've been loaded
That the Navy's deficient and weak;
Till, by experts and Admirals goaded,
At length I've determined to speak.
It appears that, if we were invaded,
We should have no first line of defence
And, of this as you all seem persuaded,
You will not mind a little expense!—
And Twenty-one Millions is all that I ask,
With which to accomplish this National task.

Don't imagine the matter I'm hot on,
Though I badger you here for a Fleet:
It's the experts who've put the whole pot on,
And have left me no means of retreat.
So I've bid the Departments get ready.
If the F. O. meantime makes no slips,
In five years, should things keep pretty
steady,

You'll possess your new "seventy ships,"
So give me the Twenty-one Millions I ask,
And I'll soon accomplish the National task!



NAILED TO THE MAST!

CHORUS (finale).

Gleefully your Millions voting,
All your facts and figures noting,
We will give you what you ask.
So all Opposition scouting,
Nothing fearing, nothing doubting,
Set about your promised task!

[The Melancholy Demon of Peace-at-Any-Price sinks once more, and disappears in the official waste-paper basket, as the Malcontents cower away in the distance, crouching in threatening attitudes, while the rest join in a wild dance around the Wizard of the Admiralty, who surveys them with a sickly smile of satisfaction as the Scene closes.]

PAINTER-ETCHERS IN PALL MALL.

It has been said that "pleasure is pain in disguise." If that be the



case, possibly pain is but pleasure masquerading. Any way, painter-etchedness, as exemplified by the Exhibition now open at the Royal Water Colour Society's Rooms, is in all respects likely to produce joyous sensations. The President, Mr. SEYMOUR HADEN, contributes over 140 examples, and if we see more of his work than anybody else's, he is doubtless aiding the success of the show by contributing so largely to the collection. Most of the exhibitors seem to have "got the needle," and having got it, it is needless to say they have used it with point and dexterity. There are over 350 examples on the walls, and in most of them the lines seem to have fallen in pleasant places. It is strange that in so large an exhibition of needlework there is but little that is So-so.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE IN A NUTSHELL.

OUR Poliev, friends, may be briefly displayed:
Keep out Foreign Labour, keep in Native Trade!
Protection's our ticket, Free Trade is no go;
We have small faith in MILL, but we've much in MONROE.
Of alien Cadgers we'd make a good clearance;
We won't interfere, and won't stand interference.
If 'twixt East and West seaboard we wish for a shorter way,
Uncle SAM, it is clear, must be boss of the water-way.
We won't trust for freedom to Franks; what Lord BYRON meant
I mean—we will not have "hostile environment."
We are quite snug at home, and have no need to "collar."
But—well, you may just lay your bottomest dollar,
Our continents Europe must not take a stand in;
We'll want North and South—by-and-by—to expand in.
We'll leave—for the present—the small states their freedom,
But Europe must kindly "hands off" till we need 'em.
We'll respect foreign flags, in the spirit and letter,
If they'll respect ours—and, by Jingo, they'd better!
We do not much mind "diplomatic adjustment,"
If we get the pull; if we don't, there's a dust meant.
Our Surplus—well, that need not much rough your hair, if
We trim things a bit without touching the Tariff.
That's sacred, of course. If you don't make a bother,
You bet, we shall fix it up, somehow or other.
Protection we'll back without making it bigger,
If "sections" you'll drop, and—make use of the Nigger!
Civil Service Reform? That, of course; bless you, yes!
We shall tackle that job, with the usual success.
Party Service from office a man won't disqualify
(A principle that which a CATO might mollify),
But fraud or incompetence winked at by Me?
Snakes! What do you take me for? Fiddlededee!
I'll do quite as much for Civilian Virtue
As CLEVELAND—and that, I suspect, will not hurt you.
That's all—save the usual rhetorical flourishes.
Our Big Bird o' Freedom its noble youth nourishes
On—whatever comes in his way. While he carries on
This game, it's all right with that Fowl—and with HARRISON!

NEW CLASSIFICATION.—The division of Society into the "Classes" and the "Masses," though popular at present, is vague and inexact. Society is really made up of Toilers, Idlers, and Criminals; which may be fitly called, respectively, the Working, Shirking, and Lurking Classes.

A DOG'S TALE!—THE STORY OF STING!

[N.B.—Please to remember the poor Bow-Wows, who are in a sorry plight at the Home for Lost and Starving Dogs, at Battersea.]

AH! Sting! my old friend, as you sit by the fire, and gaze so contentedly into the coals,
Need I wonder when men have no need of their hearts, why it should not be true that some doggies have souls?
It is folly to say that you never have thought, when you turn from your retrospect into the past
And leaving the vision of what might have been, you rove your dear eyes to your mistress at last!
Oh! many's the mile in this weary old world, we have jogged on together in sun and in snow.
There was never a pain at my heart but you felt: there is never a day of distress but you know.
When joy has been with me you've capered at heel, on days less distressful, 'neath sunnier skies,
But the tears that in solitude wetted my cheeks, were mirrored, old Sting, in the dearest of eyes!

Come, leave that old rug where you're scorching your nose, and turn round and round on your home on my lap,
And see if we both can reflect and recall how I found out my friend, and poor Sting a mishap. [Cry touched each sensitive heart.
I was strolling alone round old Lincoln's Inn Fields, when a piteous Ah! it pierces me now, that sharp anguish of pain, "Run over, 'a poor little dog,' by a cart!"
And the brute drove away with a laugh and a leer. There were few who could help, but a hundred to see.
So I pushed through the crowd, and your eyes fell on mine, and with poor damaged paw you came limping to me!
To the Hospital straight, with my friend in my arms, who moaned, and then licked me in pain and despair;
But at night, when I'd done all my work in the wards, my patient I found in my Hospital Chair!

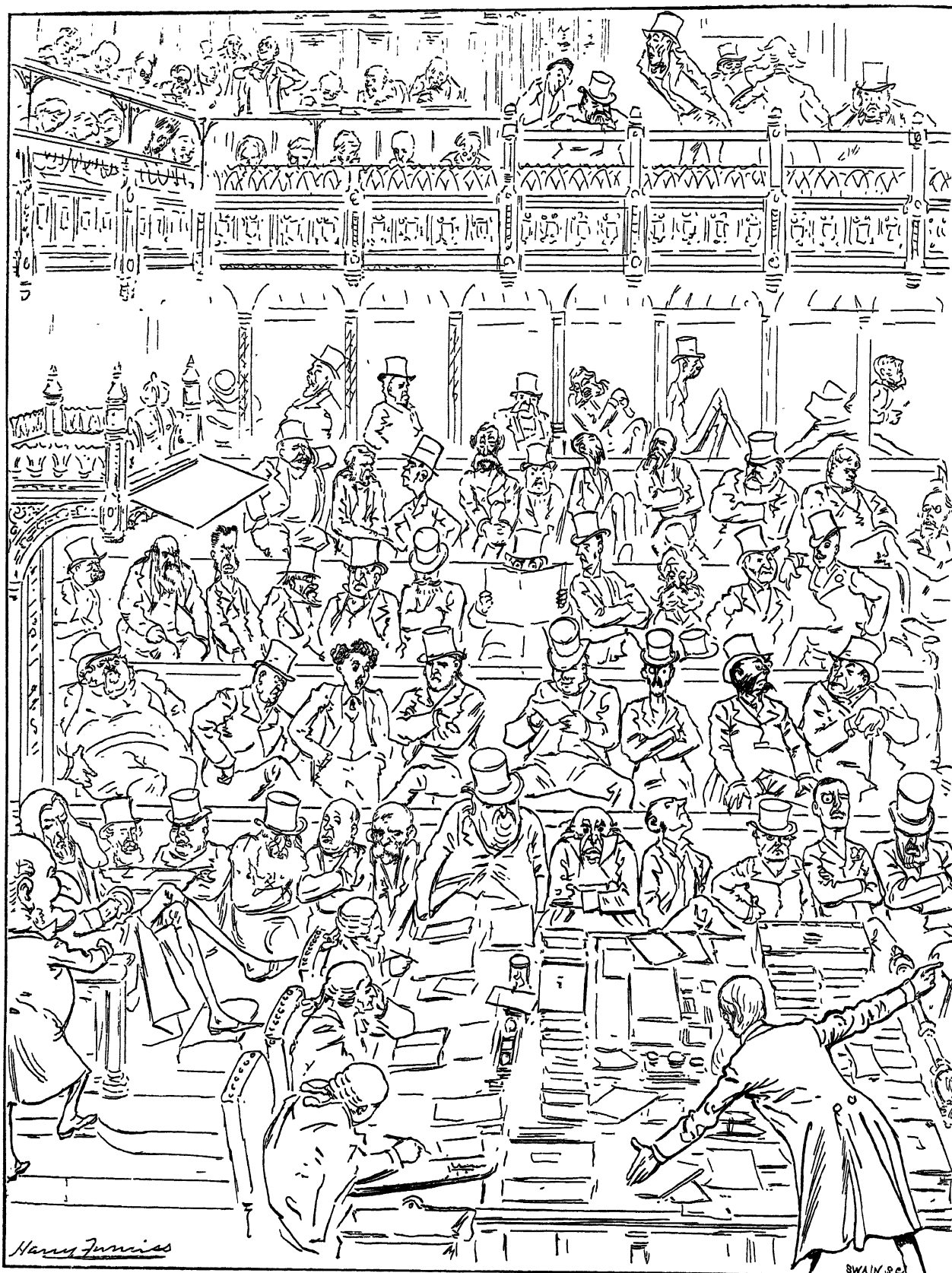
Ah! stay, you old scamp! Shall I ever forget, when you took to your food and were able to play,
That I found your chair empty! A desolate hearth! for the friend I had found—well! had bolted away.
Then I flung myself down in disconsolate mood—the ingratitude yours, and the folly all mine,
But at last from my reverie woke when I heard at my door most distinctly—a scratch! then a whine!
I could scarcely believe my own eyes!—bless your heart, never tell me that dogs' cannot think—when I saw
My Sting who was well—with a tear in his eye—was conducting a friend who had damaged his paw!
Alone he had hunted his playfellow out! Alone he had helped his lame friend up the stair,
And at night, curled together, a paw round each neck, my Sting with his Snip were asleep in their chair!

And now, my old friend, as we doze by the fire, our wandering done, we are lonely at last! [From both of us, into the past!
For Snip, who once gambolled around us in youth, has travelled
When I think of the years that have faded away, I look in your face, and I surely see there
The eyes of a friend who has never proved false, and the sign of the love that you meant me to share!
The dear ones who loved and caressed me are gone; we gave them our hearts; there was nothing to save,
But a picture of parting that never is lost, and a rest on the hill by a desolate grave! [faithful companions a crumb,
Let us never forget just a shelter to give, and to throw to your
When the fate that decrees us the voice of a friend, can soften our hearts with a Love that is Dumb!

GOOD WOOD!

THAT delightful writer on Natural History, the Rev. J. G. Wood, died the other day, to the regret of everyone who ever dipped into his multitudinous books. Notwithstanding its unfailing industry and perennial charm, his prolific pen was unable to make provision for his sick widow and her six children. The Vicar of St. Peter's, Kent, where Mr. Wood resided, has made an appeal to the public in this case, which he says is "very urgent," as it is surely very deserving. If every reader, boy or man, who owes any number of happy hours to the author of so many charming works, were moved to pay some minute portion of his debt by sending his mite to the "J. G. Wood Fund," that Fund would speedily become a pretty plump one. Mr. Punch gladly announces that the mites in question—may they be many!—may be sent direct to the Rev. ALFRED WHITEHEAD, Vicarage, St. Peter's, Kent, or to the "J. G. Wood Fund," Messrs. HAMMOND & Co., Bankers, Queen Street, Ramsgate. Now, boys!

INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS. No. 60.



ROUGH SKETCH OF THE OPPOSITION LISTENING TO MR. BALFOUR.

A VICAR OF — ?

THE Vicar of Great Barling
Is of bigots quite the darling,
Denunciation equally applying
(To his Bishop's small content)
Unto dallying with Dissent,
As to other deadly sins—like theft and lying.

O Rev. F. A. GACE,
You *must* be a babe o' grace,
A (let us hope) anachronistic rarity!
One feels, did you begin
At codifying sin, [Charity!
Your cardinal transgression would be—

THE USE OF MICE IN POLITICS.

RICULUS MUS, who, according to the old fable, once released the lion from a net, may yet save the British Lion from the meshes of female domination, which some deem to be closing on him. A meeting of a Woman's Suffrage League is said to have been hurriedly broken up by the scare created through the sudden apparition of "a little mouse"! Fancy, strong-minded Blue-Stockingdom beaten by the tiny household rodent! The ladies were assembled "to appoint female Candidates for Poor Law Guardians." To them in solemn conclave gathered, enter one little furry creature with sparkling eyes and long tail, and lo! a hasty gathering of skirts, and a flurried flight! Would-be Women Guardians scattered by "the most magnanimous mouse." Fancy a modern Mock-Heroic on the "Battle of the Female Suffragists and the—Mice!" The "Rat" has long had his place in the Political World. Now is the time for the Mouse. The story has, of course, been denied, and perhaps is too good to be true!

A Song of Street Barriers.

AIR—"The Wolf."

[The County Council threatens the existence of Street Bars and Gates.]

'Tis the County Council's hour,
Ducal Landlords harsh and dour.
(Won't it make their blue blood creep?)
Street-bars shall not longer keep.
Cabby soon shall freely prowl;
("Compensation!") Dukes will howl.
Gates and Bars will fly asunder!
Won't the Landlords call it plunder?

A RUNNING ACCOUNT WITH THE FRENCH.—

The seasons of the year do not seem to affect the success of the *Babes in the Wood*, at Drury Lane. Ever since Christmas the theatre has been crammed daily, and when Easter is reached, the house is sure to be crowded, or as "our lively neighbours across the Channel" would say *pacqued*. Meanwhile (they might also remark) the *Babes*, even in Lent, are visited nine times a week by the *carème de la crème* of Society.



"THE RESERVE FORCES."

Militia Officer. "AUGH!—A NEW MAN. AH—'VE YOU BEEN IN 'SERVICE BEFORE?"

Recruit. "YES, SIR."

Officer. "AUGH—WHAT REGIMENT?" *Recruit.* "MRS. WIGGINS'S COACHMAN, SIR!!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, March 4.—Things delightfully dull to-night after fervour of last week. At Question Time Irish Members tried to get up little breeze about mysterious movements of Head Constable PRESTON. HARCOURT, incited by previous successes from below Gangway, followed on same tack. MATTHEWS blundering as usual; but even that didn't succeed in bringing on a row.

"Must have a quiet night sometimes," OLD MORALITY pleaded. "Quiescence plays in daily life the part of nitrate on the exhausted soil. It fructifies it; or, as I might say, it makes it fruitful."

Some promise of diversion from unexpected quarter. Anonymous Gentleman rose from Bench behind Ministers; attempted to counter-

veil designedly awkward question by HARCOURT as to vagaries of Lieutenant in Command of Detachment of British Army at Church at Clonmel on Sunday. Diligent inquiry made known fact that anonymous person was THEOBALD, the Member for Romford. This question his maiden speech; evidently prepared with great care. But, whether owing to nervousness or bad writing, could not make out contents of manuscript. Doggedly stuck at it; forged ahead, mixing up alternate lines; talking about the "Commanding Priest" and the "Reverend Officer." At last, SPEAKER interfered; suggested notice had better be given of question. THEOBALD, looking up over manuscript, affected not to see SPEAKER; stumbled on again; loud cries of "Order! Order!" SPEAKER and THEOBALD on their legs together; THEOBALD only got two more folios to read: might do them at a trot. Came another cropper; not quite clear whether the

priest was "publicly rebuked by said officer," or whether said officer was publicly rebuked by priest.

"Order! Order!" cried SPEAKER, with increased sternness.

"Order! Order!" roared Irish Members.

THEOBALD, popping head again up over manuscript, looked round the House with anguished expression, and sat down on his hat. Irish Members, soothed by this little incident, subsided, and talking went drowsily forward. *Business done.*—Still harping on Address.

Tuesday.—A little froth left on top of Parliamentary bottle. Wanting to know all kinds of things about secret interviews between emissaries of the *Times*, and prisoners in cell. Emissaries alleged to be Government officials. COBB very anxious to know how the Chevalier LE CARON came to be introduced to Mr. HOUSTON; whether an official of Scotland Yard gave the Chevalier a number of confidential documents, forming part of correspondence that had come into ANDERSON'S possession in his official capacity. MATTHEWS, assuming early-morning attitude of Sphinx, knows very little about anything. What little he does know, declines to disclose. BALFOUR equally reticent. Irish Members pepper away. HARCOURT, unable to resist temptation, plunges in, and splashes round. BALFOUR and MATTHEWS, standing back to back, face the crowd. After squabble, lasting nearly an hour, attacking forces withdraw. BALFOUR reclines in graceful attitude on Bench; HENRY MATTHEWS mops his forehead, and wonders why he should have consented to be HOME SECRETARY.

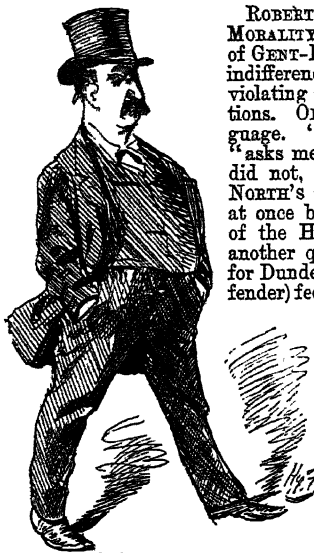
AKERS-DOUGLAS moves new writ for Kennington in place of GENT-DAVIS. GENT-DAVIS person of renown. His history told in two chapters and eight stars; thus:—

CHAPTER I.

Mr. GENT-DAVIS, M.P., brings action against Mr. Punch.

CHAPTER II.

Mr. GENT-DAVIS, M.P., comes a cropper. No longer M.P. *Exit.*



Robertson, M.P.

"Yah! yah! yah!" roared ROBERT FOWLER. Cheer taken up from all the Ministerial Benches, and SMITH resumed his seat suffused with consciousness of virtue. *Business done.*—Debate on Address.

Wednesday.—A Conybeare-cum-Cunninghame-Grahame sort of day. CUNNINGHAME speaking when Debate on Address adjourned at midnight; comes up quite fresh this afternoon, and continues speech for an hour. Then enter CONYBEARE, and exit the few Members left by CUNNINGHAME. CONYBEARE growls and snarls for space of an hour and a quarter. Subject, neglected condition of Working Classes. FENWICK points out that a day has been secured for regular, full discussion of subject on Motion by BROADBURY. A working-man himself, representative of a great constituency, FENWICK will have nothing to do with Conybeare-cum-Cunninghame-Grahame. Rather hints that they are wasting time and spoiling



Inquiring Cobb.

good cause. OLD MORALITY moves Closure. BRADLAUGH votes with Government.

"Ha! ha!" said PICKERSGILL, gloomily regarding Member for Northampton. "The time will come when Brother BRADLAUGH, too, will join the Gentlemen of England, and go out to dine with Dukes."

Business done.—Address voted.

Thursday.—W. REDMOND wants to know whether it is true that on night of his arrest Dr. TANNER was obliged to sit in a chair, the HOME SECRETARY having omitted to provide him with a bed? Irish Members prepared to be thrilled with this fresh enormity. But presently REDMOND wishes he hadn't spoke. HOME SECRETARY tells plain unvarnished tale. Draws with firm yet sympathetic hand cosy picture of TANNER, seated in only armchair possessed by Scotland Yard, specially drawn in for him, with whiskey *ad libitum*, sandwiches *ad infinitum*, and cigars of the best British make.

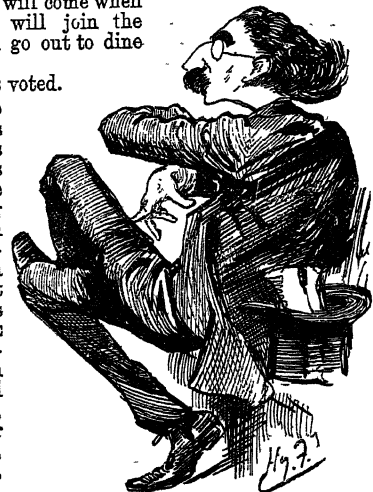
The O'GORMAN MAHON listened with glistening eyes. "Begorra!" he says, smacking his lips, "if that's the way they're treated at Scotland Yard I'll get taken up meself. Go and see about it at once." And he strode forth with his stately gait.

W. REDMOND still takes tragic view of situation.

"Does the HOME SECRETARY," he asked, "mean to say that cigars and sandwiches are a sufficient substitute for a bed?"

"My Right Hon. friend," said OLD MORALITY, coming to the table, "has asked me to answer the question of the Hon. Member. As we have all read somewhere, the bearing of his observation lies in the application of it. Are sandwiches and cigars a sufficient substitute for a bed? he asks. I answer, 'That depends.' If you have a sufficient quantity of sandwiches, and they are spread out mattress-fashion, accommodation for a night's repose might be obtained. I would point out to the Hon. Member that if choice is open to him, it would be well to select beef as the viand, being softer—I may say more springy—than ham, especially ham of American or highly-salted brands. The cigars, also presupposing that they are furnished in sufficient numbers, would, properly treated, admirably serve the purpose of a bolster. I have now given the Hon. Gentleman every information in my power, and I sincerely trust that he will accept the explanation as satisfactory, and that we shall be permitted to go forward with the business of the House. HER MAJESTY'S Government have nothing to hide in the matter, their single object being to consult the convenience of the House, and perform their duty to the Queen and the Country." Loud cheers greeted these few remarks, and the subject dropped. *Business done.*—Lord GEORGE HAMILTON brought in scheme for strengthening Navy.

Friday.—That subtle humorist, JACKSON, prepared little surprise for House to-night. Sort of double-cutting joke. Ministers and Ministerialists thought they were going to have a good grind at Supply, already in urgent state. Opposition had noticed Supply not put down in first edition of Orders, and assumed it could not come on. Notice absolutely necessary to dealing with Supply. Nett consequence was, that it could not be taken, and sitting cheerfully wasted. By Ten o'Clock everything wound up, and surprised, if not delighted Ministers, went home. *Business done.*—None.



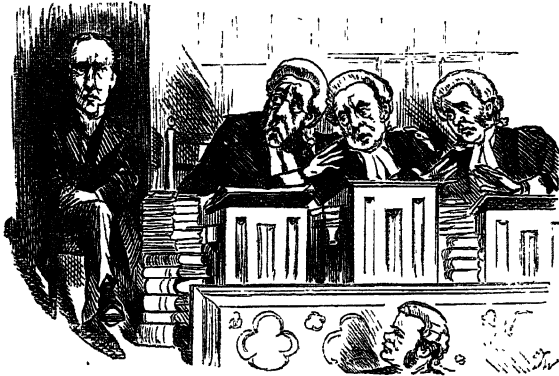
Anxious about Bradlaugh.



"Going to see about it."

ON COMMISSION.

Tuesday, March 12th.—Those who had come to see those eminent Counsel, Sir CHARLES RUSSELL and Mr. LOCKWOOD, must have been disappointed as neither of my learned friends put in an appearance, during the whole day. However, my learned friends, laughter-leading and fiery, were admirably represented by Mr. R. T. REID, a gentleman of infinite jest and judgment, and consequently the appropriate spokesman in Parliament of the rollicking borough of Dumfries. The artists of the illustrated papers were also in attendance, ready to seize upon, for pictorial embellishment, such striking incidents as "Mr. GEORGE LEWIS drops his eyeglass," or "Mr. HARDCASTLE, the accountant, examines the bankers' pass-book," or to give a carefully-finished sketch (that, if executed, would have a distinct historical value) of "Mr. CUNNINGHAM, the Secretary, attentively reads a letter asking for seats." By the way, it seems



Sudden appearance of a Mysterious Stranger on the Bench.

a pity that the artists in question do not now and again depict subjects a little more sensational. For instance, on this occasion, a visitor appeared conspicuously on the Bench, whose identity no one could ascertain. It was suggested that he might be a Judge.

"Not one of our lot," said an official of the Court.

"Nor an Irish Judge either," returned a gentleman of the Press, who, from the purity of his accent, I imagine, must have been an Englishman born in Dublin.

If the Bar for the defence was weak in members, the *Times* was exceptionally well represented. All the leaders were present; and it was a touching sight to see Mr. ATTORNEY offering to assist Sir HENRY JAMES to examine a Witness. My learned and right hon. friend, the Ex-Home Secretary, however, seemed to me a little ungrateful when he asked the Senior Law Officer of the Crown to elect to keep silence, or to examine the Witness all by himself. The feature of the sitting was the committal of this very Witness to gaol for contempt of Court. The man was rightly described as

"insolent" by Sir JAMES HANNEN, and richly merited his fate. Nothing could have been more dignified than the bearing of the revered President when he ordered the fellow to be taken "to prison," which sounded (especially as it was followed by the man's immediate removal by a door under the bench) like a command to "throw the recreant into the deepest dungeon beneath the castle's moat." During the luncheon interval the Court showed their entire confidence in the strength and determination of their ever-courteous Secretary by leaving the Witness (a person of powerful proportions) in his safe custody until their return. The man, who was removed by an elderly official, complained as he went "that



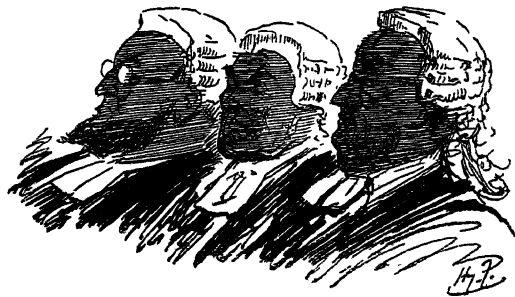
Taking a little Coffey.

his was a case of intimidation of the worst sort." The fellow's name was COFFEY—a fact that, I fancy, suggested a thought to Mr. Justice DAY (a thought that, if it ever existed, however, was never revealed) that "COFFEY, in prison, would be suited to a T!"

Wednesday.—Unquestionably a great day for Ireland. In the

first instance my learned and erudite friend, Mr. MURPHY, Q.C., had an opportunity of declaring to the world in general, and to Mr. ATTORNEY in particular, that the 17th of March was the date of the *fête* of St. Patrick. Encouraged by this valuable assistance, to be generous to others, Sir RICHARD, in his turn, once more gave Sir HENRY JAMES the benefit of his support and advice, when my right hon. friend the ex-Home Secretary had a Witness under examination. It is needless to say that Sir HENRY made suitable acknowledgment of the kindness. The second time "Ould Ireland" scored, was when Mr. BIGGAR, representing himself (and really no better representative could be possibly found for so difficult a rôle) showed how much was lost to the Bar, and even the Bench, by the Hon. "apparition in person" (if I may use such a term) not having qualified for the Lord High Chancellorship. On two distinct occasions, Mr. BIGGAR was well to the fore, obtaining results that must have filled him with (perhaps) surprise, and (no doubt) sincere gratification. The rest of the morning was taken up with the last of the *Times* Witnesses, tempered with the occasional appearance of Mr. SOAMES, as a sort of forensic Chorus, explaining everything to everyone's entire satisfaction. I was glad to see during the sitting my ever-courteous friend, Mr. CUNNINGHAM, also seizing an opportunity for personal distinction. It having become necessary to produce a letter, the Secretary set to work to hunt it up, and during the interesting process managed to give quite a little entertainment. Mr. CUNNINGHAM, by his expression, (while engaged in the search), contrived to suggest anxiety, doubt, sorrow, hope, determination, despair, and ultimately triumph. When the letter was at length run to cover (in a portfolio), Mr. CUNNINGHAM produced it with the air of a conjuror, who, after piquing curiosity by several simulated failures, finally draws from a seemingly empty hat an unexpected bundle containing a loaf of bread, a wig, a bird-cage, and a pair of infantine leggings.

It was not until after the midday adjournment that the case of the *Times* concluded. Then it was that Sir CHARLES RUSSELL (who had been away during the morning, leaving my learned friends, Messrs. REID and ASQUITH, to represent the accused during his absence), rose to put several questions to the Bench. He asked would the Commissioners make any interim report. "No," courteously explained the President, on behalf of himself and colleagues, "they would not," on the principle (so I understood), that it is bad in law to make two bites at a cherry. Then Sir CHARLES explained the great possibilities of expansion the inquiry possessed. He made a calculation, which seemed to suggest that, under certain pleasing and favourable circumstances, the Commissioners might be invited to sit, "it might be for years, it might be for ever." He assured their Lordships that he was well aware that, if necessary, they would willingly assent to such an arrangement. No doubt he was right in his assumption, but, as a matter of fact, the Commissioners gazed into vacancy as they listened to this merited recognition of their devotion to duty with a stare painfully eloquent of the strongest emotion. My learned friends for the *Times* also looked



Rather a Black look-out.

rather black. Then Sir CHARLES held out a brighter prospect, If they might adjourn until Tuesday fortnight, he fancied that he would be able to so arrange the case for "what he might term" the defence, that a great portion of it might receive development by the Easter Vacation. He (with the consent of his learned friends) would be the only Counsel to open the case. He laid a stress upon the word "counsel" no doubt with a view to leaving Mr. BIGGAR the opportunity of making an oration, the eloquence of which might live in the memories of generations yet to come. With a sigh of either sorrow or relief (I cannot say which), the Commissioners immediately assented, and the Court stood adjourned until the 2nd of April—the morrow of a festival that to many present had possibly a certain weird significance.

Thus my note ends. Whether I shall reopen it depends upon the claims that my clients may advance to my time and attention, as I (like the rest of the Bar) have made it a golden rule never to accept retainers to be in two or more places at once.

Pump-handle Court.

(Signed) A. BRIEFLESS, JUNIOR.



QUITE AT HOME.

Madame La France. "AH! MONSEIGNEUR, SOYEZ LE BIENVENU!"

M. le Duc. "ET—SANS ADIEU, CETTE FOIS, J'ESPÈRE."

Le Brav' Général. "ENCHANTÉ, MONSEIGNEUR! À BIENTÔT, MADAME."

[*Il se sauve.*]

"Arcades Ambo—blackguards both."

SOME of the amenities of the Kennington electors are worth notice, as specimens of political polemics. A (supposed) Radical abstracted Mr. BERESFORD HOPE's watch. By way, perhaps, of retort-uncourteous, a (believed to be) Conservative threw a lump of "concrete" at Mr. BEAUFY. Whether the "abstract" argument or the "concrete" one be the worse or weaker, it is hard to say; but at any rate neither is conclusive—save of the irrational ruffianism of the rascals who used them.

REFRESHMENT FOR SPECIAL COMMISSION.—COFFEY, real Mocker, roasted by Sir HENRY JAMES, Q.C.

A Philosophic Reflection for Impatient Patriots.

SINCE Faction, ever on the wing,
Vents folly in and out of season,
The most unreasonable thing
Is to expect it to show reason.

MR. STANHOPE says that the Ordnance Department are at last on their mettle, and are going to make up for lost time. It is to be hoped, for the sake of avoiding disappointments, that the material may not prove identical with that from which they have latterly been undertaking to supply the country with its big guns.



THE COMING EXHIBITIONS.

Smudger (who thought he really would "score" with his Landscape this year). "Now, WHAT OUGHT I TO GET FOR IT?"
Art Critic (Candid Friend). "THREE MONTHS!"

[And pulls it all to pieces!]

WHAT MR. PUNCH'S MOON SAW.
TENTH EVENING.

"ONE evening last year," began the Moon, "I looked down into a school where they were giving away the prizes. The school staff sat in a row on a platform, and as the Head Master read out the names, one by one, of the boys who had obtained rewards, each came up blushing to receive it from the honoured guest of the evening, generally stumbling at the top step, and marching back amidst

handclapping from his schoolfellows and the visitors. At last one boy was called up, and the Chairman shook hands with him as usual, and presented him with the largest and handsomest prize of all—but, curiously enough, no applause followed from his schoolfellows, and as he made his way back to his seat beside his parents, there was a distinct sound of hissing. His father looked indignantly all round him through his gold spectacles, and his mother patted his hand, and admired the binding of the volume, which had the school arms on it in gold, but the boy did not seem to care to open it, as he sat there with burning

cheeks, while a little girl, who was in a seat some way behind, looked at him with pitying and curious eyes. After the prize-giving there were performances, and I saw them all from beginning to end. The boys dressed up like real actors, and acted scenes from plays in Latin and Greek, at which their parents, though they did not understand a single word, were thoroughly delighted, for it showed that their sons were receiving a really good education and fitting themselves to succeed in life. But the visitors whose sons were not acting thought the performance dull. The last play was in English, and in this the boy who had won the biggest prize took the principal part. All the visitors were delighted with him, for he looked very handsome and gallant in his stage-dress, and spoke his lines boldly and clearly; but his school-fellows made a point of applauding everybody else, and when he was called before the curtain, there was hissing to be heard again from the back benches. The little girl, who had asked her brother the reason of this unkindness, was told in a whisper that it was suspected in the school that the boy had won his prize unfairly, and that was why they were hissing.

"When it was all over and the visitors were going away, I happened to look down on the playground, and there, by the fives' courts, still wearing his gay dress, I saw the prize-winner who had been hissed. And the little girl must have seen him too and managed to slip away, for, as I was looking, she came out, looking rather shy and strange, and went straight up to him. 'I just wanted to tell you,' I heard her say to him, 'not to mind a

bit what those horrid boys say. I don't believe you cheated!'

"But he broke away without a word, leaving her standing there puzzled and a little offended—for he *had* cheated, and that was the worst of it!"

"NOW, SIR!"

When a crass Sir Oracle
 Vents his bumptious Big-Bow-Wow, Sir,
 Everyone his class may tell
 By his frequent use of "Now, Sir!"

When your platform Boanerges
 Rants forth what he calls a "rouser,"
 Every pointless "point" he urges,
 Starts with an emphatic "Now, Sir!"

When a fool "writes to the Papers,"
 ("ANTI-HUMBUG," "VINDEK," "TOW-
 SER"),

Volubly he struts and vapours,
 And his "note" 's the frequent "Now, Sir!"

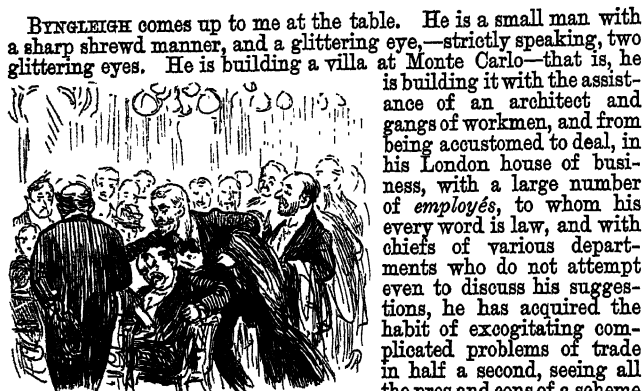
Was there ever pompous prig
 Swelled a shirt-front, hitched a trouser,
 But conceived it brave and big
 To belard his bosh with "Now, Sir!"?

Whilst a bumptious bore has breath,
 Vanity finds vent, somehow, Sir,
 And the Noodle's Shibboleth
 Is the fierce thrasonic "Now, Sir!"

PLEA FOR POLITICAL OFFENDERS.—High Treason being the highest crime known to the law, therefore let everybody convicted of it be treated as a First-class Misdemeanant.

DUE SOUTH.

Still at Monte Carlo—After the Battle of Flowers—Return to the Casino.



"Messieurs, faites le jeu!"

Napoleon, and of giving his orders with the same promptitude and decision that characterised the commands of the Iron Duke. His word, nay, even his opinion, is as the very concentrated essence of the spirits of the law of the Medes and Persians. He stands behind me and closely follows the progress of the game.

"Well," he says in his crisp chirrupy manner, with his head a little on one side, addressing me, while he never takes his eyes off the board, "Well, what are you doing?" Now at this minute, I am hesitating whether I shall put on the *six premiers* or the sixteen *en plein*. "No good going on numbers," remarks BYNGLEIGH, curdly; "you won't do anything at that. Go on red." But I point out to him that on red you can win only the amount you stake.

"Well, he returns, "if you do that often enough, you'll make a good lot."

"No," I reply, with dogged determination, "I've made up my mind to go on the first six."

"I shouldn't," he says, decisively. But I do. "*Messieurs, faites le jeu! . . . Rien ne va plus!*" and I've lost.

"Told you so," says BYNGLEIGH, with a dry laugh, and shrugging his shoulders as much as to say, "if you will insist on running contrary to my advice, you know what to expect."

I quote to him the authority of SMITHSON, an old hand. SMITHSON, I remind him, advised me to put on the first six, the last dozen, and zero. "Oh, SMITHSON doesn't know everything," retorts BYNGLEIGH.

This I admit is true; but still, having trusted to SMITHSON, and SMITHSON having been right,—and if I had only stuck to what he told me, I should have been by now a richer and a gayer man,—I am a little hurt to hear SMITHSON'S advice so contemptuously treated by BYNGLEIGH. I can't help telling him that SMITHSON has played here for years over and over again, and that—

Here BYNGLEIGH cuts me short by saying authoritatively, "It's no use dodging about the table. You put on the red,—that's the best game."

No, I beg his pardon, I will put on the 16 to 21 "*transversal*," and also back the middle dozen.

It turns up "three, red," which is neither in my transversal nor in the middle dozen, and I lose on both. If I had stuck to my "*six premiers*" I should have won five times my stake, and only lost the middle dozen one.

"But it was red," says BYNGLEIGH, persistently.

Yes, it was; but I shall stick to the numbers. I like transversal. I like the *quatre premiers*, which includes zero, for which you get, as I explain to him, eight times your stake, and this time I shall go on the four first and the middle dozen.

"I wouldn't," says BYNGLEIGH, shortly. "I should go on the red."

I put my five-franc piece on the middle dozen, then, by an inspiration, on "*impair*," and finally I am just saying to the *croupier*, in my sweetest and politest manner,—nay, the words are actually on the tip of my tongue—"Les quatre premiers, s'il vous plaît," when BYNGLEIGH jogs my elbow and draws my attention to a large amount which somebody is putting on the red, and, by an otherwise utterly unaccountable *lapsus lingue*, I suddenly say, "*Six premiers*" instead of "*quatre*," and, before I can correct the mistake, the magic words, "*Rien ne va plus!*" are uttered, click goes the ball, and "Zero" turns up! Zero counts for *quatre premiers*, but not for *six premiers*, and I've lost again.

"Red's put in prison," says BYNGLEIGH. I mentally wish that he was sharing red's fate, that is while I am playing. "It'll win, you'll see."

It has been red so often, that I feel confident it can't come off this time. I tell BYNGLEIGH it was his fault that I didn't win just

now, because he jogged my elbow, and distracted me just at the critical moment.

"Oh nonsense!" he replies, with an irritating chuckle. "You go on the red."

"No, I don't care about colour. I feel an inspiration to try the middle dozen, and *impair*. It is 16 (red) which is in the first dozen. Lost again!"

"You would do it," says BYNGLEIGH, shrugging his shoulders with an air of supreme disgust at my inconceivable obstinacy. "It's no use your going on numbers. Stick to a colour."

"Which?" I ask, in despair.

"Ah," he replies, with another shrug, and a short cynical laugh—"I hate a short cynical laugh—"I haven't been watching, but I should say black for choice."

Savagely I throw down one piece on black, and another I place *en transversal* 16 to 21, and, just as I am doing it, I feel a strong impulse to put it on 13—18. By a sudden impulse, and begging somebody's pardon for rubbing his ear the wrong way as I lean energetically over towards the *croupier* at the end of the table, I place a piece on the last dozen. "*Messieurs! faites le jeu! . . . Rien ne va plus!*"—it will soon be *rien ne va plus* with me—and—click!—up comes 14 red. Lost on all!

"Ah," says BYNGLEIGH, smiling sardonically, "you oughtn't to have gone on the black."

"But you said black," I retort, annoyed at his perversity.

"Oh," he replies, with the same irritating cut-and-dried laugh, and the usual shrug, "you mustn't go by me."

"Look here," I say to him, in a manner which is described in the "business" of an operatic *libretto* as "with concentrated emotion,"

"—look here, you bring me bad luck. I wish to goodness you'd go away." I feel that this is childish superstition. But, if you begin gambling, you'll find yourself giving in to all sorts of superstitions,—and you can't help it.

BYNGLEIGH shrugs his shoulders again, and saunters off. I remain, and go on losing. Then I stop playing, just to see if I should have had any luck. I say to myself, "This time I should have put a five-franc piece on 13 and black." I stand calmly watching the table. No one puts on 13. "*Messieurs*," &c. Somebody suddenly stretches out his hand and puts a pile of gold coins on 13. "*Rien ne va plus!*" 13 by Jove!!! Now, that's worse luck than anything else. I turn away. "*Rien ne va plus!*" I retire into a corner and reckon. Bang has gone one hundred and seventy-five francs. "*Rien ne va plus!*"

It is just on eleven, and I stop at the last table. BYNGLEIGH is here. He shows me five pieces he has just won. "I went only on red," he says, smiling triumphantly. His manner implies that I am an idiot for not having done the same as he has. "Now," he cries, "look here!" and he chuckles in anticipation of good luck, as he puts his money on red and even. It turns up black and uneven. Bang have gone two out of his five. "The black's turn now," he says, and reaching out his hand deposits his three pieces on black. In a second it is raked up and disappears with all the other stakes, the *croupiers* descend from their perches, the servants are covering up the table, the players are dispersing, and BYNGLEIGH is left grabbing at the cloth, and exclaiming,

"Here! Hi! I hadn't any go for my money!"

But no one attends to him, the rules are inexorable, and BYNGLEIGH has lost all his hard-earned gains, and a trifle more into the bargain.

"My dear fellow," I say, not so much to console him as to rebuke him for having previously lectured me on my method of playing, and for his irritating style to me in the hour of my adversity, "there is no rule in this sort of thing. It is all luck."

"Yes," he mutters, bitterly, "and bad luck too."

"Let's go to 'Zero's,'" suggests JOHNNIE SPOFFERD, coming up in a great-coat and muffler, for it is uncommonly cold. We visit "Ciro's"—popularly known as "Zero's," which is a small American-English drinking-bar, where very soon some fifty persons crowd into a small space calculated to accommodate, with careful adjustment, about thirty-five. And here we are, on a balmy moonlight night, balmy but freshish, within a stone's throw of the blue Mediterranean (which we can't see), in the land of the Sunny South, sitting in a small bar, drinking Scotch whiskey-and-water-hot, gin-sling, "John Collins," stout-and-bitter, all of which beverages are, as is well known, peculiarly characteristic of the Sunny South of Europe.

Crop v. Crop.

A CRUSADE against Rooks? To the thought ere one yields,

One must see how the whole matter looks,

By comparing the "State of the Crops"—in the fields,

With the "State of the Crops"—in the rooks.

We thought our black friends deleterious vermin ate.

Pause ere the poet-loved birds you exterminate!

Let us be sure how the rooks fill their craws,

Nor silence the chorus of caws—without cause.



COMING OF AGE.

H.R.H. (log.) "ONLY £50,000 HAS BEEN SPENT ON HIS MOST LIBERAL EDUCATION, AND NOW THE EXTENT OF HIS ACQUIREMENTS IS WORTH DOUBLE THE SUM. GENTLEMEN, HE'S A WO-O-NDERFUL BOY! YOU WILL BE GLAD TO HEAR THAT HIS LITTLE BROTHER, WHO IS NOT YET ABLE TO WALK ALONE, WILL BE ABSOLUTELY INDEPENDENT OF MASTER COLONIAL INSTITUTE, AGED TWENTY-ONE THIS DAY."—[Vide Speech of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales at the Celebration of the Twenty-first Anniversary of Colonial Institute, March 13.]

A WELL-EARNED TESTIMONIAL.

LET every Theatre-goer give a hand, with plenty in it, to Mr. MADDISON MORTON, author of *Box and Cox*, and numerous first-rate farces. A Committee has been formed for the purpose of getting up a testimonial to JOHN MADDISON MORTON. Address "WALTER AMDEN, Secretary of M. M. Testimonial Fund, Terry's Theatre, 105, Strand, W.C." It is hoped that besides this Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN and his co-librettist in *Cox and Box* will be able to arrange a special performance with the assistance of Mr. D'OYLE CARTE, of this celebrated triumphvretta, which would not have existed but for JOHN MADDISON MORTON at the Savoy Theatre. By the way, Messrs. WARD AND LOCK have published a volume of *Plays for Home Performance, by the Author of "Box and Cox,"* with a short preface by J. M. MORTON himself, and an interesting monograph by CLEMENT SCOTT. J. M. M. acknowledges his indebtedness to "French Material," and the Theatrical Bookseller and publisher, of 89, Strand, would also be willing to acknowledge his indebtedness to MADDISON MORTON for a considerable amount of dramatic work, which has contributed to his French material prosperity.

Vi et Armis.

A CRASS social tyranny dominates France,
'Gainst which Common Sense seems to have scarce a chance.
Yet would she attain true Civility's goal,
She must free her fair hands from "the Duel Control."

ONE OF BEN TROVATO'S.—The other day the ATTORNEY-GENERAL wanted to purchase an original engraving—something of WEBSTER'S, R.A., probably—and the collector with whom he was dealing advised Sir RICHARD that the only really valuable originals were "proofs before letters." Mr. ATTORNEY gave up the case, and left the shop.

"A PENNY FOR YOUR THOUGHTS."

(By a Prejudiced Spectator at Kennington Oval on the occasion of the Visit of the American Baseball Team, Monday, March 11, 1889.)

HUMPH! "New York Herald" wants to know what we think of the game, and sends round cards of inquiry to take our votes, eh? Hardly formed an opinion yet,—except that it's a beastly day. Wonder how "All America" and "Chicago" like playing their great national game in a fog on a mud-swamp. (No, my man, I'll not fill up the card yet. Give me time.) What a lot of left-handers! Fine-built fellows though, and natty dress. Look at that broad-shouldered chap in spotless—Bang! By Jove what a downer! He's not spotless now either; plastered with Surrey slime from neck to ankle. Doesn't seem to half like it. What are they up to? Look to me like a lot of tipsy fellows in a fog. Somebody sprawling every half minute. Find it difficult to follow the game, and as to the scoring—well, do they score at all? Br-r-r! it is cold! All out? Why, I hardly knew they were in. Score? Nothing? And after all that scampering and stumbling! Rum game this!

Ah! that's a good spank! First fair hit I've seen. But what a skyer! Caught? Why, of course; dropped into field's hand as easily as an egg into a cup. What are they doing now? Ah! there's a swipe! Run, Sir, run!!! Why, he never stirs? Foul hit? Oh! hang it all! What with misses, and fouls, and skyers, and stumbles, and other mysterious movements I can't understand, they don't seem to score at all! It may be all very scientific, but we "don't get no forrader." Yes, they do catch well, certainly, and throw straight, only nothing seems to come of it.

Pitcher throws as if he were pelting frogs in a pool. As to Catcher, he looks a cross between *Falstaff*, a fencer, and a Thames diver. Game resembles a glorified—and more dangerous—Rounders, only nobody has made a "rounder" yet, as far as I can see. Gr-r-r! it's cold, yes, and "slow," distinctly slow! Without the prolonged charm of cricket, or the swift, short excitement of football, but with all the tedium of the one, and all the mud-tumbling of the other. Will that do for our N. Y. H. friend? Hardly, I fear.

What, all over? Why, they've done nothing yet. Oh! interval of ten minutes, eh? To take breath, and talk to the PRINCE, I suppose. Hope H.R.H. enjoys it inside the Pavilion. I don't outside. "Perfect frost?" "Utter fraud?" "Game for kids?" "Boshest business I ever saw?" Well, well, Gentlemen, I won't say I don't agree with you, to a certain extent; but don't put these sentiments down on the N. Y. H. cards. It might lead to—well, a breach of International Amity, eh?

Out again? Well, let's hope they'll make it a little more lively this time. Don't look as spick-and-span as they did at first. Too much Oval mud about them. Why are they *always* tumbling over those indiarubber hot-water cushions—oh! bases are they?—and dirtying themselves so dreadfully? Part of the game? Humph! Probable, but hardly explanatory. Hooray! First genuine cheer of the afternoon. Good hit, that; what, at Cricket, we should call a "swipe to the boundary," for—how many, four or six is it? Eh! What? Game altogether only five to two? Oh! dash it all, that's too draggy. Worse than SCOTTON at the wickets.

Humph! Slow again. And, by Jove, half the Spectators have "mizzled," like the rain. Think I shall do likewise, for I'm cold as ice, can't see anything but muddle and mist, and don't feel to care much for seeing anything more. Eh? Game's at an end? Well, well—and who's won? Don't know? Neither do I—nor care. Smart fellows, quick as cats, and straight as catapults. Should think they'd make splendid "fields," rattling "throws in," and superb "catches,"—at Cricket. But their skill all seems chucked away at this game. "More scientific than Cricket?" Bosh! "Likely to be popular in this country?" Walker! Fancy a grown-up Rounders, with few hits and scarcely any score, superseding Willow and Stumps! Don't understand the game? Well, no, I daresay not, and up to now, somehow, I don't seem to want to.

Oh! "Chicago" won, did she? Bully for Chicago! No, my man. I will not fill up the N. Y. H. card, thankye! Never "down upon" a fellow's wife, children, wine, cigars, country, or favourite game! I love America, but if I gave my true opinion about Baseball it might not be flattering enough to make public for a penny. And now, for a "nip!"



Base Bawl.



TROP DE ZÈLE.

Jones (who is canvassing the Borough). "OH, WHAT A VERY CHARMING BABY! I'VE ALWAYS TAKEN SUCH AN INTEREST IN VERY YOUNG CHILDREN. A—HOW OLD IS IT?"

Elector's Wife (with pride). "ONLY JUST FOURTEEN WEEKS, SIR!"

Jones. "REALLY! A—AND IS IT YOUR YOUNGEST?"

MR. MIDSHIPMAN UN-EASY;

OR, MISCHIEF AFLOAT.

First Middy. Come along, CHARLIE! There's nobody looking. Won't we have a lark with the old Commodore's Big Gun?

Second M. Well—ahem, RANDOM—I—ah—don't quite know (hesitates).

First M. Don't quite know? Then, what are you here for? Thought we were in the same boat this time, CHARLIE. You don't mean to say you funk it, after all?

Second M. Not a bit of it. But what is your little game, RANDOM?

First M. Our little game, you mean. Why, to spike the Commodore's Big Gun, to be sure. Preposterous old piece of ordnance, though the old potterer is so fond of it. Yah!

Second M. Well, I don't think very much of it myself, I must say. 'Tisn't the sort of Gun I should like to see run out for action. But as to spiking it,—well, don't you see that's a strong order, RANDOM. Besides, what good will it do?

First M. (derisively). What good? Well, CHARLIE, you are a chap! Thought you had more devilry in you than that. (Sings.)

Goosey, goosey, gander!
Don't stay there and ponder,
You can't be the plucky chap
Who fought aboard the Condor!

Second M. Well, you see, RANDOM, I don't like the Gun, but I don't want to betray the ship or upset the Admiral.

First M. (sneeringly). Don't you, now, Master Goodechild? Nor yet have a dig at that cocky duffer, GEORGE HAMILTON, I suppose, or a fling at spouty FORWOOD, or give ARTHUR HOOD one in the wind? Oh, you are a good boy, CHARLIE! Haven't GEORGE and the rest of them been putting the kibosh on us for ever so long, saying that all was serene with the old Barky, and that we were troublesome youngsters, who wanted a good rope's-ending? Haven't they smuggled up to the Commodore and got us put out in the cold? And now, after stultifying themselves by admitting we were right

all the time in saying the ship wanted fresh armament, this paltry pea-shooter is their Big Gun, the best they can do! Why, CHARLIE, you can't have the spirit of a powder-monkey to stand it.

Second M. Well, I must confess it isn't my idea of a Big Gun! But, after all, half a loaf is better than no bread.

First M. Bah! Copybook Cant, CHARLIE. You've been sitting at the feet of OLD MORALITY. Burst up this bad Big 'Un, and they'll be forced to get a better.

Second M. And meanwhile?

First M. Meanwhile—we shall have a jolly lark, to be sure. Ah, CHARLIE, this isn't the sort of chat you gave us last voyage, when GEORGE HAMILTON sat upon you so cheekily in spite of my backing you up. I began a fight with the Big-Wigs two years ago, and I'm not going to back down, as you seem inclined to do.

Georgie-Porgie, RANDOM's fly
Means to land you one in the eye.
Guess that when I've had my say,
Georgie-Porgie 'll run away.

Hope you won't do ditto, Master CHARLIE!

Second M. No fear! But I'm not going to round on the Admiral or betray the ship, RANDOM. That seems your racket, as far as I can make out. You're such a restless kind of a Midshipmite, you are. Larks are all very well, but spiking guns and scuttling ships go a bit beyond a joke. I should like to see the old ship with a better Big Gun; but, till she's got it, I'm not going to spike this; so I tell you. It seems to me, as the song says, that a true sailor should be

All as one as a part of his ship.

First M. (impatiently). Bah! You're not half a chap, CHARLIE!

Infirm of purpose, give me the—spikes!

I mean to have a try, anyhow. So here goes!

"THE 'COPPER' RING."—Sulky Policeman about Charing Cross refusing to interfere. [See recent articles on West End after Midnight, and Police Reports, *passim*.]



THE GOVERNMENT BIG GUN.

MASTER GRANDOLPH (Mr. McAdamsman in-Easy). "WHAT!—NOT SPIKE IT, CHARLIE?—OH, YOU AIN'T HALF A CHAP!—I'LL HAVE A TRY!"

ECHOES OF THE STREET.

"On afternoons, in London streets,
The Winner is proclaimed by boys;
And ev'ry wretched lad one meets,
Flouts Losers with prodigious noise!"
The Salaamonger.

WHEN the day is nigh done,
And good folks have begun
To think they will homeward be strolling—
Comes a voice, does there not?
Through cab-clatter, I wot,
And busses eternally rolling;



It is piercing and shrill,
And proclaims with a will
Much comfort for toiler and spinner;
You know, without doubt,
From the news-vendor's shout,
That someone or something 's a
"Winner!"

If times have been bad,
And you're sulky or sad,

While little enough in your purse is,
If a victim to fate,
You can naught contemplate
But unbroken chains of reverses:
If you're feeling put out,
Or you're threatened with gout,
(As trying to saint as to sinner),
You are apt to get riled,
For it makes you so wild,
To hear such a shouting of "Winner!"

If you've just had to part
With the girl of your heart,
Who better loves some other fella;
If the rain-clouds descend,
And you find that your friend
Has taken your silken umbrella;
If you hail cabs in vain,
As you trudge through the rain,
While late, minutes thirty, for dinner—
How you'd like then to flay
Those young imps, by the way,
Who wildly ejaculate "Winner!"

When, in spite of the cram,
You ne'er pass your exam.,
When plays you've annexed are detected;
When your novel's a frost,
Your election is lost;
Or your wonderful picture rejected—
Still each urchin will yowl
O'er your downfall, and howl—
Like a fiend o'er your fate he's a grinner—
He will gaily rejoice
At the top of his voice,
And blithely vociferate, "Winner!"

THE attempt of his Servian friends to get M. PASCHTICH, the celebrated outlaw, whose only fitness for the post is supplied by the fact that he has been frequently chased across country by *gendarmes* for acts of brigandage, appointed Minister of Commerce and Agriculture, appears, as might have been expected, to have created a considerable hitch in the recent settlement of affairs at Belgrade. It need hardly be added that the *hitch* in question was supplied in the person of M. PASCHTICH himself.

THE ICE CARNIVAL.—According to the rather chilly reports we've seen, the Ice Carnival appears to have started with more or less of a frost. Rather a dull affair if contrasted with A Nice Carnival.

RULE, BRITANNIA!

(New Economic Version. For the use of Cheap Patriots and Purblind Party Spouters.)

WHEN Britain first at Heaven's command
Arose from out the azure main,
This was the charter of our land,
And guardian Chancellors sang this strain:
Rule, BRITANNIA, BRITANNIA rule the waves—
Provided always that her cash she saves!

Nations not half so rich as thee
Must pay up sharp, or prostrate fall,
Whilst thou shalt flourish, great and free—
On blunders big and taxes small!

Rule, BRITANNIA, &c.

Still Mammon-nurtured shalt thou rise,
Whilst other nations are stone-broke;
Absorbed in small economies,
Deriding danger as a joke.

Rule, BRITANNIA, &c.

Thee haughty tyrant ne'er shall tame;
His fleets shall sink, his tars shall drown;
Whilst, vowed to the gold-grubbing game,
Our Crown we risk—to save a crown.

Rule, BRITANNIA, &c.

To thee belongs the God of Gain,
Commerce's golden grain thou'lt reap,
And thine shall be the subject main—
If thou canst rule it on the cheap!

Rule, BRITANNIA, &c.

The Muses, mute as a dumb hound
For thy bare coasts feel scarce a care;
Blest Isle, where blundering knaves abound,
Burst guns, and ships that need repair!
Rule, BRITANNIA, BRITANNIA rule the waves,
Whilst Factions fight, and the Exchequer
saves!

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

"WHAT'S the odds so long as you're happy?" is a popular quotation, but, like



many popular quotations, its meaning is not absolutely clear. We would, however, vary the phrase, and say, "Take *Long Odds* if you'd wish to be happy!" Possibly, from a sporting point of view, this may be not altogether correct; but from a literary standpoint it is an "absolute moral." HAWLEY SMART has now contributed, over a quarter of a hundred stories for the delectation of the reading public, and this one, his latest, shows no diminution in his power as a novelist. *Long Odds*, though in three volumes, oddly enough, never seems long; it is full of dash and sparkle, and thoroughly amusing from start to finish.

"Pickwick and Principle, always be thorough; Hie thee, boy, hie thee, away to the Borough!" So sings Mr. ARTHUR O'NEIL in the Dramatic Cantata at the Comedy Theatre, and this might almost be adopted as the motto of a most interesting and valuable volume, entitled, *The Inns of Old Southwark*. Both Mr. WILLIAM RENDLE, with his pen, and Mr. PHILIP NORMAN, with his pencil, have hied them away to the Borough to some purpose, and they have always been thorough. No pains have been spared to be exact down to the most minute details; and yet the terrible statistical dryness which is the characteristic of most books treating of antiquarian subjects, is altogether absent. Mr. RENDLE's knowledge of Southwark, like Mr. Weller's acquaintance with London, is "extensive and peculiar." He had an intimate knowledge of

the old Inns in the old days, long before the Demon Demolition had commenced what it is fashionable to call "improvement;" he has an excellent memory; he has an intimate knowledge of "authorities;" and he is teeming with lore concerning the old quarter and its associations. In his work he has been admirably seconded by Mr. NORMAN, who, besides contributing some of the best pictures in the volume, has superintended and arranged the whole of the illustrations which accompany the text.

THE LAY OF THE LADY CANVASSER.

A Study in Social Development.

WHEN lovely Woman stoops to toutting
For Party votes, her pleasant way
Is different from the male's mad shouting,
But still she has her little say.

She does not stand at
the street-corner
And wave her arms
like semaphores,
Of "chuckers" she is
no subornor;
By other little tricks
she scores.



She "takes a book"
(and well she
knows it),
And on her canvas sallies forth;
And by St. Jingo how she "goes it"
From East to West, from South to North!

Amongst the poorest of the Voters,
In humblest "diggings" she will pop;
She shrinks not from the smell of "bloaters,"
She shuns not the cheap barber's shop.

To her affairs of State are riddles,
Not hers to know or reason well,
But oh! the awful taradiddles,
The Lady Canvasser can tell!

She tells them with tremendous unction,
She tells them with a smiling face;
You'd think bold lying was the function
Designed by Nature for her race.

She fibs not feebly; no small "cracker,"
No timid trifling with the true.
She outs with some colossal "whacker,"
And sticks to it till all is blue.

With open mouth the workmen's spouses
Listen to "proofs" of GLADSTONE'S crimes;
The small shopkeeper's wife she rouses
With awful tales about the "Times."

"That rival Candidate," she gurgles
Into the Voter's ready ear,
"Is a *bad* man; 'tis thought he burgles,
'Tis known that he gets drunk—on beer!"

"He beats his wife, he *was* a waiter,
He is an awful atheist,
To our good QUEEN at heart he's traitor!"
Such hideous "facts" who could resist?

As to insidious suggestions
Of nameless sins—with such she teems;
Her whispered and soul-withering questions
Haunt honest Voters in their dreams.

And so, unscrupulous, seductive,
Our latest Siren proudly floats
On Party waves, with wiles obstructive
Of truth, but telling much on—Votes.

Development? Some social DARWIN
May show the genesis of her,
Meanwhile they who would Party war win,
Can't slight the Lady Canvasser.

MOTTO FOR AN OLD POET ABOUT TO PUBLISH.
—"See me re-verse!"

ADMITTED BY BOTH PARTIES.—The present state of Kennington,—Hope-less.

INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS. No. 61.



ROUGH SKETCH OF THE CONSERVATIVES BELOW THE GANGWAY.

MORE DISCLAIMERS.

MR. FROUDE, having written to a Correspondent to say that he had been recently converted to a belief in Home Rule, there is no further reason why the following letters from other distinguished writers should not also be made public:—

SIR,—There is no truth whatever in the report that I have determined to “give up Science,” and have enrolled myself as a Member of the “Salvation Army.” Whilst there are knaves in the world, such statements will occasionally be made, and, whilst there are fools extant, I suppose I shall be troubled by being asked to contradict them. The further reports that you mention—to the effect that I am about to publish a book, entitled *Genesis; an Answer to the Pseudo-scientific Attacks of Arrogant Agnostics*, that I contemplate entering a Monastery at Jerusalem, and that I have adopted a hair-shirt next to the skin, by advice of “General” BOOTH, are equally silly, and devoid of foundation. You can make what use you like of this letter. It is the last you will get from
Yours crustily, T. H.-XL-Y.

To P. PAX, Esq., Coventry.

DEAR SIR,—I suppose it is the distance from the centres of information at which you reside that causes you to be so strangely ignorant of my opinions on Home Rule and the Parnell Commission. You may certainly contradict the rumour which you say you have heard, that I am writing a magazine article in defence of the Ministry, and of Sir RICHARD WEBSTER in particular; also that I am about to stand for Parliament in the Conservative interest, and as an “out-and-out supporter of the Unionist Government.” It is true that my services to the Gladstonian party—of which you seem curiously unaware—fully entitle me to election by some enlightened constituency; but at present, and until that constituency turns up, I must content myself with newspaper Philippics.

Yours positively,

FREDERIC H.-RR-S-N.

P.S.—Be careful about the spelling of “FREDERIC,” if you have this letter printed. The last time that I saw a K added to my Christian name I remained senseless for five hours.

S. MACPHERSON, Esq., *The Hermitage, Mull.*

SIR,—The shortest way of answering your silly letter is to contradict each statement *seriatim*. I have not “in a fit of tardy repentance ordered my booksellers to destroy all the historical works I have ever written.” I have not given up “History,” nor do I intend “devoting myself in future to the production of cheap sensational fiction.” I have not altered all my opinions as to the unspeakable nature of Turks owing to the decoration of the Third Order of the Medjidie having been conferred upon me. I have not been insulted by being offered any such decoration,
Yours categorically,

COLE NEIGH HATCH, Esq.

E. A. FR-M-N.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, March 11.—STANHOPE made statement on introducing Army Estimates. Able, clear, and succinct; most cheering account all round; we’ve got the men, we’ve got the guns, only want the money too. A trifle over half a million in advance on last year’s estimates was what STANHOPE asked for, a mere nothing compared with state of perfection to which Army being miraculously brought.

“Not very well up in Army matters,” said Sir W. LAWSON, “but confess this puzzles me. Only other day we heard from the Colonels that we couldn’t put an Army Corps in field under a month, that our forts were ill-manned, badly gunned, things generally gone to the dogs. Now STANHOPE makes out that we’re invulnerable and irresistible. Like to hear Our Only General on the subject.”

GRANDOLPH sitting in corner seat worrying his moustache. Sat there in same attitude last Thursday when GEORGE HAMILTON brought in Navy Estimates. When he’d finished, jumped up and demolished him. Having thus finished off First Lord of the Admiralty, how would he deal with Secretary of State for War? OLD MORALITY, nervously rubbing his hands, turned from time to time and furtively regarded countenance of his young old friend.

“What do you think?” he whispered to GOSCHEN, “Is the Young Min friendly?”

“Probably not,” said JOACHIM, with vivid recollection of Thursday night when GRANDOLPH,



The Woolwich Infant.



THE FINE OLD SPIRIT.

“BUT IF YOU REALLY THINK JONES HAS INJURED YOU, MY DEAR FELLOW, WHY NOT CONSULT SOME CLEVER LAWYER!”

“LAWYER, INDEED! WITH MEN OF MY STAMP, THE ONLY POSSIBLE REPLY TO A MAN OF JONES’S, IS THE HORSEWHIP, SINCE IT CAN NO LONGER BE THE SWORD!”

thirsting for Lord GEORGE HAMILTON’s blood, rudely brushed JOACHIM aside in springing on him.

But GRANDOLPH a great Parliamentary artist. Knows nothing so depressing as monotony. If he had not smitten HAMILTON hip and thigh on Thursday, he might, to-night, have torn STANHOPE to tatters. Having appeared with success in one character on Thursday, judged it best to select another for Monday. Accordingly, bespattered STANHOPE with praise. Declared he had never listened to a statement of the kind with more satisfaction; resumed seat amid murmur of grateful applause from Treasury Bench; whilst Opposition smiled a knowing smile.

Business done.—Army Estimates.

Tuesday.—Morning Sitting to discuss Army Estimates. Proposition being nothing more important than to vote £5,400,000 in shape of Army wage, attendance strictly limited. No one anything particular to say, except, perhaps, PICTON and CREMER. These high military authorities having gone into the matter, come to conclusion that STANHOPE’S proposals are quite unnecessary. So far from increasing Army forces, PICTON would decrease number of men; moved Amendment to that effect; CREMER of same opinion. STANHOPE, having also gone into matter, stood by his propositions, and military men taking part in Debate cruelly ignored Amendment before Committee.

Whilst PICTON speaking, Colonel HUGHES, of Woolwich, performed original and striking strategic movement. PICTON talking disrespectfully of improving the make of guns when the Woolwich Infant appeared in doorway, which he temporarily blocked; moving slowly down floor he got into position on eminence facing enemy. Could have blown ’em all clean away if he could only have gone off. But the SPEAKER, probably fearing con-

sequences, withheld match, and Opposition escaped. But demonstration equally effective and weighty. "A twenty-three-tonner, at least," said DUFF, admiringly gazing over bulging proportions of the voiceless Infant. Vote for men carried only after Closure. Old MORALITY quite apologetic in moving it. "I am under the necessity," he said, "of moving that the Question be now put."

Very different from old times, when he used to be always on the pounce. This carried vote for men; but STANHOPE wanted money too, and urged that the few moments remaining might be utilised for passing vote.



"Off with the Hostile Captain's Head!"

This was enticing opportunity for CURSE of CAMBORNE to rise. Thrust hands deep in trousers' pockets, as he has seen corner men do, and, scowling darkly around, began speech calculated to occupy rest of sitting, and leave Government moneyless. But this was only CONYEBARE's fun; didn't really mean to do anything, but couldn't resist opportunity of remarking that "the Government is a discredited and disgraced faction, who know that they appear in the face of public opinion with a halter round their necks."

LECHMERE, who had first place at evening sitting for a motion with respect to public hangman, showed disposition to regard this as personal question. But he was kept out of the fray, and vote agreed to.

Business done.—Votes in Supply.

Wednesday.—Missed JOSEPH GILLIS a good deal this Session. Like distinguished countryman, JOSEPH GILLIS cannot be in two places at the same time—unless he were a bird. A very shrewd sly old bird is JOEY B., devilish sly. Dropped in this afternoon on his way home from Probate Court. Smiled grimly at BALFOUR and his declaration that "not humanity, but politics" is at bottom of all the bother kicked up about treatment of O'BRIEN in prison. Heard with approval JOHN MORLEY's brief and trenchant reply. Went out to Division, but did not follow the giddy throng who thereafter hastened home. JOSEPH GILLIS resumed his seat, leaned his expressive head on his generously open palm; his two eyes twinkled like stars as he watched OLD MORALITY packing up his copybook headings, getting ready to trot off with all the eager delight of a schoolboy. Six o'clock close at hand; nothing more could possibly be added to the cares and worries of the day; House almost empty; hand of clock approaching six, when Adjournment must necessarily take place; pleased expression on OLD MORALITY's face grew in quiet intensity; SPEAKER, with eye on clock just rising to declare House adjourned; half a minute to six; and behold! JOSEPH GILLIS on his feet, with right arm outstretched signalling the SPEAKER to resume the Chair. Through the quietened House rang the familiar voice: "Mr. SPEAKER, Sir, I wish to ask the Right Hon. Gentleman, the First Lord of the Treasury, if he will cause Messrs. W. H. SMITH & Co. to be prosecuted for selling libels?"

The SPEAKER: "The question is that the House do now adjourn." That was his remark, not at first sight *à propos*, but quite effective. Remaining Members trooped out; JOSEPH GILLIS radiant with delight, OLD MORALITY an older and a sadder man. *Business done.*—Prisoners (Ireland) Bill thrown out by 259 votes against 193.

Thursday.—In Committee all night on Naval Estimates. CHARLIE BERESFORD a good deal to the fore. Incidentally defines a naval engagement. "One of the principal objects in war," he says, "is to knock the hostile Captain's head off." This way of putting it greatly inspires Committee. Proceeded with celerity to vote £3,201,700, wages of men and officers; and a trifle of £1,061,000 for clothing and victualling. "There," says WHITELEY, smiling his

smile, clasping his knees with his hands, "they ought to knock a good many hostile Captains' heads off for *that*."

JOHN LUBBOCK perambulating House in search of GOSCHEN, who keeps out of way. Wants to get definite pledge from him that he means to deal in his Budget with the question of light sovereigns. "Why should we be behind a wretched little country like Serbia?" says honest JOHN. "What do they do when they get a light Sovereign? Why, they change him; and that's what I want GOSCHEN to do with our light sovereigns." *Business done.*—Army Estimates.

Friday.—After dramatic disappearance of Dr. TANNER, a fortnight ago, and subsequent references to his sandwiches and cigars at Scotland Yard, general impression been that he was comfortably in prison. But the ways of Irish prisons past finding out. TANNER turned up to-night in ordinary dress; no signs of manacles about him; hair cropped short, it is true, but that was matter of precaution voluntarily taken when crisis seemed imminent.

"I won't," said the Doctor, when prison-gates loomed close at hand, "leave BALFOUR an eighth of an inch of hair." Nor did he. Personal appearance, for some days before final retirement, suggestive of having had his head scalded. But the prison barber certainly circumvented. Buzzing about to-night with gigantic green rosette in button-hole. As House adjourns, wants to know from CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER whether any intelligence has been received respecting Kennington Election? GOSCHEN stares grimly straight before him, and House adjourned. *Business done.*—None.

"SPRING'S DELIGHTS."

"SPRING's delights are now returning,"—and though they return somewhat slowly, as far as genial weather, flowers, early vegetables, and sunlight are concerned, they return with unusual vigour at the



Artful Dodger among the Pictures.

spurred them on to greater efforts. The great charm of these rooms is that they are light, spacious, and airy, that there are comfortable seats, and that every picture is hung where it can be seen. At some shows we are grateful for the "skying" of pictures. At the Institute we should not be, for there are very few bad pictures in the collection. Among the notable contributions may be mentioned those by the President, MESSRS. KENLEY HALSWELL, FULLEYLOVE, W. L. WYLLIE, W. L. THOMAS, SEVERN, ORROCK, MAY, C. J. LEWIS, YEEND KING, EDWIN HAYES, CHARLES CATTERMOLE, CHARLES GREEN, DOLLMAN, CAFFIERI, J. A. FITZGERALD, TOWNLEY GREEN, GORDON BROWNE, J. NASH, HOBDEN, KILBURN, PYNE, HATHERELL, WARDLE, CARLTON SMITH, W. LANGLEY, F. M. EVANS, EAST, AUTONIER, STANLAND, and E. J. GREGORY. There are over eight hundred contributions, and the show is one of the best the Institute has collected since they have been at their present gallery.

Spring's delights also return in considerable force and variety at the French Gallery. Mr. WALLIS has reared a very attractive collection of exotics in his pleasant conservatory at Pall-Mall. Though the collection is not large, it is choice, and the eye does not become weary, or the brain fatigued. Here one can emulate Mrs. Blumber, and become a bee, and sip sweets pictorial, as she desired to have a tasting order amid authors classical. We can improve each shining hour, and flit from MEISSONIER to HOLMBERG, and from HOLMBERG to HEFFNER with huge content. We can gather artistic honey all the day, if we are so minded, from JOSEF ISRAELS, FIELE, PORTZELBERGER, ADAM, DE HAAS, DE MUNKACSY, KRÄMER, MOULINET, VON SPANYI, OEHMICHE, WAHLBERG, BERTRAND, COROT, MUNTHE, DUVERGER, AUGUSTE BONHEUR, BENLUIRE, and Mrs. BENHAM HAY. A pleasant pictorial banquet, well ordered, and excellently served, which is not likely to interfere with the most critical of digestions.

THE ART-FUL DODGER.

☞ NOTICE.—Rejected Communications or Contributions, whether in no case be returned, not even when accompanied by a there will be no exception.

MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper: To this rule

NOTES ON THE PLAY.

A Letter about "The Weaker Sex."

MY OWN DEAREST ANGELINA,

As you begged me to see Mr. and Mrs. KENDAL in the new drama at the Court Theatre, so that I might tell you all about it, I outraged my feelings by going to the play without you and accom-



"Six of one and two of the other."

panying JACK CHAPPUIS instead. Need I say that you were never absent from my thoughts for a moment, and that I did not enjoy my dinner at the Epicurean Club in the least? How can I care for anything when you are away from me? However, as the piece did not begin until 8'30, JACK and I had plenty of time for a smoke, a cup of coffee, and a Kummel before attending the performances. *The Weaker Sex* is by Mr. PINERO, the clever author of *Sweet Lavender*, and many excellent plays. For the old Court Theatre he wrote *The Magistrate*, and two other capital three-act farces which made the fortunes of the then lessees. As Mr. and Mrs. KENDAL are playing in it, I need scarcely say that *The Weaker Sex* is not a three-act farce, although I have seen those admirable artists at their very best in such pieces as *A Scrap of Paper* and the *Queen's Shilling*. But, as Mr. and Mrs. KENDAL, I regret to add, are shortly to leave us for America, of course it was only appropriate that they should bid us *adieu* in something sad, and *The Weaker Sex* is sad indeed. The story can be told in a very few words. Rather a feeble person is jilted by *Mary* (subsequently *Lady Vivash*), goes to America, turns poet, changes his name, and comes back to England engaged to *Rhoda*, *Mary's* daughter. But *Mary* has never forgotten him, and tells him so. Then the rather feeble person who loves *Rhoda* better than *Mary*, and his own comfort more than either, goes back to America, and the Curtain falls upon his never-to-be wife and his



"How happy could I be with neither."

found-to-be-impossible mother-in-law weeping in one another's arms. I believe when the piece was played in the Provinces, the rather feeble person (who must have been weak indeed to have preferred the daughter to the mother), married *Rhoda* and *Mary* paired off with someone else. The new ending reminded me strongly of a pathetic little one-act drama, in which the KENDALS made their mark at the Haymarket many years ago called *Faded Flowers*, wherein the hero, finding his lost love married to his dearest friend, although still attached to himself, nobly effaced himself by accepting expatriation for ever. How good Mr. KENDAL was in *Faded Flowers*! And how good Mrs. KENDAL is in *The Weaker Sex*! In fact, without her never-to-be-sufficiently appreciated assistance, I question whether the piece would have been successful. She could not possibly have been better, and yet, somehow, her superb acting did not bring tears to my eyes. This was not the fault of the actress, but the play, which when all is said and done, is not a pleasant one. Much as I like your revered Mother (to whom kindly remember me), should anything happen to you, I do not think it would be your latest wish that I should lead her to the altar, and sorry as I felt for *Mary* and *Rhoda*, and even the rather feeble person, who seemed to be passing his

entire existence in making melancholy trips to America, there was something so essentially comic in the situation, that for the life of me I could not cry. This was a great disappointment, as I like to be touched. JACK CHAPPUIS was equally indifferent, but then he is not in the least intellectual, and yawns at everything except a Gaiety burlesque. In real life I fancy *Mary* would have boxed *Rhoda's* ears soundly, and sent her back to school for another twelve months.



"We should know one another."

For the rest, the satire upon Woman's Rights (which more or less made up the remainder of the piece), although fairly amusing, did not strike me as particularly novel.

And now, darling, I must say good-bye.

Your ever loving,

EDWIN.

"DUX FÆMINA FACTI."

By a Rabid Anti-Woman's-Rightist.

WHILST male Voters only, Rads or Tories,
Have the vote will the Election-Rough rage,
There is one thing that "emollet mores,"
'Tis—so we are told—the Female Suffrage.
"Cherchez la femme," an old sagacious quip is,
She's at the bottom of War, Madness, Murder.
Will politics be purged by the Xantippes
From wrath and rancour? What could be absurder?
As well, when rival roosters will not cease
Their war, drive Partlet in—to keep the peace!

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

GETTING A GOOD VIEW OF THE UNIVERSITY BOAT-RACE.—Your idea of hiring a couple of coal-barges, putting a brass band on board, asking your two hundred friends, and tacking them on to half-a-dozen steam launches, and then proceeding to view the race by leading the van, and going over the course in front of the contending crews, strikes us as a happy idea full of novelty, and only requiring, as you say, a little determination and energy to enable you successfully to carry it out. You ought certainly by this means to manage to get a capital view of the race; though, of course, as you suggest, if you cannot keep up the pace, and happen to get in the way, it may be rather embarrassing to the competitors, and may possibly involve you in some disagreeables. No, we would not advise you to take the River Police into your confidence. Take care to be early on the scene—say, at about 3 A.M., and take up your position—and stick to it. We shall be glad to hear how you have got on.



Back Again.

ONE note of music sound we, *inter alia*,
A note of joyful welcome to
Composer FREDERICK COWEN, who
Returns, a conquering hero, from Australia.

GOOD OMEN.—MR. JOHN HARE's new Theatre will not be opened in March. The proverbial association, therefore, of "March" and "Hare" will not be realised in this instance.

MR. MANSFIELD'S "RICHARD THE THIRD."—A thorough Cibberite.

THE ELEPHANT AND THE EEL.

A Ballad of an Unequal Battle (with Apologies to Benny the Bo'son.)*Leslie Sambrook del.*

"Well, he" (Mr. BALFOUR) "is rather a slippery customer. He is like an eel. If you want to get hold of him, you must have sand upon your hand."
—Sir W. Harecourt at the Lambeth Baths.

THERE was a Elephant,
Brave boys!
And a lumbbersome brute was he;
With tusks and a trunk
Calculated for to funk,
The pluckiest most skilful Shi-ka-ree,
Brave boys!
The pluckiest most skilful Shi-ka-ree!

There likeways was a Eel,
Brave boys!
So slithersome, and slippery, and slim.
Now eels (for which you "sniggle")
Are the things to writhe and wriggle,
But there's none of 'em can twisticate like
him,
Brave boys!
There's none of 'em can twisticate like him!
Now that lollopping Elephant,
Brave boys!

That Eel was werry anxious for to cotch,
With a view to his spatchcocking
(Which in course was werry shocking),
So that Elephant was always on the watch,
Brave boys!
That Elephant was always on the watch!
But that limber Eel, he likeways had a heye,
Brave boys!
And that heye was fixed upon the Elephant.
Says the Elephant, says he,
"I will cotch you, as you'll see!"

THE FAT OF THE LAND.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

I SEE that an effort has been made by some misguided persons to establish a service of "Smoking Omnibuses" in London, which perhaps might, without impropriety, be called the "Service of Man," considering that none but members of the male sex would use such conveyances. Now, as I habitually ride in these cumbrous but still undoubtedly useful vehicles, I should like to suggest various reforms in them which *are* sorely needed, which is not the case with "Smoking Busses." Sorely needed! Ah! Sir, that expression recalls to my mind many a dreadful experience of an omnibus interior, when there have been six on one side and half-a-dozen on the other. I myself on such occasions have been "sorely kneaded" by the elbows of other passengers; I happen to be thin, and, perhaps, I feel the grievance (and the elbows) more on that account.

By some mysterious law of Nature, which no philosopher has yet explained, the persons who use omnibuses at a time of day when they are likely to be crowded are always stout. What is the result? The result naturally is, that an annexation of space rightfully belonging to us thin passengers follows; these elephantine individuals either "push us from our seats," or deposit themselves and their adipose tissue on our laps.

To remedy this all that is required is for the Omnibus Companies to erect a neat and compact weighing-machine at the entrance to their vehicles, so that the moment a passenger puts his foot on the step his correct weight would be registered on a dial. If he (or especially she) scaled over a certain number of stones, it would be the duty of the Conductor to inform him (or her), as politely as he could, that the conveyance was already "full inside," or that it had a case of measles in it, or that its journey ended at the next street—or whatever other excuse for non-admission his ingenuity and mendacity might suggest. Then there might be special roomy omnibuses constructed to meet these painful cases of corpulence, into which no thin person might intrude. But, for the convenience of the public, I would really suggest that the motto for ordinary busses should be, "Abandon fat, all ye who enter here!"

I have a good many other reforms to mention, but perhaps the above will be as much as your readers can digest at one sitting, so I will for the present subscribe myself, dear Mr. Punch, as yours devotedly,
EIGHT-STONE-SIX.

WHEN the Chevalier, Sir VERNON HARCOURT, rode full tilt at the ATTORNEY-GENERAL, he aimed a blow at him which was intended to cut down his opponent's salary. Fortunately for Sir RICHARD, it failed; but, at the moment, there was a thrill of excitement in the Ladies' Gallery—the fans were agitated; and yet, in the absence of Sir CHARLES, there wasn't a rustle to be heard in the House.



THE LOVE OF NATURE.

First Chappie. "LOVELY PLACE, MONTE CARLO, ISN'T IT? SUCH BEAUTIFUL SCENERY!"

Second Chappie. "BEAUTIFUL!—SUCH SPLENDID AIR, TOO!"

First Chappie. "SPLENDID!—A"—(pause)—"LET'S GO INTO THE CASINO!"

[*Exeunt to the tables, where they remain for the rest of the day.*]

The Eel he wunk, and arnsered, "Yah! you can't,"

Brave boys!

That Eel he wunk, and arnsered, "Yah! you can't!"

The hefforts of the Elephant were huge,

Brave boys!

But they didn't, somehow, seem for to avail.

He trumpeted and snorted,

And he trampled and cavorted;

But he couldn't hold that wriggler, head or tail,

Brave boys!

He couldn't hold that wriggler, head or tail!

For he sinuously slithered, slopped and slipped,

Brave boys!

Till the Elephant almost began to feel,

That although the Elephant

Is a ponderous giant,

He is scarce the sort of brute to catch a Eel,

Brave boys!

He is scarce the sort of brute to catch a Eel!

Then that Elephant he ups and says, says he,

Brave boys!

"I have got a ticklish task upon my hand;

But how'er he twist and squirm"

(Says that ponderous Pa-chy-derm),

"I shall coteh the wriggler yet—by means of

sand,"

Brave boys!

"You cannot hold a Eel, except with sand!"

So a basket of fine silver sand he gets,

Brave boys!

With a view to coteh that slithery Silver Eel.

Toes and trunk he then dips in it,

And, says he, "In half a minute

"I shall have you, Mister Eel; how do you feel?"

Brave boys!

"I shall have you, Mister Eel; how do you feel?"

Then he blusters, and he flusters, and he pounds,

Brave boys!

Like a Mastodon a-dancing of a reel.

But, in spite of grab and clutch,

He finds he can't do much,

With his Elephantine toes against a Eel,

Brave boys!

With his Elephantine toes against a Eel!

A quick grab! a slick grab!! He's ours!!!

Brave boys!

When—fwish! The thing's like lubricated steel!

No sport could well be grander

(To a cynical by-stander),

But—he hasn't cotehed that Eel,

Brave boys!

No, he hasn't yet cotehed that Eel!

A SHOW THAT APPEALS TO THE UNDER-
STANDING. — The forthcoming Exhibition of
Boots and Shoes.

A SONG BEFORE SUNRISE.

By a Sleepy Sufferer.

SEND not thy song before dawn to me,

Rousing my soul from sweet sleep;

Bringing the shuddering yawn to me,

Making my tympanum creep.

In morn's dim somnolent error

Giving me twitchings of terror,

Raucous asthmatical SW-E-E-EP!

MRS. RAM says that a dry air does not agree with her. It tickles her throat, and she doesn't like a tickling in her throat. So she is going to Bath, where, "I am informed," she observes, "there is so much humility in the atmosphere."

"In a Pickwickian Sense."

MR. BRADLAUGH thinks that JOE

Is too egotistic (Oh!)

For a funny reason. Why?

JOE says "we" instead of "I."

I is Ego, BRADLAUGH dear,

So you can't be right, that's clear.

JOSEPH, who's an artful feller,

Takes a tip from Mr. Weller.

He means "I," but, don't you see?

Simply spells it with a *We*!

MOTTO FOR AN (EX) M. B. W. BLACK-MAILER.
—"Give me neither poverty nor *Ritchies*!"

DUE SOUTH.

Last few Days at Monte Carlo.

THE winning of one five-franc piece brightens existence. The loss of sixty sours it. Such is life at Monte Carlo.

One more Attempt.—At first table on the left. "Good business," says TOM WHIFFLER, showing me a handful of notes, "just played three coups. Two thousand francs. Not bad, in five minutes, eh?"

"What did you go on?" I inquire, earnestly.

"I went on the dozens. First dozen, then middle dozen. Middle dozen," he adds, "was first-rate," which sounds as if he were talking of oysters. And off he goes, the lucky chap, nodding airily to me, and "chortling in his joy."

Think I'll try the "middle dozen." Difficult to find a place, so crowded. I notice several people here, whom I had always understood, were "anything but well-off," playing with piles of notes and heaps of gold. How do they do it?

"Oh," JOHNNIE SPOFFERD explains, "they're playing with the Bank's money." Yes, but how did they get the Bank's money? I can't. On the contrary, the Bank gets mine.

Squeezing myself in close to a *croupier*, I present him with two five-franc pieces, and request him in the sweetest possible tone,—all novices address the *croupiers* in the sweetest tone, possibly with the idea of ingratiating themselves with them, and so squaring it somehow, as if being on speaking terms with a *croupier* could assist you to win,—to put one on the "six

derniers," and the other on "douze premier." Fifteen turns up, and I've lost. Then I try 19 *en plein*, and the first six, and again I lose, whereupon I change to a *transversal* which includes 19 (I've a fancy for 19), and *impair*. *Trente-trois* turns up. Out of it again. Whereupon I give up my fancy for 19 and leave it. Immediately up it comes! and this happens also with *trente-trois*.

Lost sixty francs. Time to go and dress for dinner. Chilly air. They cover up all the flowers and shrubs at 4 P. M. So the beauty of the place is artificially kept up. North-east wind. Queer sort of sunset. Seen sunsets twice as good as this in England, when I hadn't lost sixty francs. Meet DORDLY TAPP going to his hotel, "The Paris," to dinner. How has he done to-day? Any good? No, DORDLY has lost.

"Beastly place," he says, "and so cold too, eh?"

I remark that there is an odd sort of sunset.

"Ah!" replies DORDLY, "that is a queer sunset. Rum colour. I remember a sunset exactly like that the night before the earthquake. I shouldn't be in the least surprised if there wasn't a *tremblement de terre* to-night. There's one comfort, this place felt it less last time than any other on the Riviera. Still it's not pleasant. If I'd won, I should be off to-night, but I must have another turn at the tables. Ugh! Horribly cold!" and he shivers—he has a *tremblement* all over him—and hurries off.

One more Attempt at the Tables, after Dinner.—Luck turns. I say to Mrs. WETHERBY (who has had wonderful luck and made £1500), "Shall I put *en plein* on 32?" She replies quickly, "Yes!" It turns up. 32! by all that's lucky!

"I told you I should bring you luck," she says, as I receive thirty-five times my stake, which was only five francs—[ah, why didn't she tell me to put on eight louis?—and so pocket one hundred and seventy-five francs, that's seven pounds, in a second, merely for risking four shillings and twopence. This is exhilarating. This is the air of Monaco. I ask Mrs. WETHERBY, as she is so lucky, to stand by me, and give me some more tips.

"Ah!" she replies, smiling, "I'm afraid my luck has gone. I don't feel as if I could advise you correctly again."

"Shall I leave it on?" I ask, alluding to my five-franc piece, which is still lying on the 32.

"I think I should," she answers. "You may as well leave it on." But though her tone no longer inspires me with confidence, yet I leave it on; but, *rien ne va plus*, and the *croupier* takes it off. I'll

take myself off. I'll be satisfied with this for to-night. Let us regale ourselves. Really nothing is so easy as winning. I meet friends. I tell them, seriously, as if it were a feat of dexterity or a well-calculated stroke of business, requiring great acumen and shrew, sharp clear-headedness, how, without any system, I put *en plein* on 32, and it turned up.

"Had you got the maximum on?" asks DORDLY TAPP, who has had a fair evening of it.

"No," I reply, carelessly; "no, I hadn't got the maximum on. Only a small stake." I don't tell him it was merely a five-franc piece. Probably my one bit of luck will be magnified into thousands, as any one, who subsequently tells the story, may credit me with having put on any stake that suits his fancy.

Eight louis in my purse, and a lot of five-franc cart-wheels in my pocket. We regale. DORDLY has won, he says, a hundred. JOHNNIE SPOFFERD at once decides that DORDLY shall stand treat.

"How about the earthquake?" I ask DORDLY.

He has forgotten all about it. "Earthquake?" he asks, "What earthquake?" I remind him of the melancholy forecast he made only a few hours since. "Oh!" he exclaims, there's not a chance of one. I thought over it again, and now I remember it was quite a different sunset when we had the last earthquake. Besides, with such a lovely night! What stars! what a moon!"

We agree—JOHNNIE SPOFFERD, too, who has won a trifle—that Monte Carlo is a beautiful place, and that the nights are magnificent.

"I like this place," says JOHNNIE SPOFFERD—"it's so foreign. One couldn't do this sort of thing in London." It is half-past midnight, and JOHNNIE, wearing a soft felt hat, cocked very much on one side, is perched on a high stool in front of the bar,—not at "Zero's," but "chez PETERS." He has just finished a plate of devilled oysters, and is now drinking stout, and enjoying a pipe. No, certainly, *we*—when we come abroad—manage these things better in France, in the Sunny South. But why travel all the way to Monte Carlo, in order to sit on a high stool in a public-house, to eat devilled oysters, to drink stout, and to smoke a pipe?

We discuss this walking back to the hotel (1 A.M.), and JOHNNIE SPOFFERD's opinion, freely expressed, is that "he's blown if he don't think that the nights at Monte Carlo are about the best part of the amusement."

I find out that whenever DORDLY TAPP has had a bad time at the tables, he becomes an alarmist. I meet him next day with the longest face possible. What's the matter?

"Matter, my dear fellow? Haven't you heard?"

"No, I haven't. What is it?"

"My dear fellow, there's measles and scarlet fever all over the place. We're going to pack up and be off at once."

"Really? It's very sudden. How did you hear all about it?"

"Oh, everyone's talking of it. Two or three persons died yesterday. And the place has no drainage. It's really too bad. I shall be off. Good-bye."

I confess I can hardly believe it, but I can't help repeating to several people what DORDLY TAPP has told me. No; they've not heard anything about it, but nothing is more likely. JOHNNIE SPOFFERD remembers to have heard a whisper about it before he arrived. Uncle TAMPLIN can't recall where he also has heard some rumour of the sort. And so within an hour or so there will be a scare sufficient to clear Monte Carlo.

"Well," I inform Uncle TAMPLIN, "DORDLY TAPP and his wife have packed up and are going off." And this I subsequently hear him repeating to his sister and niece, who at once commence the study of *Bradshaw*, with a view to as speedy a return as possible.

Next afternoon, going down to the Casino, I meet Mr. and Mrs. DORDLY TAPP. He and his wife are beaming with joy. "Halloa, not gone!"

"Gone!" he cries, "No; why should I go? Bless you, I've just been and won two thousand louis. Shall stay here any length of time."

"Well," I say, "but the measles or scarlet fever?"

"Oh, yes," he returns, in an offhand manner, "I did hear something about it, but my wife inquired and found it wasn't true." Mrs. DORDLY confirms this statement with an emphatic nod. "Oh," continues DORDLY, "it's all right. Monte Carlo's the healthiest place in the world."

"But you said yesterday that there was no drainage?"

"Did I! Ah, yes, so I did."

"But I asked two Doctors," interposes Mrs. DORDLY, coming to her husband's relief, "and they both say that where there are smells there is no danger, and there are lots of smells here; so it's all right. They explained about the gases, but I don't understand it. And," she goes on, "wasn't I lucky, while DORDLY was winning his two



Cooks Tourists.



"En plein."



Going "À cheval."

thousand, I made a hundred louis, all out of a poor little five-franc piece to start with! I do like Monte Carlo! *Au revoir!*"

"Ta! Ta! *au plaisir!*" says DORDLY, jauntily, as they go into the Grand, where they have a dinner-party.

I return to Uncle TAMPLIN and explain. The ladies call on Mrs. DORDLY TAPP, and hear from her the Doctors' account of the salubrity of Monte Carlo, and in another hour or two the scare will be heard of no more—that is, not until some one has lost heavily, and is in a general way disgusted with everything and everybody.



Obit, March 21, 1889.

TO THE MELANCHOLY MEMORY OF
THE METROPOLITAN BOARD OF WORKS.
IT WAS AN UNFORTUNATE INSTITUTION.
FLUSHED, IN THE EARLIER YEARS OF ITS EXISTENCE,
WITH A LAUDABLE AMBITION
TO COMMAND THE RESPECT AND ADMIRATION OF THE RATEPAYERS.
IT GAVE AN EMBANKMENT TO THE THAMES,
DRAINED LONDON,
AND SUDDENLY SHOWED THE WORLD
HOW JOBBERY COULD BE ELEVATED TO THE LEVEL OF THE
FINE ARTS;
THEN FIGHTING TO THE END, IT WAS MORE ANXIOUS
TO LEAVE AN INHERITANCE OF SPITE TO ITS SUCCESSOR,
THAN TO RETIRE FROM THE SCENE OF ITS LATE LABOURS WITH
DIGNITY TO ITSELF.
UNWEPT, UNRESENTANT, YET UNHUNG,
IT HAS PASSED FOR GOOD AND AYE TO THAT OBLIVION
FROM WHICH IT IS POSSIBLE THE MORE THOUGHTFUL AND
PHILOSOPHICAL RATEPAYER
MAY THINK IT WOULD HAVE BEEN AS WELL,
FOR THE INTERESTS OF MUNICIPAL HONESTY,
THAT IT HAD NEVER EMERGED.

"No Love Lost!"

(At the Gaiety Theatre.)

AWAY flew LOVE! But, LOVE's wings clipped,
Back to England LOVE was shipped.

"IS CHIVALRY STILL POSSIBLE?"—"Certainly. Look at the list of Knights!" says the doughty Sir SOMERS.

MR. PUNCH'S MODEL MUSIC-HALL SONGS.

NO. I.—THE PATRIOTIC.

THIS stirring ditty—so thoroughly sound and practical under all its sentiment—has been specially designed to harmonise with the recently altered tone of Music-Hall audiences, in which a spirit of enlightened Radicalism is at last happily discernible. It is hoped that, both in rhyme and metre, the verses will satisfy the requirements of this most elegant form of composition. The Song is intended to be shouted through music in the usual manner by a Singer in evening dress, who should carry a small Union Jack carelessly thrust inside his waistcoat. The title is short but taking:—

ON THE CHEAP!

First Verse.

OF a Navy insufficient cowards croak, deah boys!
If our place among the nations we're to keep.
But with British beef, and beer, and
hearts of oak, deah boys!—
(*With enthusiasm.*) We can make a shift
to do it—On the Cheap!

Chorus.

(*With a common-sense air.*) Let us
keep, deah boys! on the Cheap,
While BRITANNIA is the boss upon
the deep.
She can wollop an invader, when he
comes in his Armader,
If she's let alone to do it—On the
Cheap!

Second Verse.

(*Affectionately.*) JOHNNY BULL is just as
plucky as he was, deah boys!
(*With a knowing wink.*) And he's wide awake—no error!—not asleep;
But he won't stump up for ironclads—becos, deah boys!
He don't see his way to get 'em—On the Cheap!

Chorus.

So keep, deah boys! On the Cheap,
(*Gallantly.*) And we'll chance what may happen on the deep!
For we can't be the losers if we save the cost o' cruisers,
And contentedly continue—On the Cheap!

Third Verse.

The British Isles are not the Continong, deah boys!
(*Scornfully.*) Where the Johnnies on defences spend a heap.
No! we're Britons, and we're game to jog along, deah boys!
(*With pathos.*) In the old time-honoured fashion—On the Cheap!

Chorus.

(*Imploringly.*) Ah! keep, deah boys! On the Cheap;
For the price we're asked to pay is pretty steep.
Let us all unite to dock it, keep the money in our pocket,
And we'll conquer or we'll perish—On the Cheap!

Fourth Verse.

If the Tories have the cheek to touch our purse, deah boys!
Their reward at the elections let 'em reap!
They will find a big Conservative reverse, deah boys!
If they can't defend the Country—On the Cheap!

Chorus.

They must keep, deah boys! On the Cheap,
Or the lot out of office we will sweep!
BULL gets rusty when you tax him, and his patriotic maxim
Is, "I'll trouble you to govern—On the Cheap!"

Fifth Verse (this to be sung shrewdly).

If the Gover'ment ain't mugs they'll take the tip, deah boys!
Just to look a bit ahead before they leap,
And instead of laying down an extry ship, deah boys!
They'll cut down the whole caboodle—On the Cheap!

Chorus (with spirit and fervour).

And keep, deah boys! On the Cheap;
For we ain't like a bloomin' lot o' sheep.
When we want to "parry bellum,"

[Union Jack to be waved here.

You may bet yer boots we'll tell 'em!
But we'll have the "bellum" "parried"—On the Cheap!

This song, if sung with any spirit, should, *Mr. Punch* thinks, cause a positive *furor* in any truly patriotic gathering, and possibly go some way towards influencing the decision of the country, and consequently the fate of the Empire, in the next General Elections. In the meantime it is at the service of any Champion Music Hall Comique who is capable of appreciating it.

* Music-Hall Latinity—"Para bellum."





LINES ON BASE-BALL.

(By an *Æsthetic and Sentimental Young Lady.*)

I FEEL THAT I COULD WATCH BASE-BALL
WITH INTEREST, AND EVEN PASSION—

IF BUT THE PLAYERS WOULDN'T FALL
IN THAT EXTRAORDINARY FASHION!

THE BEWILDERED BUTLER.

Oh dear! This is getting too dreadful!
A decent old butler like me,
With a heart full of care, and a head full
Of family business, you see,
Can not be expected to stand all this shine,
And yet do his duty, as I would do mine.

A noisier lot o'er the bottle
I never have seen in my life.
Each other they threaten to throttle,
There's nothing but shindy and strife!
And as for myself, I am always in dread
Of kicks on my shins and of boots at my head.

I can't think it part of my duty
To serve as a cockshy all round.
That 'ARCOVERT—ah! he is a beauty!
That TANNER—oh! ain't he a 'ound?—
Are always, whatever I do, at full pelt,
Till my pitiful case e'en a LABBY might melt.

The House is just getting too awful,
The guests seem eternally "screwed."
They always were jeery and jawful,
But now they're so doosedly rude.
In vain I smile sweetly, in vain I speak fair,
Only twig my new necktie, just look at my hair!

For an old and respectable Butler
To be lammed by a LABBY's too bad.
Then MORLEY—his insults are subtler,
But make me feel equally mad.
E'en GLADSTONE, who ought to know better,
Will try
To land me a cork in the eye, on the sly.

Confound it!—(I trust that's not swearing,
'Tis not OLD MORALITY's line!)—
This treatment is getting past bearing,
I really shall have to resign.
My duty I feel is—by Jingo! there goes!
A boot in my back and a tray on my toes!

A more aggravatin' young fellar
Than TIM I declare I ne'er knew.
I'm proud of the famous old cellar,
I've no fault to find with the "screw;"
But they break half my bottles, the best in
the bin,
When they're cockshying me. It's a shame
and a sin!

I'm a Butler of worth, fine-old-cruusted,
Not one of your champagne sort,
But steady, and quite to be trusted,
As mellow and mild as old port.
But, dash it, I will not be greeted with hoots,
And pelted with bottles, and battered with
boots!

I really shall have to give warning,
If this sort of shindy goes on.
I'll give Master the tip in the morning;
I think they'll regret when I'm gone.
I'll stick to my duty as long as I can,
But there's still some pride left in the Simple
Old Man.

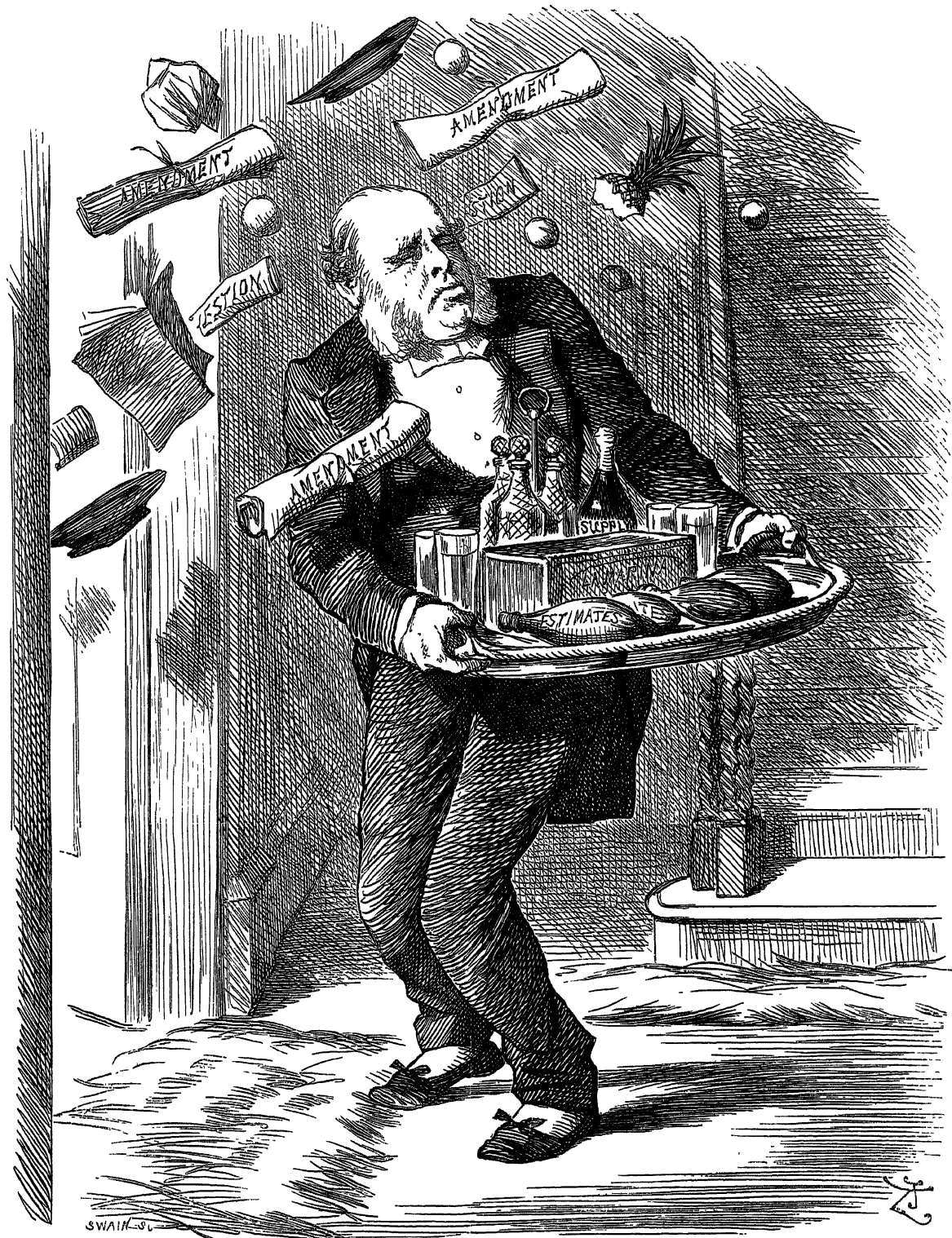
And yet—well, I'm nuts upon Master,
At home with the bin and the tray.
'Tis the guests who bring row and disaster,
The Family beg me to stay.
So I think I will pocket my temper, and
smile,
And hold on to my office—at least for awhile.

SONG OF THE BLACK SHEEP.

(Warbled by the *Expostulating Peer.*)

TELL me what is a "black sheep"?
Does it mean a lack of nous?
On the Benches going to sleep?
Never entering the House?
Living p'raps beyond one's means?
Having lots of unpaid bills?
Going too much behind the scenes?
Selling advertised Quack Pills?
Coming quite the City dab,
Speculating in a shop?
Starting a spry Hansom cab?
Singing at a Monday Pop?
Whist,—with cards hid up your sleeve?
"Getting at" a favourite horse?
Settling day mere make believe,
Till you're warned off every course?
Coming out with a decree
Granted in a certain Court?
With umbrellas making free,
Doing things "you didn't ought!"
Piling up a sorry heap?
Is this being "a Black Sheep"?
Is so, the wool that's on my back,
As yet is not precisely—black!

THE LAST OF THE BARONS was in a happy
vein when trying the breach of promise case,
Miss Smith v. Mr. Avery, the butler, who
looked uncommonly glum when the verdict
was £70 to Miss SMITH, the laundress.
"Avery man in his humour!" the merry
Baron is reported to have said to himself—an
excellent audience—as he quitted the Bench.



THE BEWILDERED BUTLER.

W. H. SM-TH. "OH DEAR, OH DEAR! IF THIS SORT OF THING IS TO GO ON, IT WILL BE MY
IMPERATIVE DUTY TO GIVE WARNING!"



"Age cannot wither—nor custom stale
His infinite variety"!

Paddy (to Fellow-Passenger). "OI'M SIXTY YEARS OF AGE, AND IVERY WAN
O' MY TEETH AS PERFECT AS THE DAY I WAS BORN, SOR!"

THE DIARY OF A NOBODY.

February 8.—It does seem hard I cannot get good sausages for breakfast. They are either full of bread or spice, or are as red as beef. Still anxious about the £20 I invested last week by LUPIN'S advice. However, CUMMINGS has done the same.

February 9.—Exactly a fortnight has passed, and I have neither seen, nor heard from, GOWING respecting his extraordinary conduct in asking us round to his house and then being out. In the evening CARRIE was engaged marking a half-dozen new collars I had purchased. I'll back CARRIE'S marking against anybody's. While I was drying them at the fire and CARRIE was rebuking me for scorching them, CUMMINGS came in. He seemed quite well again, and chaffed us about marking the collars. I asked him if he had heard from GOWING, and he replied that he had not. I said I should not have believed that GOWING could not have acted in such an ungentlemanly manner. CUMMINGS said, "You are mild in your description of him; I think he has acted like a cad." The words were scarcely out of his mouth when the door opened, and GOWING putting in his head said, "May I come in?" I said, "Certainly." CARRIE said very pointedly, "Well, you are a stranger." GOWING

said, "Yes, I've been on and off to Croydon during the last fortnight." I could see CUMMINGS was boiling over, and eventually he tackled GOWING very strongly respecting his conduct last Saturday week. GOWING appeared surprised, and said, "Why, I posted a letter to you in the morning announcing that the party was 'off, very much off.'" I said, "I never got it." GOWING, turning to CARRIE, said, "I suppose letters sometimes miscarry, don't they, Mrs. Carrie?" CUMMINGS sharply said, "This is not a time for joking. I had no notice of the party being put off." GOWING replied, "I told FOOTER in my note to tell you, as I was in a hurry. However, I'll inquire at the Post Office, and we must meet again at my place." I added that I hoped he would be present at the next meeting. CARRIE roared at this, and even CUMMINGS could not help laughing.

February 10, Sunday.—Contrary to my wishes, CARRIE allowed LUPIN to persuade her to take her for a drive in the afternoon in his trap. I quite disapprove of driving on a Sunday, but I did not like to trust CARRIE alone

with LUPIN, so I offered to go too. LUPIN said, "Now, that is nice of you, Guv., but you won't mind sitting on the back seat of the cart?" LUPIN proceeded to put on a bright blue coat that seemed miles too large for him. CARRIE said it wanted taking in considerably at the back, LUPIN said, "Haven't you seen a box-coat before? You can't drive in anything else." He may wear what he likes in the future, for I shall never drive with him again. His conduct was shocking. When we passed Highgate Archway, he tried to pass everything and everybody. He shouted to respectable people who were walking quietly in the road to get out of the way; he flicked at the horse of an old man who was riding, causing it to rear; and, as I had to ride backwards, I was compelled to face a gang of roughs in a donkey-cart, whom LUPIN had chaffed, and who turned and followed us for nearly a mile, bellowing, indulging in coarse jokes and laughter, to say nothing of occasionally pelting us with orange-peel. LUPIN'S excuse, that the Prince of WALES would have to put up with the same sort of thing if he drove to the Derby, was of little consolation to either CARRIE or myself. FRANK MUTLAR called in the evening, and LUPIN went out with him.

February 11th.—Feeling a little concerned about LUPIN, I mustered up courage to speak to Mr. PERKUPP about him. Mr. PERKUPP has always been most kind to me, so I told him everything, including yesterday's adventure. Mr. PERKUPP kindly replied, "There is no necessity for you to be anxious, Mr. FOOTER. It would be impossible for a son of such good parents to turn out erroneously. Remember he is young, and will soon get older. I wish we could find room for him in this firm." The advice of this good man takes loads off my mind. In the evening LUPIN came in. After our little supper he said—"My dear parents, I have some news, which I fear will affect you considerably." I felt a qualm come over me, and said nothing. LUPIN then said, "It may distress you—in fact, I'm sure it will—but this afternoon I have given up my pony and trap for ever." It may seem absurd, but I was so pleased, I immediately opened a bottle of port. GOWING dropped in just in time, bringing with him a large sheet, with a print of a tail-less donkey, which he fastened against the wall. He then produced several separate tails, and we spent the remainder of the evening trying blindfolded to pin a tail on in the proper place. My sides positively ached with laughter when I went to bed.

February 12.—In the evening I spoke to LUPIN about his engagement with DAISY MUTLAR. I asked if he had heard from her. He replied, "No; she promised that old windbag of a father of hers that she would not communicate with me. I see FRANK MUTLAR, of course. In fact he said he might call again this evening." FRANK called, but said he could not stop, as he had a friend waiting outside for him, named MURRAY POSH, adding, he was quite a swell. CARRIE asked FRANK to bring him in. He was brought in, GOWING entering at the same time. Mr. MURRAY POSH was a tall fat young man, and was evidently of a very nervous disposition, as he subsequently confessed he would never go in a Hansom cab, nor would he enter a four-wheeler until the driver had first got on the box with his reins in hands. On being introduced, GOWING, with his usual want of tact, said, "Any relation to 'POSH's three-shilling hats'?" Mr. POSH replied, "Yes; but please understand, I don't try on hats myself. I take no active part in the business." I replied, "I wish I had a business like it." Mr. POSH seemed pleased, and gave a long but most interesting history of the extraordinary difficulties in the manufacture of cheap hats. MURRAY POSH evidently knew DAISY MUTLAR very intimately from the way he was talking of her, and FRANK said to LUPIN once laughingly, "If you don't look out, POSH will cut you out." When they had all gone, I referred to this flippant conversation, and LUPIN said sarcastically, "A man who is jealous has no respect for himself. A man who could be jealous of an elephant like MURRAY POSH could only have a contempt for himself. I know DAISY. She will wait ten years for me, as I said before. In fact, if necessary, she would wait twenty years for me."

RADICALS used to stigmatise their Conservative opponents as "bigoted Tories." At the present time the Ministerial Bench may be fairly described as "Pigotted Tories."—*Vide "Webster's Dictionary," New Edition.*



INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS. No. 62.



GUERRILLA WARFARE IN THE HOUSE.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE Faithful "Co." says that he has had a grand time of it lately. He has been thoroughly enjoying Mr. LINDERWICK'S *Side Lights on the Stuarts*, which he describes as



Book'd.

on the book-shelves of the antiquarian and man of letters. He has also read Mrs. OLIPHANT'S *Neighbours on the Green*, a number of short stories, which are welcome in their collected form. *Harvest*, by "JOHN STRANGE WINTER," did not impress him. It contains some clever sketches of studio life, but the motive is unpleasant. *The Quick and the Dead*, which has created more sensation than it deserved, he says, reminds him of bread-and-butter, boarding-school, SWINBURNE, and hysteria. He has been delighted with "*Heart to Heart*," the latest song of Mr. CHARLES SALAMAN, the world-famous composer of "*I Arise from Dreams of Thee*." It seems strange to "Co." that he should have to write of "Mr." SALAMAN. After fifty years of admirable labour in the cause of musical art, surely the composer of half a century of the sweetest song should be nothing less than "Sir CHARLES." Although "Co." hopes that the learned Musician's day is far from over, yet, in the cause of justice, he would like to see him become a Knight.

FACT OR FANCY?—A meeting of persons connected with the "corn and milling interests" was lately held at the Corn Exchange Tavern, Mark Lane. This accounts for the revival of Pugilism as evidenced by the merry little mill that came off quite pleasantly, without any unpleasant police interference, ten days or so ago. But how is "Corn" mixed up with it? Well, this may be also in the interests of the Ring, that is, of some sort of Ring. "The Milling Interest" would imply a revival of Pugilism. To be sure, the ideas suggested, as above, may seem to be somewhat mixed.



ENGLISH AS SHE IS SOMETIMES SPOKE.

Principal Tomkinson. "BY THE WAY, MR. GREEN, IN YOUR NARRATIVE YOU HAVE SCARCELY GIVEN SUFFICIENT PROMINENCE TO THE DEFENESTRATION OF JEZEBEL!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, March 18.—Cross-examination of Ministers recommenced to-day. HOME SECRETARY and CHIEF SECRETARY have high old time. Booming BALFOUR in Ireland having been put down by the military, horse and foot, baiting BALFOUR in Parliament goes on merrily. GLADSTONE, MORLEY, and HARCOURT put questions from Front Bench. HARCOURT'S long training at the Bar suggests to him desirability of moving that all witnesses not under examination shall leave the Court. HOME SECRETARY, he thinks, should withdraw whilst BALFOUR is put to the question. On reflection recognises inconvenience of the arrangement. Would utterly foil those brilliant movements by which, having drawn the admission from BALFOUR that he approved Dr. BARR sending a letter to the *Times*, he swoops down on HOME SECRETARY and asks him whether he reproved Dr. BARR for publishing a letter corrected by CHIEF SECRETARY for Ireland?

Only a section of examining counsel sit on Front Bench. Below the Gangway, half-a-dozen, eager and persistent, tumble over each other in haste to put fresh questions. TIM HEALY, quiet, acute, far-seeing, most terrible inquisitor of all; Windbag SEXTON, insolent and over-bearing, threatens to move Adjournment, when House shows signs of impatience on his thirty-fifth appearance; MCNEIL, tempestuous, inarticulate, incoherent,



Old Morality.

blazing with wrath, his mouth full of emotion and interrogation.

"I don't often come here now," said CHRISTOPHER SYKES, regarding scene from distant side-gallery. "Can't stand the worry and the noise; but must say, at this distance, like to hear MCNEIL joining in the conversation. Carries patriotism to extremest, even picturesque extent. Some of them wear sprigs of shamrock. TANNER hails approach of St. Patrick's Day by decking himself in green ribbon of atrocious shade. O'HANLON has altercations under Gallery with distinguished Military Officer; but MCNEIL has the subtlest, most original way of proclaiming his nationality. One has been taught to connect the potato with Ireland, the hot potato for preference. Now, MCNEIL always addresses the Chair in a tone of voice that suggests that, in addition to his passing remarks, he has a hot potato in his mouth. Curious effect; rather taking from a patriotic point of view;" and CHRISTOPHER, exhausted with this unusually long harangue, slowly rose to his full height, fixed his eye-glass, buttoned his new gloves, and strode forth.

Business done.—Committee of Supply.

Tuesday. — JENNINGS was to have made speech to-night on question of Pensions. Didn't mean to say anything about the Marlborough Pension, which has been commuted, and so leaves GRANDOLPH at liberty to back up his able lieutenant. But at spectacle of OLD MORALITY sitting limp on Treasury Bench, watching the hours pass

resembling each other, inasmuch as no progress made with Supply, JENNINGS's gentle heart was touched. Postponed Amendment, and saved up speech. Has got hold of a capital subject, and deserves encouragement. Shall back him up myself on parallel lines. Mean to take up the subject of the Rat Catcher. Just handed in Notice of Motion, which will appear on paper to-morrow.

"TOBY, M.P. To reduce the Vote for the Royal Palaces by the sum of £18, being the salary and emoluments of the Rat Catchers at the Royal Palaces of Buckingham and Windsor."

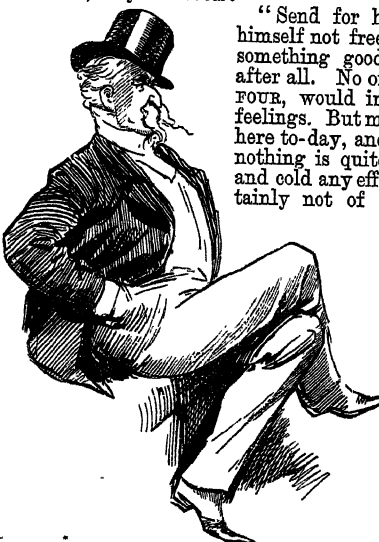
Buckingham Palace man has £8 a year and residence; Windsor Castle dignitary runs up to £10. These sums paid year after year during present reign. Shall move for Return, going back to 1837, showing how many rats have been caught per annum per Palace. Not quite the breed for the business myself, but I know a friend who occasionally indulges in the rat business, and who would, if he could be induced to devote his attention to the affair for twelve months, not leave a rodent on the premises. Why should British taxpayer, in addition to other burdens, pay £18 a year for rat-catchers, when there are thousands of unemployed dogs starving in our streets? No desire to set class against class, but here is indefensible incursion upon the rights of a not unimportant portion of the community.

[These are quotations from my speech; look a little bald, perhaps, as they stand, but shall work them up. Believe HARCOURT's very best impromptus don't look any better at first.]

Morning Sitting; spent it in discussing whether and when we shall take Vote on Account. OLD MORALITY wants it on at once, and done with. Opposition burning with desire to discuss it; but, before they begin, want to know when they will be expected to finish? On this, talk for four hours. HARCOURT takes full share, in spite of engagement at Lambeth Baths to-night to deliver set oration. Meet him going out; condole with him; tell him his health too precious to the country to be trifled with. He says "Yes," but doesn't mind sacrificing himself for public weal.

"Besides, dear boy," he whispers in my ear, "*it suits me exactly.*" Should like every day to make a speech or two in Commons, and address at night public meeting; say there all the things I cannot say in House. Don't you see?" *Business done.*—Hardly any.

Thursday.—Occasionally words pass between Irish Members and BALFOUR. They boo him; he intimates state of feeling with respect to them not altogether inspired by respect. But these only little affectations of manner. Deep underneath runs stream of affection binding Chief Secretary and Irish Members. They cannot bear him out of their sight; grudge every moment that parts them. To-night BALFOUR a little late in taking seat. Irish Members looked on vacant place with yearning eyes. TIM HEALY, not usually regarded as emotionable man, after long wrestling, breaks down. Cried aloud in broken voice for BALFOUR, and would not be comforted. Had question on paper addressed to him; declined to put it to anyone else. Other Irish Members, who had hitherto dissembled their love, blurted it all out when TIM gave way. In vain Solicitor-General for Ireland proffered his services. Wouldn't have him. BALFOUR, only BALFOUR!



An Authority, V.C.

at him; cheered vociferously. Immediately after began banging him about the head, pinching him, pulling his hair, and otherwise maltreating him. But that's their way.

"They're like women," says FRASER, V.C., an authority on the

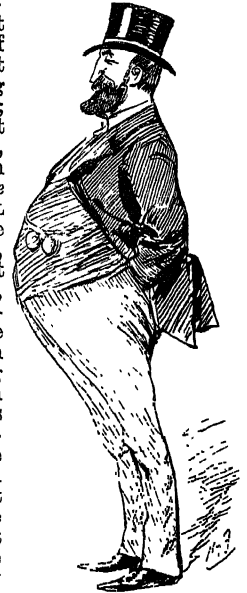
subject; "petulant, puling, but passionately devoted. Scratch your face in the morning, and hang round your neck as the dusk of evening deepens."

Business done.—Charges and allegations against Government.

Friday.—A long and lively night. ATTORNEY-GENERAL accommodated with seat in the dock. HARCOURT pluming himself on reminiscences of occasional practice at the Bar, assumes character of prosecuting counsel. Couldn't put on wig and gown; made up for omission by assuming his most funereal manner. Draped himself in woe, as it were; spoke with stifling tears in his voice. More than ever like *Uncle Pumblechook*. If ATTORNEY-GENERAL had been *Pip*, and news had just come that, after all, his fortune was illusory, *Uncle-Pumblechook-HARCOURT* could not have been more severely self-righteous, more deeply pained (for *Pip*), more excruciatingly humiliated (for *Pip*), or more supremely gratified (for *Pip's* sake), with his own immensity of perfection. Looking on, one almost expected to see him stretch out hand across table and rumple WEBSTER's hair the wrong way, as *Uncle Pumblechook* used to rumple *Pip's*. But the table too broad; so contented himself with making suitable gesture indicating what he would have done if he could only have reached the culprit. Storm rose high whilst ATTORNEY-GENERAL was speaking. One time J. F. X. O'BRIEN fixed upon by COURTNEY, and ordered out for instant execution. Swore an *alibi* and just got off.

"Remarkably lucky man, O'BRIEN," said HENRY BRUCE, "always being sentenced to something or other, and getting off at last moment."

Business done.—Vote on Account passed.



The Bruce.

KING COAL'S DEFENCE.

I AM old King Coal
(That jolly old soul),
Philanthropic, and pious, and
proper;
A patriot King,
Not the boss of a King,
And I have no connection with
Copper.
I am grieved to declare
There are lies in the air;
And I hear of most scandalous
rumours
That I, (who am just),
Am projecting a Trust,
Which will dreadfully damage
Consumers.
Oh, thundering shame,
King Coal to defame!
My honour, of course, I must vindicate.
A Corner in Coal?
No! I hold, on my soul,
That the worst form of sin is a
Syndicate.
I merely intend
(As a general friend)
To form a benign "combination,"
To—buy up the mines,
On such liberal lines
As to help every class in the
nation.
Landlords to assist,
And the Capitalist;
I desire of no class to be spoiler.

But oh! the chief aim
Of King Coal's little game
Is to help the poor subterranean
toiler.
I'm trying to please
Coal-owners, Lessces,
Also Workmen, Consumers—the
fact is,
My theory is
That good will is good biz,
And I want to reduce it to practice.
It's really sublime,—
(Or it will be in time)
For I think you'll admit it's a
rarity—
To find a "Big Boom"
In whose breast there's no
room [Charity.
For aught save the Spirit of
Pure Love may find fault
With Copper or Salt,
But Coal's a warm-hearted old
codger;
He never would hurt you,
He's chock-full of virtue,
And hates the Monopolist dodger.
So let us all join
To buy up (not purloin)
The Coal-mines in Capital's tether.
We soon shall be found
Most fraternally bound,
And—we'll all make our fortunes
together!

"Hands All Round."

HAMILTON's scheme scarce satisfies Lord CHARLIE, Lord RANDOM seems, of course, a trifle snarly. Well, here's a Naval Toast which *can't* be wrong: "Strength to the Fleet, and Fleetness to the Strong!"

NOTICE.—Rejected Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will in no case be returned, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope. Cover or Wrapper. To this rule there will be no exception.

RICHARD HIMSELF AGAIN.

(An Imaginary Interview.)

His Majesty King Richard (bowing profoundly). Sire, this visit does me infinite honour.

His Majesty King Punch (graciously). Not at all. Pray be quite at your ease. Royal meetings are just now the fashion. I am very pleased to see you—the more especially as I want to ask you a few questions.

Richard. Which it will be my delight and privilege to answer.

Punch. Just so. And now King DICK, *dic mihi*, when it first occurred to you to assume the Royal Dicknity. I imagine that at the

Lyceum you represented two gentlemenatonce.

Richard. I did, Sire. I subsequently became a French Baron, and a little later a German Prince. In the ordinary course of promotion, I have now arrived at the rank of a Monarch, and one of these days I hope to become a Roman Emperor.

Punch. You are contemplating a Neroic character, I believe. I wish you success. But to return to

Richard. I have a

vivid recollection of the performance of my talented friend, HENRY IRVING, who also has some claim to the title of Duke of Gloucester, has he not?

Richard. Undoubtedly,—at the Lyceum. I feel sure that HENRY IRVING must have been greatly gratified at the success which attended in so marked a degree the dual impersonation to which you, Sire, have so kindly referred.

Punch. Assuredly! I believe you have taken trouble to represent SHAKESPEARE'S great tragedy worthily in every detail. (*Richard bows.*) This being so, will you kindly inform me why the two Bishops who attend you immediately before your interview with the Lord Mayor of London, wear white tea-gowns?

Richard. To mark the eccentricity of their characters. It is obvious that they must be very quaint ecclesiastics to spend their time in discussing theology with hump-backed Dick.

Punch. I see! But did the Bishop of ELY usually go about in the gorgeous but eccentric robes he wears in the Council Chamber?

Richard. Yes, I think so, and that gives the point to my jest in sending him in his magnificent get-up to go and pick strawberries in Holborn.

Punch. I perceive that you have given the matter most careful attention. But why do the other Members of the Council huddle up in a corner round a table where they can be scarcely seen?



"Shall I be plain, or Twopence coloured?"

Richard. Firstly, because they are afraid of me; and secondly, because the stage is left more at liberty for the perambulations of personages of greater dignity.

Punch. Thank you! Do you know whether America was discovered before the Tudor period?

Richard. I fancy that COLUMBUS landed on trans-Atlantic soil for the first time in 1492, about seven years after the Battle of Bosworth.

Punch. That is also my impression. Then how comes it that STANLEY speaks with an accent that suggests that he must be a citizen of the United States?

Richard. It is a new reading, and triumphantly proves that SHAKESPEARE was not for an age, but for all time.

Punch. I am obliged to you! Will you tell me who stage-manages the tragedy in which you so frequently take part?

Richard. A gentleman in whom I have the greatest possible confidence—Mr. RICHARD MANSFIELD. I consider him my alter ego, the Dr. Jekyll to my Mr. Hyde.

Punch. I see! Will you then kindly suggest to him—among several other matters of which, when I have an hour or two to spare, I could give you a list,—that if the rafters painted to resemble solid timbers in the Council Chamber were not visibly stirred by every draught, the illusion would be more complete and convincing?

Richard. Certainly, Sire; but do you really think while *Richard* is on the stage there are eyes for aught else?

Punch. I really do. For instance, I can imagine no better representative of dear little *Edward the Fifth*—the Shakspearian *Little Lord Fauntleroy*, just a size larger,—than Miss BESSIE HATTON. When she was on the stage, I really quite lost sight of Your Majesty. She is a young lady of the greatest promise,—the clever child of a clever father,—and is sure to rise in the profession she has adopted. She bears herself with dignity, tenderness, and grace, and her elocution is irreproachable. Then Miss CARLOTTA LECLERCQ as the Queen-Mother is good,—but a little inclined to overdo the keening (no, the Edmund-Keaning you do not overdo),—and Mr. NORMAN FORBES is most mirth-provoking as *Catesby*.

Richard. Is he not, Sire! Especially when he has to walk about in armour, giving forth quaint sounds in the last Act! Oh, he would be the death of me, did I not die by the sword of *Richmond*.

Punch. Mr. LUIGI LABLACHE, as the Breton Masher of the period, *Richmond*, throws a new light on the character. And now, as to yourself?

Richard. Ah, Sire, your conversation is indeed becoming interesting. Have you anything to suggest?

Punch. Why, yes. In your dual part of *Jekyll* and *Hyde* you were weirdly successful. Don't you think the Shakspearian play would be even more attractive than it is, were you to double *Richard* with *Richmond*, and arrange to fight single-handed?

Richard (ecstatically). A revelation! You will come to see *Richard* again?

Punch. I will, when you give practical effect to my suggestion. Till then, farewell. [Exit.

Richard. Adieu! (*He ponders.*) If I played *Richmond* too! The idea is magnificent! Now, let me see,—if I do, I must, of course, restore to the character a number of lines that at present, for some reason or other, have been omitted! Yes! yes! yes! Humph! Ah!

[Left considering.

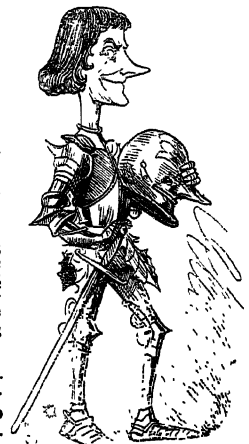
TO OUR ÆDILES!

Ballad of the Day. Sung by the Hyde-Park-Cornerites.

COME! mount a Hansom. Try	From here, if t'wards the East you
with me	drive,
To drive to Charing Cross.	Bent o'er the space to scour,
Our journey, you must surely see,	Your pace, no matter how you
Is quite a <i>tour de force</i> .	strive,
In Piccadilly's channel jammed	Won't top four miles an hour.
How can we go ahead,	So, agitate: the scheme pursue,
'Mid all this pent-up traffic	And clear the block away.
dammed	Defeated by that vote of two
Within its narrow bed?	You're bound to win the day!
So, speak the word. Ah! say you	So speak the word, and say you
will	will
Throw open Constitution Hill!	Throw open Constitution Hill!

NEW WORK.—*The Stud Farm Record of Hampton Court Palace*, to be edited by HENRY LABOUCHERE, Esq., M.P.; and to be hereafter referred to as "*The Foalio*."

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.—"*Lincoln Notes*."—Taken last week by Mr. JEUNE, Q.C. We believe he selected "*Miserere*" for the Lincoln Stakes, for which the Bishop observed he was ready to go, a willing martyr.



A Norman (Forbes) Knight. Why not engage him for next Lord Mayor's Show (if any)?



MR. PUNCH'S NOTES.—THE MARCH PAST IN CORRECT TIME.

"IS CHIVALRY POSSIBLE?"

To the Editor.

SIR,—I should think it is! I went to a *Matinée* in my capacity of Dramatic Critic to the *First-floor Gazette*, and beheld a purely astonishing display of incompetence. What I wrote in the journal by which I was accredited is an enduring monument of critical chivalry. The lady who was responsible for the show is young and fair, and I did what any man with a spark of good feeling should have done. Do you suppose I am going to bring the flush of anger, or worse still, the tears of wounded sensibility to the cheek of beauty? Not quite. And the dear *artiste* believes all the good, and resents all the censure, and my reward will be the airs and graces of one more Fashionable Incompetent, and the further debasement of the public taste which I am pledged to educate and to edify.

Yours, remorselessly, PENNY WISEMAN.

DEAR SIR,—No! Emphatically it is not. When our Smoking-carriages are systematically invaded by young persons, apparently of the superior classes, who take the company generally into their confidence by ignoring their presence, and talking at the top of loud, hard, healthy voices; who have all the assurance of their ill-mannered brothers, and all the assumption of female Saviours of Society off duty—when, Sir, such people swarm, as they do in the fashionable suburb where I vainly seek for culture and repose, it is time for the hollow romance of chivalry to disappear. If they behave as men, treat 'em as men. So says,

Yours, indignantly, "FAIR!" PLAY.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—At the last meeting of our General Intelligence Society (Limited), the President related some anecdotes of the powers of a tame donkey he once possessed, which, according to this President, could go fifty miles without turning a hair: and, Sir, I once had a tame hare which went all its life without turning a donkey. Perhaps some other Correspondents could furnish parallel instances of animal hardihood. This is not, I fear, germane to the question, but it is much more interesting to our Society.

Yours truly, SUM CUIQUE.

"THE THIN END OF THE WEDGE."—Shakspearian warning: "There's something Rotten in the state of"—The County Council.



"IS CHIVALRY DEAD?"

Miss Letitia Cox (reading Mrs. Lynn Linton's Letter in the Daily Telegraph). "IF CHIVALRY HAS DIED OUT, IS IT NOT THAT WOMEN THEMSELVES HAVE GONE AWAY FROM THEIR OWN BEST SELVES? AH, HOW TRUE!"

[Miss L. C. HAS—vide her Portrait.]

WHAT MR. PUNCH'S MOON SAW.

ELEVENTH EVENING.

"I OFTEN see very curious sights," said the Moon, "and I am seldom surprised now by anything that comes under my observation. But I saw a scene a few nights ago which had certainly at the time a rather extraordinary appearance. I was looking down through the tops of some tall windows into the bath-room of one of your large Hospitals. Around the largest bath, which had been filled quite up to the brim, stood a number of persons, attentively regarding the surface of the water, to which bubbles were continually rising. There were one or two doctors, and some of the hospital nurses and medical students in the group, but most of the spectators were patients who were well enough to leave their wards. In deep silence they gathered round, and kept their eyes fixed on the bath with a placid and solemn interest. I could not imagine what it was all about at first," said the Moon, "and I was not much the wiser



even when, on looking more carefully, I noticed that there was something in the bath—a strange creature which glittered and gleamed through the greenish ripples, as it squatted there at the bottom like some huge frog. Presently I saw that it was a man. He crouched there under water, on all fours, minute after minute, making no sign, and still the spectators gazed, and the silence was unbroken, except for a faint giggle now and then from one of the nurses. I should have thought he was drowned, if it had not been for the composure of the onlookers, and the air-bubbles. At last, with a splash that sent the water surging over on the floor, the man rose, and I saw that he was dressed in a tight suit of silver spangles, which was what had made the glitter under the water.

"For a little while he stood upright in the bath, smiling benignantly all round him, his chest heaving with conscious pride, and his face wearing the satisfied expression of a person who has conferred a public benefit, but who disclaims thanks in advance, and then, with a little bow and another splash, he leaped nimbly out and made his way to the door, amidst some applause from the medical students. The patients, however, looked vaguely disappointed, as if they had expected something different—though they did not seem very clear what that was. I afterwards found," explained the Moon, "that the man in the bath had been discharging an obligation by the only means in his power. He was a performer who got his living by exhibiting various feats in a glass tank, and (I suppose because he could drink wine and smoke cigars under water) was known as the 'Man-Fish.' He had been ill, poor fellow, and had been cured at the Hospital—so, being a grateful Man-Fish, he had begged to be allowed to give this exhibition to the staff and his fellow-patients, as some return for all the kindness he had received. His entertainment was, perhaps, a little monotonous—but this—considering that he had nothing but a bath to perform in, was not the Man-Fish's fault. If the bath had been a little bigger and the sides had been transparent, he would undoubtedly have given more variety to the performance. "As it was, he did all he could to prove his gratitude; and gratitude, I am afraid," concluded the Moon, "is not so common in Hospital patients, that a much more conventional mode of expressing it would not be in itself quite a remarkable circumstance."

THE HEADQUARTERS OF JOURNALISM.—Count and Countess HARTENAU, *alias* Prince and Princess ALEXANDER of Battenberg, are, we learnt from the *Times* last week, "shortly coming on a visit to Pressburg." If there is one place from which, more than another, news might be reasonably expected, it evidently would be that capital of journalism yclept Pressburg.

MRS. RAM writes:—"My favourite promenade in the winter is on the Merino at Ramsgate."

DUE SOUTH.

Last Notes at Monte Carlo. On to Rome.

EVERYONE has a System which is almost infallible. I note down a few "Systems" for the economical and timorous Monte-Carlist:—

First System—The Imaginative Player.—To all those whom providence has not blessed with opulence, and who wish to play at Monte



Carlo, I recommend the following system:—Go to every table in turn. Think of a number. Imagine you've got a five-franc piece on it. Watch it. If it turns up, you have the satisfaction of knowing that your judgment was correct. If it doesn't turn up, you can congratulate yourself on not having been such a fool as to put on that particular number. This can be repeated as long as you like, varying from colour to number, and *vice versa*, and visiting every table in the room. You'll have most of the fun, and none of the risk. When friends and acquaintances meet you and ask "how you're doing?" you can say, "You're about as you were," or any other formula.

Second System.—If you like to hear the jingle of the five-franc pieces, when you've won them, in your pocket, and it is fascinating, I admit—go to the *bureau*, change a sovereign into five "cart-wheels," and walk about jingling them. Visit the tables, act on the Imaginative Player's plan (*First System*), and when your opinion is correct rattle your five-franc pieces forcibly, and smile as if you'd won a big *coup*. When your opinion is wrong, don't rattle them, but purse up

your lips, frown desperately and shake your head. When the question is put to you, "Doing any good, eh?" you can jingle your coins, replying, "I've got a few left," and pass on.

Third System. How to reduce the Loss to a Minimum.—Put one five-franc piece on *pair* and another on *impair*. Then your only chance of losing is when *zero* turns up. But, when this happens, as your pieces are imprisoned for a second turn, depending upon which colour comes up, you can then only lose one piece and must gain on the other. This system includes a certain amount of excitement, and leaves you quits at the end of the evening. Even with this safest of safe Systems it is possible for you to lose both pieces; that is, if dishonest persons are sitting near you, bold enough to declare that your five-franc pieces belong to them, and to pocket them accordingly.

Last System. How not to Lose at all!—Don't play. This is too evident to need explanation.

When you have resolved not to go into the Casino, the next best thing is to stay outside, and watch the people going in at any time during the day, and coming out at eleven at night. The life and soul of Monte Carlo is the Casino. The whole of Monte Carlo is really the Casino. All its world is *trente et quarante* and *roulette*, and, as SHAKESPEARE says, who was of course writing of Monte Carlo,

"All the men and women merely players."

They go in like lions, they come out like lambs; in many cases, like shorn lambs.

It is midday or any time you please in the afternoon. Look at the gamblers entering. They arrive by train, or by carriage, or in a *fiacre*, or on foot, and up they go, like men of business bustling towards "the House" in Capel Court, or with that air of pre-occupation which marks a new Member of Parliament who has come determined to catch the Speaker's eye, ascending the steps at Westminster. A few among them saunter in, assuming listlessness, and a very few smartly-dressed men and women chatter and laugh as they pause on the top step to finish their conversation, evidently wishing to draw the line sharply between pleasure and business. See them leaving between half-past ten and eleven, when the Casino shuts for the night, not separately, but in groups. Some chatting, very few laughing, but all most decorously, as if they were coming out of Church after a sermon, and their good name depended on keeping up appearances.

After a time, whether winning or losing, life even at Monte Carlo becomes monotonous, and, taking for granted that you have exhausted all the usual excursions, your amusements are limited to the following programme:—

1. The reading-room, where a couple of hours may be fully occupied by waiting for the paper you particularly want to see. Here also you can write letters.
2. Watching the pigeon-shooting from the terrace. This is gratis.
3. The Concert (admission free), every afternoon.

4. Watch the people entering and leaving the gambling-rooms.

5. Walking up and down the *atrium*, talking to friends and acquaintances, and, once a day, trying to feign some curiosity as to the contents of the latest telegram posted up in the hall.

6. See trains arrive; see them depart.

7. To walk down several times a day from your hotel to the Casino with a view to consulting the clock over the portico, and then comparing its information with the two Railway clocks, and then with that given by your Hotel clock: finally to regulate your own watch by striking a fair balance.

8. Walk up to Monaco Gardens (lovely!) and back. Wonder at the variety of smells. Try to arrive at a satisfactory solution as to their cause, whether drainage, or harbour, or gasworks, or a combination of any two or of all three.

Private Opinion of Monte Carlo in the Season.—For the robust, lovely, delightful. But beware the Mistral, the Wandering Mistral. For the invalid, lovely, seductive, treacherous!

Uncle TAPLIN's niece, MABEL, has been attacked by the Wandering Mistral. She is temporarily disabled. Uncle TAP decides not to go to Rome. Offers me his ticket there and back. I accept. Can I refuse? if only to see St. Peter's? My holiday is finishing.

"You will zee," says our worthy Italian Hotel-keeper, "ze carnival. Do not go for ze *confetti*—no—for zey jomp you in ze eye. He 'urt." I promise him that having had quite enough of "jumping in the eye" at the Battle of Flowers, I shall not go in for *confetti*-throwing at Rome. I complain to him that last night it was actually snowing. He reluctantly admits the incontrovertible fact; "but," he goes on in his own peculiar English, for which he has a patent, "ze snow," here a contemptuous shrug, "he was nozing,—he did not lay on the floor." Beautiful expression this. But, whether the snow "lies on the floor" or not, off I go. To Rome! O Riviera!

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

The P. & O. Pocket Book. Why *piano*, when there is so much strength about it? It is a mighty pleasant little book to read, it is likewise brimming with useful information, therefore it would be appropriate to call it *The Pianoforte*

Pocket Book, especially as there are some notable performers who play with great taste and expression within its pages. For instance, everyone will gladly listen to the *bourrée* entitled "Le Canal de Suez," by M. DE LESSEPS, the bright lively *gigue*, "Japan," by Mr. H. W. LUCY, the *Suez Canal Sonata*, by Mr. THOMAS SUTHERLAND, the "China" *cantata*, by Sir THOMAS WADE (invaluable as a *wade-mecum*), and other notable pieces by accomplished executants. As for all the strictly practical portion of the work, the exact and various particulars with regard to routes, vessels, cabins, and outfits, it makes one desire to rush round to Leadenhall Street at once and immediately book places for the "Ocean Cure." We might suggest a new motto for the Company—*"Che va P. an' O. va sano."*

The Macmillaneries continue their excellent series of revivals. The latest is *The Caged Lion* by CHARLOTTE M. YONGE. Here it is fresh and YONGE as ever. Also the first volume of JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER'S writings. Those who already possess a collection of witty works, will be glad to add to it one Whittier.

The latest addition to ROUTLEDGE'S Pocket Library, invaluable to the globe-trotter, is the Third Series of *The Ingoldsby Legends*. All who go down to the sea by the L. C. & D. Line should take with them this little volume, containing the legend of *The Brothers of Birchington*, and he will learn something about the mysterious *Reculvers*, the origin of which has puzzled many besides

THE BARON DE BOOK WORMS.

A MYSTERY.—What is "VERIN's Patent Pipe?" There is no inscription but this on its stem, and on application at more than one tobaccoist's no information could be obtained by our Private Inquirer. Yet *Mr. Punch*, after three months' practical experience of this pipe, which was mysteriously presented to him, has no hesitation in affirming, or taking his oath, if necessary, that never has he met with a pipe, not even a vocal or musical one, so sweet and clear, and one which renders the "pernicious weed" so innocuous, as does this "VERIN's Patent." In the interest of all smokers, if any pipe ought to be puffed this should be, and so *Mr. Punch* gives it the Puff direct. But whence it came, and where it is obtainable, many besides *Mr. Punch* would be glad to know.





MR. PUNCH DRINKS SUCCESS TO THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL JUBILEE SHOW TO BE HELD THIS SUMMER IN WINDSOR PARK.

COUNTY COUNCILDOM.

(By Our Own County Councillor.)

I FANCY the proceedings of our new London Government must have somewhat astonished the old fogies whom we have so recently superseded. Why, we have laid down more grand democratic principles

for our future guidance, in the last few weeks, than the Legislature itself has ventured even to discuss seriously in as many years, and if some of my able colleagues have their own way, and they assuredly mean to try, London will shortly be the Paradise of the Impecunious.

Everything that the Masses require will be done for them, and the whole expense of so doing will have to be borne by the Classes. And as the former are somewhat about four times the number of the latter, the sublimity of the idea is at once apparent. The poor of London are to be re-housed, and a Medical Officer of Health is to be appointed to superintend their sanitary condition, at a salary of one of our most popular Members, that he had never yet met a man worth more than £500 a year.

Our Deputy-Chairman blushed visibly at this striking assertion, and why?

The question of properly furnishing the houses has been deferred for the present, but we have decided that when we ask for tenders to execute this rather extensive order, the parties tendering will be required to show that the men they employ are paid such good wages, and work such short hours, as are entirely satisfactory to the Trade!

No fear of the over-perspiring system prevailing under our fatherly system.

All gates and bars in lordly Bloomsbury and elsewhere are to be at once abolished, and the inclosed gardens in the many squares will doubtless be made free to all.



In Mud-Salad Market.

And how are these glorious results to be obtained? Is it by such a crushing weight of taxation as will greatly inconvenience the wealthy? Certainly not. A mere trifle of thirteen pence in the pound will suffice, for the present, to satisfy all our moderate wants.

The mistake made by one of our non-financial Members—caused by thirteen pence being the tax upon coals that we mean at once to abolish—that he much preferred paying thirteen pence in the ton to thirteen pence in the pound, was kindly explained to him by our Financial Editor. Those of us who are not eminent financiers were as much surprised as delighted to learn that a mere trifle like this thirteen pence in the pound, which we are about to levy on a gratified Metropolis, will produce us a sum approaching one million nine hundred thousand pounds, with which to commence our great work, so anything like a cheeseparing economy would be as absurd as unnecessary.

The very natural remark made by one of the most jovial and good-natured of our body was, that with such a sum to draw upon, why should we not provide ourselves with needful refreshment? but the idea was not generally approved—at any rate, not for the present; one particularly crusty Member attributing it to the *genius loci*. I am biding my time for an opportunity of proposing at once to abolish the ancient nuisance of "Mud Salad Market," and have but little doubt of ultimate success.

From what I gather from those around me, I fancy everyone of us has some special grievance that he intends giving his whole mind to remedy, and, as there are some 137 of us, we shall certainly not want for plenty of matter for discussion.

One noble idea is to constitute ourselves Commissioners for fixing what we think to be a fair and reasonable rent to be paid for any property, the occupier of which finds the present amount to press inconveniently upon his somewhat limited resources, due account being taken of the number of his family, and any other circumstances of an interesting character; and the question is naturally asked, Why should dissatisfied Ireland have so great an advantage in this respect over the powerful and loyal Metropolis?

We all like our Chairman, and our Radical friends thoroughly appreciate his preference of "Mr. Chairman" to "My Lord." As one specially democratic Member observed, there are hundreds of Lords, but only one Chairman of such a County Council.

Our Vice-Chairman seems scarcely fitted to control our somewhat rude democracy, his instincts apparently lying in quite a different direction.

Our Deputy Chairman sits trembling in the balance between Glory and Lucre. Unpaid patriotism on the one hand, and £1500 per annum on, but not yet in, the other.

I expect to find our future proceedings interesting, important, and even staggering.

"THE SQUEEZE OF 86."

[MR. FRANCIS GALTON says that, "Out of 1,657 adult women of all ages measured at the laboratory, the strongest could only exert a squeeze of 86 lb., or about that of a medium man."]

MAIDEN of the mighty muscles,
Then recorded, you would
be
Famous in all manly tussles,
And it's very clear to me,
That if in the dim hereafter
Any husband should play
tricks;
You would, with derisive
laughter,
Give a "Squeeze of 86."

Husbands, be it sadly stated,
Have been known their wives to
whack;
You, unless you're over-rated,
Could give such endearments
back.
Yours the task to try correction,
Till your husband and your
"chieks,"
Had a lively recollection
Of your "Squeeze of 86."

LIGHT AND FRIVOLOUS.—Our Other Musical Critic went to hear Mr. DUDLEY BUCK'S "*Light of Asia*."—He writes—"What a beautiful name is DUDLEY BUCK! The Light is not very bright. I thought *The Light of Asia* would have been lighter than it is. My mistake, not DEADLY BUCK'S. 'Buck! Buck! How many fingers do I hold up?' Well, I give him a hand as a stranger, and therefore 'as a stranger bid him welcome'—which I think is a quotation from that oft-quoted author SHAKSPEARE-PASSIM. But, another time, please send Classical chap to this sort of thing. Afterwards I looked in at the Pavilion. Good show, BESSIE BELLWOOD in great form," &c., &c.—[Yes, another time, we will *not* send this one.—Ed.]

At the Opéra Comique Theatre, a new play, called *The Panel Picture*, has one great fault, namely, the rising of the Curtain on the First Act. If this with all following upon the unwise proceeding were omitted, it is not improbable that the result might be, or certainly on Thursday last might have been, far more satisfactory.



A FAIR POLITICAL ECONOMIST.

Edwin (who likes his Angelina to take an intelligent interest in the leading topics of the day). "WHAT A TERRIBLE THING THIS SWEATING SYSTEM IS!—AND NO CURE FOR IT!!!"

Angelina (who is of a medical turn). "HAVE THEY TRIED MASSAGE, DARLING?"

IN MEMORIAM.

John Bright.

BORN, NOV. 16, 1811. DIED, MARCH 27, 1889.

"Now is the stately column broke,
The beacon-light is quenched in smoke,
The trumpet's silver sound is still,
The warder silent on the hill!"—SCOTT.

SILENT! Nor, though we listen, shall we hear,
From the hill-top that fronts the breaking
morn,

Again that clarion-challenge loud and clear,
So oft above the breath of battle borne
High as the lark above the bending corn.
Silent, that voice that never doubt or fear
Hushed 'midst the strifes of many a strenuous
year;

Which neither mob-applause nor modish
Nor the loud wrath of Party's passing mood,
Availed to drown in the fierce noise of fight.
Man who knew not to falter, turn, or yield,
With eyes intent upon the common good,
With heart unshaken in the cause of right,
How shall we miss thy form in many a
stricken field!

Brave Knight of Peace, with proud and spot-
less crest,

Which never stooped to faction's furious
Who braved opprobrium with unblenching
breast,

Till long-proved constancy had conquered
In the stout champion of the true and just;
Now hast thou entered into well-earned rest,
No more to wield the sword with warrior zest,
No more into the press of spears to thrust.
Sheathed the true steel that ne'er struck
craven blow,

Silent the trumpet that hath pealed so oft,
Fallen from faithful hands relaxed in
death.

Whilst thou hadst life, the beacon burned
Whilst thou hadst strength, the standard
shook aloft; [thou hadst breath.
The silver trumpet was not mute whilst

A Knight of Peace! In all her retinue
The Lady of the Olive Branch hath found
No champion more valorous or more true,
Defence to muster or a charge to sound,
Less prone to shrink from onset, or give
ground

When swords flashed fast and swift the
Than him, her sober-suited friend, who slew
Only the foes who swarmed her flag around.
His no Berserker love of the red fray;

Not for sheer battle's sake or lust of blood
Into the thickest of the fight he'd fling,
Who ever heard amidst the mad *mélée*,
Marring the music of proud triumph's mood,
The beatings sinister of Azrael's iron wing.

For Peace, and Freedom, and the People's right,
Based on unshaken Law, he stood and
fought;

If not with widest purview, yet with sight
Single, sagacious, unobscured by aught
Of selfish passion or ambitious thought;
Seeing day's promise in the darkest night,
Hope for the weak 'midst menaces of Might:
Careless of clamour as of chance-blown dust,
Stern somewhat, scornful oft, and with the
stark

Downright directness of a Roundhead's
Who drew a Heaven-dedicated sword
Against the foes of Freedom's sacred ark,
The friends of the oppressor's galling yoke,
All fierce assailants of the Army of the
Lord.

Yet at his lion-strength's most inner heart
Lay sweetness, as in Israel's passion strong;
Such sweetness as like silvery brooks will
start

'Midst mountain - heights of MILTON's
mighty song.

His virile hate struck hot at high-placed
Wrong

And crawling crime; his scorn smote like a
Baseness of court or crowd, of fane or mart,
Caste's callous pride, and madness of the
throng.

Ever himself, though foe might change, or
Or right, or wrong, his steadfast course he
steered

Straight for the goal on which his soul
Unused to falter and unwont to bend,
He shrank not from reproach, nor ever feared
To mount the wildest wave that drave
toward his end.

The Silver Trumpet's silent! Never more
Its unmatched music mortal ears shall
charm,

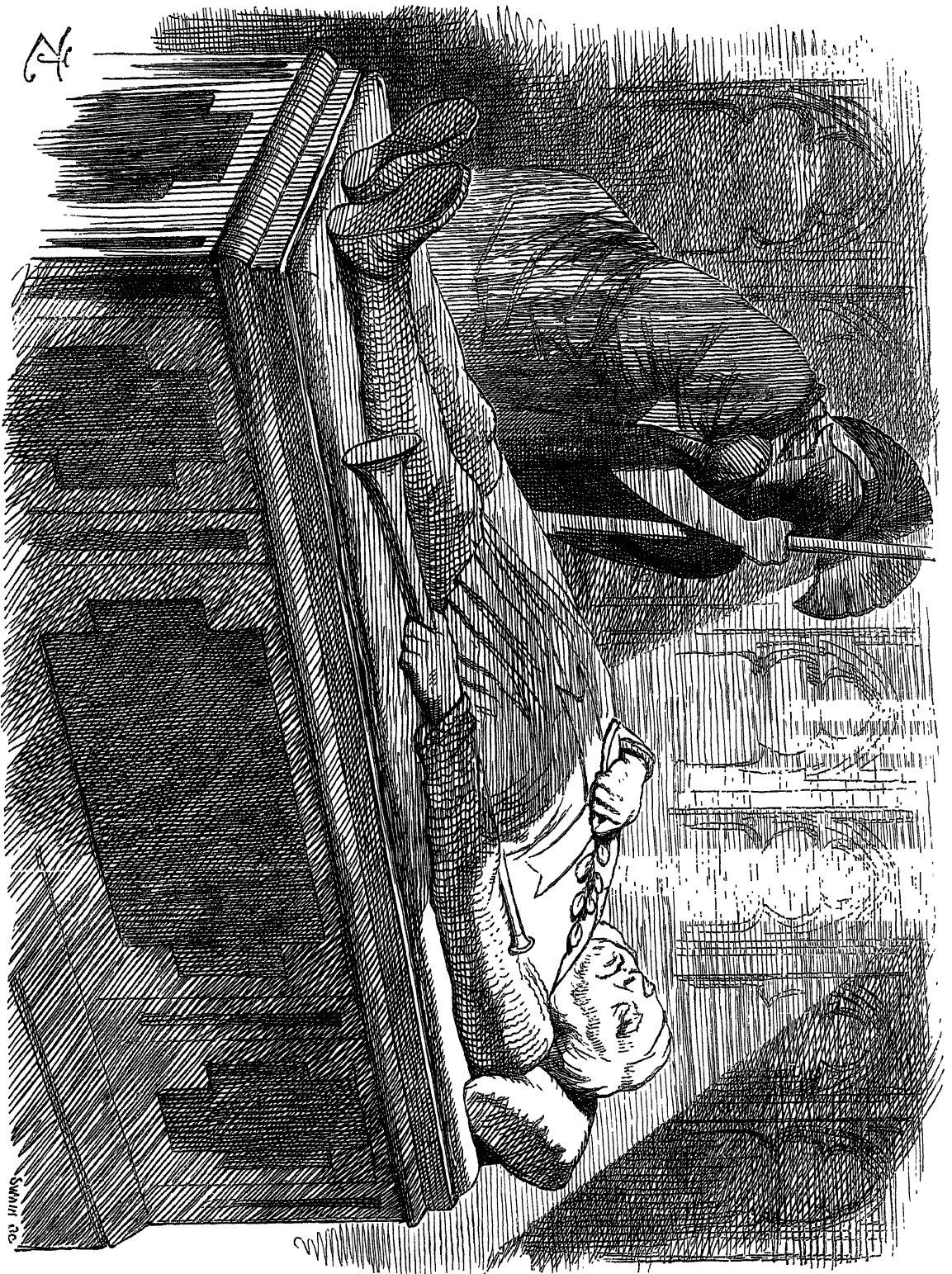
Rise dominant o'er faction's futile roar,
Or summon friends of Right to rouse and arm.
The Warder's mute, no more to sound
alarm

From the dawn-fronting hill-top, high and
Dead lies the Knight who the White Banner
bore.

Fold it o'er the cold breast that late beat
No slain Crusader graced a nobler tomb
More nobly ever than this stainless Knight,

The echoes of whose war-shouts scarcely
cease,

Though he lies there in the light-chequered
Stout Champion ever of the True and Right,
Mercy's sworn Militant, great Paladin of
Peace!



JOHN BRIGHT.

BORN, NOV. 16, 1811.

DIED, MARCH 27, 1889.

"THE TRUMPETS SILVER SOUND IS STILL!"



FRIENDLY ADVICE.

"I SAY!—YOU HAVE IMPROVED THAT FOOT THESE LAST FEW WEEKS! I SHOULD GO ON DRAWING THE HUMAN FOOT, AND NOTHING ELSE, IF I WERE YOU, BROWN!—ANYHOW FOR ANOTHER TWO OR THREE YEARS OR SO."

"OH—THANKS AWFULLY!—AND THEN?"

"WHY THEN YOU MIGHT BE A SHOEMAKER, YOU KNOW, AND GET AN HONEST LIVING!"

FRENCH ART WITH SAUCE HOLLANDAISE.

THE collection of the works of the French and Dutch Romanticists at the Dowdeswell Galleries, is well worth two or three visits, one of which I've paid on account,—on your account and that of the public. Why "Romanticists"? If the depicting of cows and sheep, and poultry, "all alive O!" of course, undressed, and *au naturel*, is to make an Artist a Romanticist, then Dowdeswell's Dutchmen certainly take the first prize in this pictorial Cattle Show. *Cows and Figures, Figures and Cows, Cows on the Heath, Cows in Water, More Cows in more Water, Ditto with Trees, Sheep on Downs, Lake with Cows, Man in a Punt and Woman with Cows, Cow-cher de Soleil, Sheep under Trees, Landscape with Cowshed, Calf with Cow-shedding tears*, and so forth—without a single effort to depict the Cow jumping over the Moon, which would have been really romantic and very effective,—for which titles consult the Catalogue—or, as it should be called the Cattle-logue, and "when found, make a note of." Quotation this from *Captain Cuttle*, quite suitable to a Cuttle-log. There is one genuine Romanticist, but he is neither Frenchman nor Dutchman, but of Italian extraction, as his name is MONTICELLI. Pause, Visitor, before No. 106, *The Ravine*, by MONTICELLI,—the Ravin' Mad, it suggests; and No. 109, *The Fête Champêtre*, in which there is a lady in the winning Cambridge colours, somewhat exhilarated after the Boat Race. Examine these well. Marvellous colour, dabbed on anyhow, looking a trifle mouldy in places, and a wonderful jumble of figures. I should call MONTICELLI The Uncertaintist.

More in my next. But seriously, our clever young painters might do worse than spend a few hours in these Galleries studying the works of MILLETT, COROT, MEISSONIER, DAUBIGNY, and JOSEF ISRAELS. Why "Romanticists"? Because they romantically painted for the love of Art, and many of them, since dead, got precious little for their pains and paintings.

In dealing with pictures, these French and these Dutch Took, often, too little, when painting so much.

AN OFFICIAL EXERCISE.

From "Ollendorf" as Arranged for the Next Scare.

HAVE we any ships (*vaisseaux*) ready, wherewith to meet the enemy?

No. We have not any ships ready wherewith to meet the enemy, but we have the promise of a Fleet on paper (*dans l'air*), locked up in a cupboard at the Admiralty.

Then, some of our ships are here, some are there (*là*)?

Yes, some of our ships are everywhere (*par tout*), but they are not here (*pas ici*).

Is this the little gun for the big ship?

No, this is the big ship without any gun at all (*sans aucun canon*).

Will the Admiralty send the big ship thus unarmed into action?

Yes, certainly; but they will order the Admiral in Command to make a manifestation of defiance (*danser le hornpipe*), the moment he comes under the enemy's fire.

It is a pity that the enemy's Fleet suddenly took possession of the Channel when sixteen of our Ironclads were shut up in the dockyards for repairs, having something done to their boilers.

The Admiral was at dinner with the General (*chez M. Le Général*) when the enemy arrived.

Who saw the enemy arrive?

Nobody saw the enemy arrive.

Will the Volunteer Artillery have to bring their guns into the battle without horses?

Yes, the Volunteer Artillery will have to bring their guns into the battle without horses, but the Hussar Regiment will have its deficiency of mounts supplied by the London General Omnibus Company (*Compagnie Générale*).

Who, then, has the good gun?

The invader has the good gun, but we have the inferior bayonet.

Have you seen the top-heavy Torpedo-boats of the lively neighbours?

No, I have not; but I have heard talk (*entendu parler*) of the unpatriotic opposition of our own Malcontents (*Imbéciles*).

ADDITIONAL CLAUSES FOR THE SUNDAY CLOSING BILL.

—No open air allowed on Sunday. Flowers will not be permitted to open. Anyone opening an oyster on Sunday will render himself liable to a heavy penalty. *N.B.*—Until these become Law, Sunday Closing may be considered an open question.

I am aware this doesn't by any means apply all round; but I've not been all round; I'm not an All-round Man, but among the French and the Dutchessees

I am yours,

THE DUC DU MAULSTICK.

UNREEFED CANVAS.

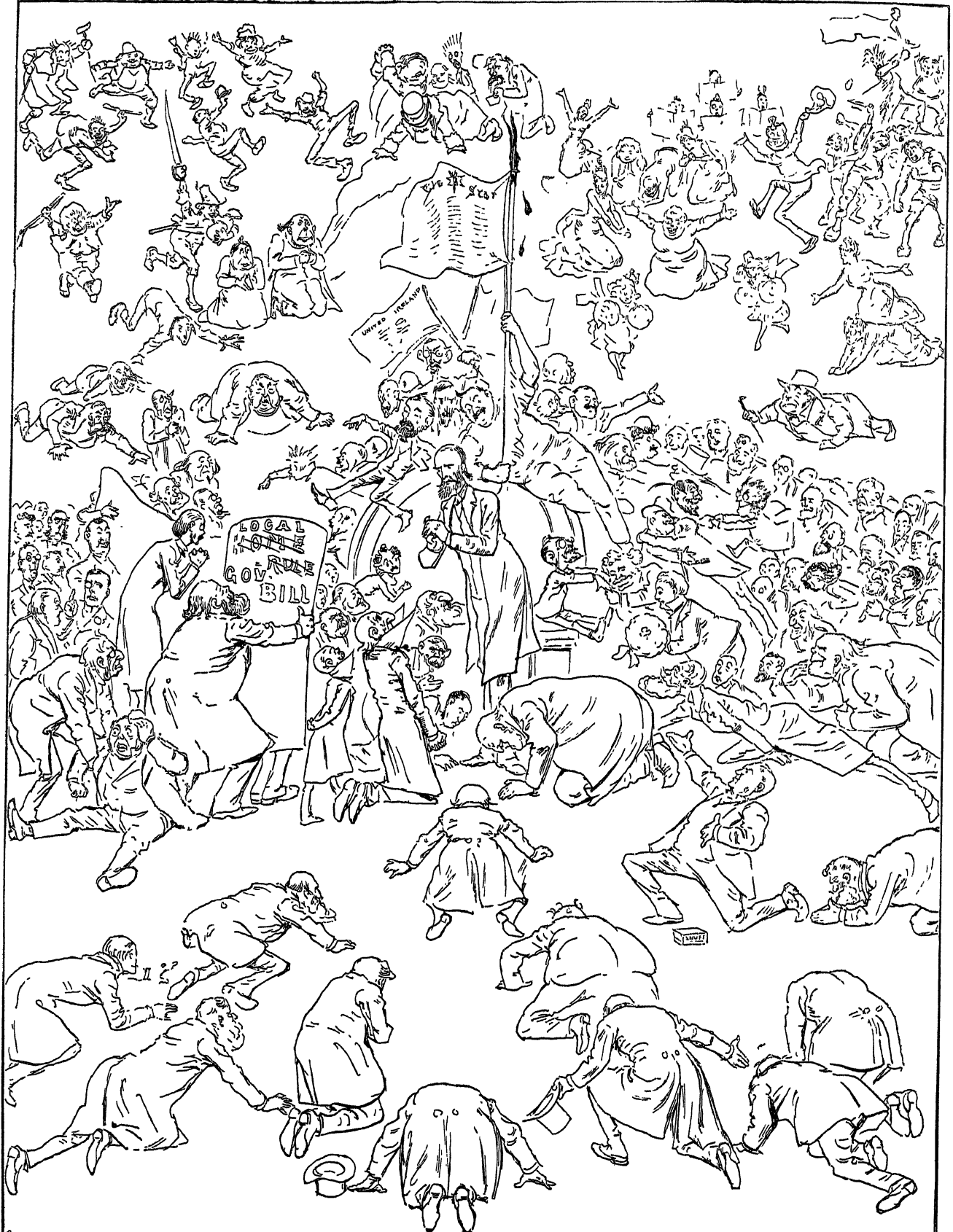
"MARCH winds and April showers, bring forth Art-flowers." True enough, and, as days lengthen, pictures become as plentiful as crocuses in the garden, and hyacinths in the window. The Artful Dodger goes about with his critical lantern, as one of old did when searching for an honest man—and enacts the part of a modern Dodgernes, looking for a great work of Art. As yet, he has not discovered it. Professor GANDISH would doubtless lament the absence of 'high art' from our exhibitions; and Mr. JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD would tell you, with a practical, and well-nigh aggravating bluntness, that the only great work of Art was "Niagara." Be that as it may, there are plenty of pretty pictures at the Exhibition of Lady Artists at the Egyptian Hall. Though they appear to somewhat neglect face-painting, and pencil other things beside eyebrows, there are many bright, honest contributions amid the collection. They have held up the mirror to Nature, instead of devoting the looking-glass to a more frivolous and unsatisfactory use. Among the best contributions may be noted those of Mrs. PERUGINI, the Misses CLARA and HILDA MONTALBA, Mrs. MARRABLE, Mrs. JOPLING, Misses H. MACAULAY, M. NAFFEL, DREW, M. H. SIMPSON, V. H. WYMAN, R. BARTON, R. F. HENSMAN, E. PARTRIDGE, A. E. TUCKER, and A. MANVILLE FENN.

THE ART-FUL DODGER.



BLACK SHEEP IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS.—A disgrace to the Woolsack.

INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS. No. 63.



SPAIN 3c

Harry Furniss

Master of the Situation. "WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU, GENTLEMEN?"



"IN WAITING"!!

Barber (to First Comer—in hand). "SHAVE, SIR!" (To Second Comer.) "TAKE A CHAIR, SIR. I SHALL BE DISENGAGED IMMEDIATELY."

Smith (First Comer, who has recognised in the Glass opposite that it is that fellow Brown, his rival and enemy). "YA-AS, I WISH TO BE SHAVED, AND—AH—THEN I SHOULD LIKE MY HEAD WASHED,—SHAMPOOED, Y'KNOW,—AND AFTERWARDS MY HAIR CUT,—AND— CAREFULLY CURLED!!!" [Tableau!]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, March 25.—ATTORNEY-GENERAL

again accommodated with seat in Dock. Getting quite familiar with situation; on excellent terms with the Warders; declares he hasn't slightest temptation to take off his boot and throw it at head of SPEAKER. Can't imagine how *habitués* of the Dock occasionally dispossess themselves of portions of their clothing, and disperse it about locality of Judge or Magistrate. CHARLES RUSSELL leads case for Prosecution. Exceedingly severe on Prisoner. ATTORNEY-GENERAL, when under indictment last Friday, gained temporary triumph by alleging that he had handed in a certain letter to RUSSELL. Now turns out that it was quite another letter, in quite different circumstances, handed in at quite distinct time. Original statement made great sensation. Ministerialists mad with delight. Opposition momentarily checked. ATTORNEY-GENERAL now says must be mistake somewhere. If he had not handed RUSSELL PIGOTT's letter of Nov. 15, he had given him SOAMES's of the 11th. Same thing; or, if not, why not? Anyhow, "of no material importance." Ministerialists cheered again, almost as loud as, on Friday, they had cheered when ATTORNEY-GENERAL insisted upon matter as one of prime importance.

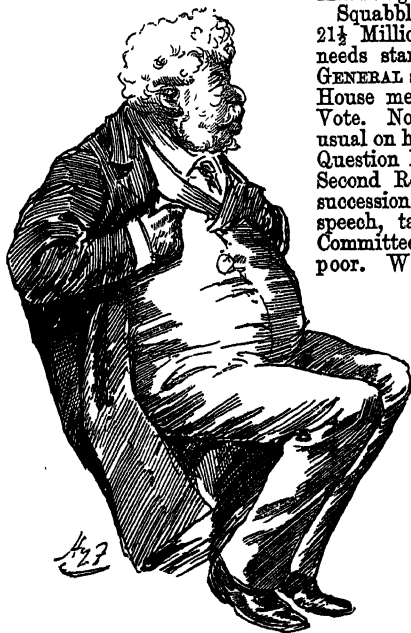
"That's the best of the Tories," said HARCOURT, sadly, "they always stand by their own man. If he says a thing's black they cheer before the words are well out of his mouth, and when he goes on to say 'I beg

your pardon, I meant to say it was white,' they cheer just the same. Now, our fellows would as soon howl at their natural leaders as not. Sometimes I envy BEACH and GOSCHEN. Wish I'd either been born into Toryism, or been able comfortably to take to it in middle age."

Squabble went on till Nine o'clock. Little trifle of 21½ Millions to be talked about before voting. Must needs stand over till personal question of ATTORNEY-GENERAL settled. Then Members go off to dinner; crowded House melts away; about a dozen stay to talk about the Vote. Not one per million sterling. Windbag SEXTON as usual on his legs. Had a finger in most people's pie at Question Hour. Now interposes on Army Annual Bill, Second Reading of which STANHOPE proposes to take in succession to abortive discussion on Navy scheme. Makes speech, takes division; gives notice of Amendment in Committee. "SEXTON," I say, to MACLURE, "is like the poor. We have him always with us."

"Yes," said my robust friend, hair and moustache curling with indignation, "and we always shall whilst he is Lord Mayor of Dublin. As long as SPEAKER, BALFOUR, OLD MORALITY, and other respectable Authorities are, by virtue of his office, bound to refer to him as the 'Right Honourable Gentleman,' so long will SEXTON continue to pop up through a sitting long or short, lingering over the sweetness of this unwonted style. When he's no longer Lord Mayor, and may be alluded to as to 'the Hon. Member' we'll have less of him." *Business done.*—None.

Monday Night. — SAM SMITH much concerned for Monte Carlo. Hears it's quite a dreadful place; people go and begin playing as soon as luncheon is over; lose all their money; take special care to get their dinner, knowing



"My robust Friend."

ART AND LETTERS.

As our Merry-Go-Round Inspector of Studios couldn't go everywhere, we hit upon the simple plan of inducing some of the leading artists themselves to furnish us with their own notices of their principal works intended for public exhibition this season.

From the President to the Editor.—Caro Mio,—I shall be more than enchanted to oblige you. *Mais que voulez-vous?* Every minute is *precioso* to us both. As to the pictures, *eh, bien*, I need hardly call to your memory how purely SCHILLER renders my sentiments when he says, "*Ersuche Sie aber hauptsächlich mit grösster Eile zu verfahren.*" You will see some Greek maidens—ah!—to quote the witty epigram of APELLES, our own poetic fellow-craftsman:—"Γυνὴ ποτ' βολίκερι παύει, μέισοι, Μείν βῆθε γράφει ὡδὲ ἐλπίσιν στέλει." *Vieni, caro mio,*

and as DANTE said to FRANCESCA, "*Suonate il campanello alla porta,*"—an action into which may be thrown all the grace of a Greek god, or which may exhibit only the *gaucherie* of a Bosotian clown. You remember that wise and witty saying of CERVANTES, "*Es muy hermosa dia despues la Lluvia.*" Perhaps you will retort with PEDRILLO, "*Tu eres otro. A Dios.*" F. L.

From Alma-Tadema, R.A.—No, my dear Vallow, not another pragmatist choke of Helly O'Gobbleus out of all dese rose-leaf now, bot a bersbactive sobjack called "*Hard Lines.*" Some Roman chorus-girls sleeping on de wed marble floor after a light bregfast of honey and gugumbers. Bootiful! Bootiful! Bud nod in time for dese Agademy und Krovenor Kallery. A. T.

From J. C. Horsley, R.A.—Dear Editor, my big picture is "*The Remorse of Godiva,*" showing her in bed, only the tip of her beautiful nose visible. J. C. H.

From John Brett, R.A.—Belay and avast, Mr. Editor! You'll see. Breezy and fine picture. "*The Lion, the Lizard, and the Stag,*" a little geographical joke on the Coast of Cornwall. Shall get Academy to engage policeman to keep off crowd, who will crush in to see the joke. J. B.

From Professor Hubert Herkomer, A.R.A., M.A., F.S.A.—My good man, don't bother about pictures. Come to Bushey, see my new moon,—great scenic effect,—and hear the Cantata. WAGNER not in it. Chorus of students. H. H.

From Marcus Stone, R.A.—Dear Editor,—Picture? Oh, yes, "*The Incomplete Letter Writers*"—you know—same lot—still going on with their correspondence—eh?—"To be continued in our next." Well, the public appreciate this sort of thing and so does M. S.

From T. Faed R.A.—My picture is *Our Dear Old Home*. Scotch subject. There are evidences of recent obstreperousness on the part of the gudeman, over whose prostrate form stands the gudewife, with a broken bellows in her hand. The bairns 'skeered' are huddled up together in a corner, crying out, "Aiblins, what's s'ame without a mither!" Very fine. T. F.

From J. P. Frith, R.A.—Dear Ed.,—Your boy called twice. I have done a few "Reminiscences." You'll see. J. P. F.

From Sir John E. Millais, Bart., R.A.—Dear Old Chap, Show you my pictures? With pleasure. At M'CLEAN's place. No more private views at my own house. Lost too many umbrellas. Names? Descriptions? Well, 'pon my life, haven't thought of names—some critic fellows will call 'em names, hey?—and as to their description—well—I can only say they're first-rate,—"*though I says it as shouldn't, eh?*" Hope you're well, but of course, you scribbling chaps are always well, while we poor painters—no, dash it, I'm not a poor painter!—shouldn't like to hear anyone else say this,—if he did, I'd punch his head. "Punch!" ha! ha! appropriate *that*. And new, eh? Capital cartoon of J. T.'s, that one I mean about the what's-his-name standing upon the thingumijig, and saying to Lord What-you-may-call-'em,—I forget what, but you know. Best thing I ever saw. Adoo! adoo! J. E. M.

[Perhaps next week we may be able to give some further interesting details, on which our readers can place the most perfect reliance.—Ed.]

ON COMMISSION.

April 2, 3, 4.—The working days of the week have been devoted to paying the closest possible attention to an admirable *Abridgment of the History of Ireland*, by my learned friend, Sir CHARLES RUSSELL. And here let me say, in all sober seriousness, that it was comprised in a speech that was worthy of the man and the theme—a speech that, by itself, was sufficient to hand down the name of the Counsel for the Defence to posterity, as one of the ablest lawyers and one of the most eloquent orators that has ever graced the English Bar. As the great speech has already been reported in detail in other quarters, it is superfluous to repeat it word for word in these columns. If it were, it might possibly occupy more space than is put, and I may say rightly put, at my disposal. So I will content myself with reproducing the manner of Sir CHARLES in a dramatic form, adopting for the purpose a well-known popular oration that in the past was left unfortunately imperfect. I do this so that those who are to follow in the footsteps of my learned friend, and myself, at the Bar may have the benefit of what I may perhaps be permitted to describe as a lesson in impressively-posturing elocution.

Orator (leaning gracefully back on bench, and in a colloquial tone). So she went into the garden to cut a cabbage-leaf (he pauses, looks at the Bench, produces from pocket a silken arrangement of green

and Indian pink) to make (pauses, leisurely uses silken arrangement appropriately, and replaces it in pocket)—to make an apple pie. And at the same time (pauses, places pincenez on nose, and examines books in front of him, selects one and reads) a great she-bear, coming up the street (puts down book, takes off pincenez, and looks fixedly at the Bench), pops its head into the shop. (Pauses. Raises his left hand with left fist clenched. Then, with great and grave earnestness.) What, no soap! (Sadly and regretfully clutches with his right hand at basket containing documents.) So, he died! And she (uses snuff-box, which is then replaced) very imprudently (with right hand outstretched, forefinger pointing to someone in the well of the Court) married (with immense force)—married the Barber! (Long pause, during which the Orator looks slowly and gravely round at audience. Then, in a more conversational tone.) And there were present the Picinnies (Mr. ASQUITH touches him, he turns round, listens, and bows thanks), and the Jollibies, and the Garyulies, and the Grand Panjandrum himself (puts up pince-nez, and reads scrap of paper just passed to him),—and—yes—as my learned friend, Mr. ASQUITH reminds me (clasping his hands persuasively), with the little round button at top. (Produces linen handkerchief, gazes at it, and returns it to pocket. Considers. Then with ever-increasing energy.) And they all fell to playing the game (right arm raised in gesture of disgust) of catch as catch can, till (very distinctly, and with his left hand raised to his ear and then brought down sharply)—till the (very loud) Gunpowder!!! (long pause, and then, in a voice broken with deep emotion, which almost sinks into a whisper at the last word) ran out at the heels of their (very softly) boots! (Tears and suppressed sobs in Court.)

As to the matter of Sir CHARLES's speech, it does not become me to offer an opinion at this stage of the inquiry. I have already expressed the genuine admiration I feel for my learned friend. Pump-handle Court. (Signed) A. BRIEFLESS, JUN.

ELECTRIFYING!—In a speech last week, Lord CRAWFORD is reported to have said,—"*My Corporation proposes to take a large area.*" This was *a propos* of the project of "*The Electric Lighting Supply Corporation*" for illuminating the Metropolis. His Lordship also remarked, that his "*Corporation was going to creep from several centres.*" Whereupon Mr. WILL, Q.C., M.P., asked him "*from how many centres the Corporation proposed to creep?*" (Laughter.) Where there's a Will, there's always a way of getting a laugh with a good audience. But why wasn't Mr. LOCKWOOD, Q.C. (Quizzing Counsel), present to illustrate it?

"THERE IS A FLOWER THAT BLOOMETH."—The FLOWER of the Opposition flock is indeed one that "*Blooms in the Spring, tra la,*" after his Steeplechase victory last Saturday. In celebration of the event, the Opposition should give a performance of *Cyril's Success*.



Henry Saunders Del.

THE BEASTS, THE BIRDS, AND THE BAT.
LATEST APPLICATION OF OLD AESOPIAN FABLE. (See Fable, p. 171.)

THE BEASTS, THE BIRDS, AND THE BAT.

A Modern Confabulation Concerning an Ancient Fable.

Senex. This picture, my son, illustrates an ancient Fable. *Juvenis.* And how does dear old Æsop make the story go, Sir?

Senex (reading). "Once upon a time there was a fierce war waged between the Birds and the Beasts. For a long while the issue of the battle was uncertain, and the Bat, taking advantage of his ambiguous nature, kept aloof, and remained neutral."

Juvenis. Ambiguous nature. Ah! Neither Beast nor Bird, but a little bit of both.

Senex (resuming). "At length when the Beasts seemed to prevail, the Bat joined their forces, and appeared active in the fight; but a rally being made by the Birds, which proved successful, he was found at the end of the day among the ranks of the winning party. A peace being speedily concluded, the Bat's conduct was condemned alike by both parties, and being acknowledged by neither, and so excluded from the terms of the truce, he was obliged to skulk off as best he could, and has ever since lived in holes and corners, never daring to show his face except in the duskiness of twilight."

Juvenis. Oh, that was the Bat's fate, was it?—according to the Fable! Well, no doubt it's a bit dangerous to keep "on the hover" too long. And yet somehow the particular Bat in the picture doesn't quite look like a confirmed Troglodyte, or destined dweller in a perpetual Cave of Adullam. Looks sharp enough, anyhow, and does not look as if "the duskiness of twilight" would suit it long. He's playing a risky game, no doubt; but whether he's as blind as his proverbial type, is just the question, my dear *SENEX*.

Senex (severely). If he is not blind he is base, and if he is not base he is blind.

Juvenis. Ah! that's neatly, not to say "nastily" put, and a deuced awkward dilemma—in theory—for the Bat. He's making a lot of enemies, no doubt, on both sides, especially among the ambitious non-effectives, and the disappointed would-be cocks o' the walk. But perhaps if the Bat could unbosom himself frankly (which I fancy he's not likely to do) as the Lion did to the Man in another Fable, he might say a thing or two which would throw a fresh light on the subject. "The bearings of it," as *Jack Bunby* says, "lie in the application;" and maybe the modern form of the ancient Fable may carry an "application" of which the original Æsop did not dream.



THE HEIGHT OF EXCLUSIVENESS.

She. "I BELIEVE YOU KNOW MY NEIGHBOURS, THE CHESTERFIELD BROWNS?"

He. "HAW—WELL—A—I GO TO THE HOUSE, DON'TCHERKNOW, AND DINE WITH 'EM OCCASIONALLY, AND ALL THAT—BUT I'M NOT ON SPEAKING TERMS WITH 'EM!"

PLAY-TIME.

Is *That Doctor Cupid* still possible? Wonderful to relate he is so, and nearing his hundredth night! "BUCHANAN and a hundred knights" sounds chivalric—*Fabula narratur D.T.*—but though "chivalry" may, or may not, "still be possible," yet most decidedly no further doctoring of *Cupid* is possible after this curious comedy at the Vonderful Vaudeville. Mr. THOMAS THORNE is the *Cupid redivivus*, and when I looked at him,—he being about as unlike the little god of love as, for example, the HOME SECRETARY or the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER would be,—I could not help saying to myself, "Tell me, my heart, can this be love?" and replying to my own question, "No, it is only a Thorne in the flesh."



"O ye gods and little fishes!"—well, everyone knows the next line,—but what is *Cupid* without his wings? Truth to tell, though the public have, I suppose, taken kindly to the piece,—otherwise this unromantic, rheumatic *Dr. Cupid* could not have run till now and be still running,—Chevalier BUCHANAN's play is a nondescript affair, neither comedy, nor tragedy, nor farce, nor melodrama, nor good extravaganza, but a hotch-potch of all these ingredients served up in the first dish that could hold the mess together. *Dr. Cupid* himself is a supernatural being, compounded out of a *Bottle Imp*, *Mephistopheles*, an *Arabian Nights' Genie*, *Puck*, *Le Diable Boiteux*, and *Parson Adams*.

The piece begins with real good comedy, then suddenly we are taken into the domain of melodrama, where there is thunder and lightning, a darkened stage, breaking a magician's phial, lurid light, and all the old mysterious noises that used to herald the advent of the marvellous Mr. GEORGE CONQUEST in a Pantomime

at the Grecian. There is something more Grecian than Latin about this appearance of *Eros* at the Vaudeville, only that had Mr. GEORGE CONQUEST been the *Cupid*, we should not have seen him complaining of age, rheumatism, and cramp, but should have watched him bounding upwards and flying off in chase of some butterfly that reminded him of his long-lost *Psyche*. Who can believe in a *Cupid* with a cramp, except in an extravaganza? And, by the way, Mr. TOM THORNE may remember a certain overgrown *Cupid*, in the burlesque of *Paris*, so funnily played by Mr. TURNER, who issued from a damp rose, limped with rheumatic pains, and noticed with sorrow that his wings were moulting.

When Mr. BUCHANAN hit on this idea, he threw away the material for a capital *opéra-bouffe*, and spoilt a good comedy. Just at the end, after the serio-comic *Demon Cupid* had uttered sentiments worthy of a Christian divine, and made his last appearance as a Converted *Cupid*, the melodramatic effects of Act the First were repeated, and I fully expected that advantage would be taken of this in order to bring us all back again safe and sound to young *Racket's* rooms at Cambridge, where with lights full on, we should find that all his experience with *Dr. Cupid* had been a dream. I do not say that, had this been so, I should have been one whit better pleased: but such an explanation, old-fashioned though it be, would have been dramatically satisfactory.

The piece is capitally played by all, though I should not think *Dr. Cupid* would remain in Mr. TOM THORNE's *répertoire* as one of his best parts. Miss ANNIE IRISH is delightful as the honest, frolicsome *Kate*; Mr. FRED THORNE first-rate in the very conventional part of an irascible gouty old uncle; Mr. GILLMORE gallant and gay as *Harry Racket*; and Mr. CYRIL MAUDE uncommonly good in the difficult part of "CHARLES his friend,—with a stutter;" and Miss MARION LEA, as the giddy widow, irresistible. Miss DOLORES DRUMMOND as the vinegar-faced but subsequently vivacious housekeeper, and Miss F. ROBERTSON as the amorous spinster, both excellent.

EXPECTED ARRIVALS.—The Cuckoo and the Swallow.



PORTRAIT OF THE CHAIRMAN THE MORNING AFTER
A LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL MEETING.

Lord R-s-b-ry. "OH, WHAT A HEAD I'VE GOT! OH, FOR ONE HOUR
IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS!!"

COUNTY COUNCILDOM.

(By Our Own County Councillor.)

WE are really getting on splendidly. We think nothing of sitting for six hours or more, without a pause for refreshment. What a lesson for other public bodies who shall be nameless! It is suggested by one probably dyspeptic Member, that we should rise at 6'30 for dinner, and resume business at 8. And this arrangement is said to be very highly approved of by the proprietor of an adjacent Tavern. But then, the very natural question arises, if we resume work at 8 o'clock, like giants refreshed, who can possibly calculate at what unearthly hour we should adjourn. So we are to continue as before. It certainly has this most beneficial result, it undoubtedly much shortens the speeches. The glorious consequence is that we have passed more noble and I may say staggering resolutions in the few weeks we have been sitting, than our unhappy predecessors in as many years. And what resolutions they are!

We demand, and shall, of course receive, full power in every respect over the thirty Theatres and the three hundred Music Halls of our giant Metropolis, and, under our beneficial rule, nothing that tends in the slightest degree to deprave or degrade public morality will be permitted within those whitewashed and purified walls. Having a great taste for theatricals myself, I have arranged with a colleague that he shall try to get me on the Theatres and Music Halls Committee on the earliest opportunity.

Free Libraries, Public Baths, and Wash-Houses, are to be scattered over the whole Metropolis with a liberality undreamt of by the wildest enthusiast of past days. The statement that a notorious Soap firm has offered to supply all the soap required, without charge, requires confirmation. We resolved, with light hearts, to oppose some half-dozen Bills now before Parliament that interested somewhat with portions of the Metropolis.

Some of the more fastidious of our Members have under consideration the banishing altogether from our morally purified Metropolis all noxious or disagreeable trades, so that its five million inhabitants, in addition to being well and comfortably housed at ridiculously low rents, if considered from the grasping landlord's point of view, and washed and instructed at a merely nominal charge, and doctored and sanitised at no charge at all, shall be able to spend their abundant leisure in promenading the improved streets of the Metropolis without their greatly refined senses being shocked with such terrible sights as Butchers' Shops, or their delicate olfactory

nerves offended with the perfumes of fried fish, sausages, or onions. The exact proportion of the somewhat increased rates of the Metropolis that we shall impose upon idle and wealthy landlords, to the relief of hard-working and comparatively impecunious occupiers, stands over for full consideration, but it will certainly be one-half. This grand change alone should make us, and no doubt will make us, the most popular rating body of modern times—among occupiers. The idea that property, as represented by landlords, should pay *all* rates and taxes, is not by any means generally held among us, but he is a wise man, indeed, who can foresee to what our glorious Council may some day come.

We were somewhat surprised to hear that our popular Chairman had been asked to dine with the principal Committee of the Corporation, and had accepted the invitation. We hear too, though without surprise, that he made himself so agreeable there, that some of us are hoping that similar invitations may be extended to others of the Council. A little social intercourse of this kind would make a nice change to what the Member for the Strand rightly denominated as our very thirsty proceedings.

DUE SOUTH.

From Monte Carlo to Rome, via Vintimille, Genoa, and Pisa.

FIRST nuisance,—change of time from French to Roman time. Second nuisance,—examination of baggage at the frontier, which I am bound to say, Italian officials make as easy as possible. It may be exceptional; I hope not. We are not in a particularly good humour,—I forgot to mention that JOHNNIE SPOFFERD is my travelling companion, in consequence of the tables having turned against him, which makes him fancy that a little change will do him good,—and therefore, any railway rudeness would jar upon us.

The eighteen-hour journey is pleasant enough; and then we both exclaim, "Now we are approaching Rome!! The City of the Cæsars and the Popes!!" We approach it very slowly, through a dreary, low, marshy country. "Is that the Tiber?" I ask, on catching sight of a muddy stream.

"S'pose so," replies JOHNNIE. "Beastly dirty, isn't it? Worse than the Thames. P'raps," says JOHNNIE, after a pause, "p'raps it's the Rubicon. Where was the Rubicon?" "I can't exactly say. "CÆSAR crossed it," I observe. "Oh, I know that!" replies JOHNNIE, pettishly. He is not in a good humour.

Nothing of Rome can I see from the windows. It is raining heavily, and all is fog and vapour in the distance. Some peasants are out under big umbrellas.

"But," says JOHNNIE, grumbling, "not a single Roman nose among them. As far as I've seen, those that ain't turned up or Grecian, are as flat as the surrounding country. Bah!" he says, with an air of the deepest disgust, throwing himself back in his seat, "I believe the whole thing's a swindle. P'raps there's no such place as Rome after all."

The other day in the *Times* I saw advertised a book entitled *Some Features of Modern Romanism*. I can confidently assert that Roman noses won't be prominent among these "features."

Not a Roman nose at the station, among the Roman legions of guards and porters.

Pouring with rain. "City of the Popes and Cæsars be blowed!" growls JOHNNIE, as we sit in the small omnibus that is to take us to the hotel. Everything about us looks as muddy, damp, murky, and miserable as if we were waiting for our luggage on a thorough metropolis of Christendom, Rome.

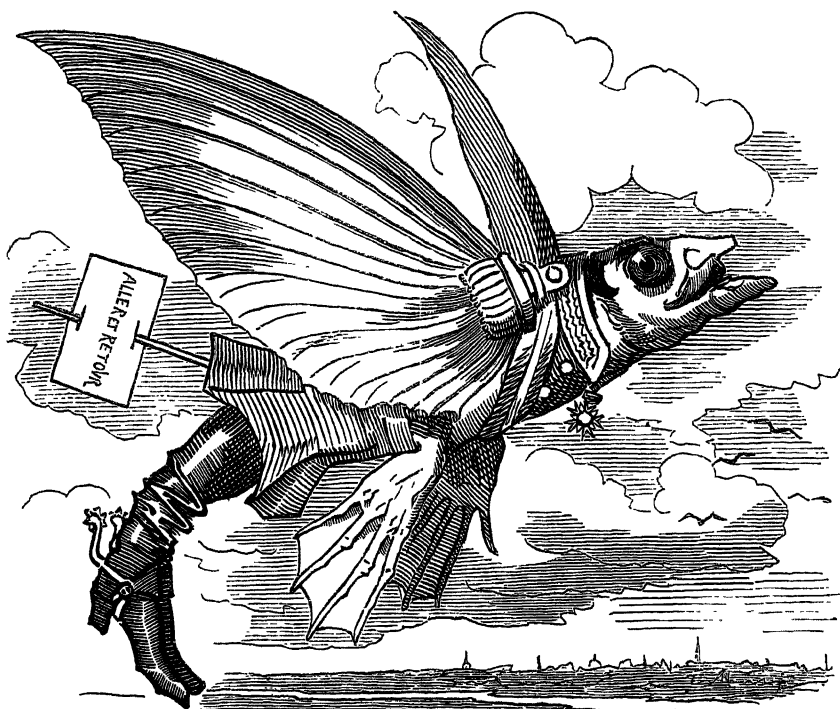
We arrive at the Albergo Bristolini, Piazza Bristolini, which looks clean and comfortable enough, even on such a day as this. It is,



The Roman Noses we expected to see.



The Roman Noses we actually did see.



POISSON D'AVRIL; OR, THE BOULANGER FLYING-FISH.

MUSICAL NOTE OF ADMIRATION.

BENOÎT's *Lucifer* at Albert Hall, striking, of course, not matchless. Words ought to have been from the Works of CONGREVE. M. HENSLEY was unavoidably prevented from being present, but in his absence his part was taken—how few are the friends who will take your part in your absence!—by one M. CONSTANTIN DE BOM. Brayvo BOM! The *Lucifer* was applied, BOM flew out of the BOM-shell, and made a decided hit. How powerfully he would have come out in a "canon *quartette*"! It was, indeed, lucky to have a BOM in, able to do it; for if he had been hoarse, out of time or tune, how a BOM-in-ably bad he would have been. Madame LEMMENS re-appeared, as sweet as Lemmens in the South. The works of DICKENS are being overhauled by librettists and composers. "S. & B.'s" *Pickwick* has inspired Messrs. WINGFIELD and REEVE to do a scene from *Nicholas Nickleby*; and it is said that Mr. BARNBY sees a great opportunity for choruses in another Dickensian work which he will call *Barnby Rudge*. This information comes from, Yours truly,
BEN TROVATORE.

PROBABLE NEW AND INTERESTING WORK.—*The Can-Can and How to dance it*, or *Some Reminiscences of Mabile*. By Mr. Justice FIELD.

["We are men of the world. We have all seen it—at least, I have seen it at the Mabile."—*Times* report of Mr. Justice Field's observations in Barnes v Ledger.]

I have been informed, the best-drained Hotel in Rome. Our room, a double one, for the hotel is full, is large and, we hope, comfortable. There is no prospect from the window, which "gives" on to a narrow, noisy street. This, after the beautiful view and the quiet of our Monte Carlo home, is most depressing. It is raining *canes felesque*—"Must be classic in Rome," says JOHNNIE, trying to cheer up a bit)—which does not tend to enliven us. We descend to the Restaurant Department. Considered as a Restaurant, it is the dreariest room possible.

"What a place!" exclaims JOHNNIE. "Why, the commercial room of an old-established provincial hotel in England is quite Parisian in its gaiety compared with this. City of the Cæsars! I should think this place was started when CALIGULA was on the throne. Ugh!"

I am too depressed to contradict him. Let us breakfast. Let us have a Roman breakfast. Not a Roman dish on the *menu*! We order a good French *déjeuner*. "At all events," I say, brightening up a bit, "we can have some Italian wine."

"Let's have some Montepulciano," says JOHNNIE, regarding the waiter severely, as though warning him beforehand not to attempt passing off any Italian wine of an inferior quality upon him.

The waiter, in perfect English (I having addressed him in French, and JOHNNIE in Italian), wishes to know what wine it was the gentleman demanded?

"Montepulciano," JOHNNIE repeats, only this time in a less certain tone, being evidently a trifle distrustful of his pronunciation, and his eye falters before the waiter's calm, but not unsympathetic, gaze. The waiter has never heard of it. "What!" exclaims JOHNNIE, "never heard of Montepulciano? Why, in HORACE's time—" But the waiter was not here in HORACE's time.

"Wasn't that Falernian?" I ask, rather siding with the waiter, who, as an Italian, at least so I suppose, ought to know.

"Well," returns JOHNNIE, ceding the point, "let's have Falernian." No; we cannot have Falernian; we can have some *chianti*, which the waiter can highly recommend, or some Barolo, of which, he tells us, they have a remarkably fine specimen.

We decide on *chianti*. It is some time before JOHNNIE can get over the waiter's never having heard of Montepulciano.

"Of course," he says to me, "you've heard of it." Yes, I fancy I have; but, trying to recall it, I cannot quote my authority unless it's somewhere in the *Bon Gualtier Ballads*. The line, I fancy, is "Regal Montepulciano drained beneath its native rock." This is unsatisfactory to JOHNNIE, who is just beginning to express his doubt as to whether Montepulciano is in Italy or Spain, when the breakfast arrives, and we cheer up a bit.

A RARE LEADER OF MEN.—General BOULANGER has made himself scarce.

GLEANINGS FROM GALLERIES.

At the Royal Society of British Artists, lovers of striking originality and thrilling sensation may whistle for WHISTLER, and sigh for WILLIAM-STOTTOLDHAM. There is no sign of the former but the yellow *velarium*, and the daring, sparsely clothed nymphs of the latter no longer disport themselves on the walls. The disciples of the Prophet of the White Look are conspicuous by their absence; symphonies and nocturnes are no longer played in the gallery, and "arrangements" are disarranged altogether. The rule is no longer cabalistic, but Baylisitic. The even tenor of our way is no longer startled by a Boanergian *basso-profondo*, or the shrill shriek of a fanciful *falsetto*. There is a soothing, pleasant, domestic tone about the pictorial music, undisturbed by daring discords, or Wagnerian waggeries. Notwithstanding this, there are not a few pictures which are mighty pleasant to behold, which give evidence of close study of Nature, earnest out-of-door work, and great manipulative dexterity. Among these may be noted the works by Messrs. HAYLLAR, G. S. HUNTER, YEEND KING, BASIL BRADLEY, EDWIN ELLIS, YALESIAS, G. S. WALTERS, HALFKNIGHT, D. HARDY, CATERMOLE, DAVIDSON, W. S. JAY, FITZGERALD, W. H. PIKE, A. W. STRUTT, N. DAWSON, H. R. CAUTY, and others. There are also some clever portrait statuettes by Mr. OWEN HALE.

One of the very best Art Shows now to be seen in London is the Loan Exhibition of Portrait Miniatures at the Burlington Fine Arts Club. Both for quality and quantity it is extraordinary, and any one who is fortunate enough to get an invitation to inspect it should by no means neglect the opportunity. Since the introduction of photography, the art of Miniature painting has languished—indeed it has well-nigh gone out altogether. It is sincerely to be hoped this exhibition will be a means of the revival of the charming art. Nothing is more wearying to the eye than a collection of photographic portraits, but of these exquisite miniatures one never gets weary—one can visit the exhibition again and again. What to do with your Catalogue when you emerge from a picture-show is a problem that has never yet been solved. The managers of this exhibition meet the difficulty in most satisfactory fashion. *They lend you a Catalogue*, which you return to the attendant on leaving. Let other galleries imitate this noble example! THE ART-FUL DODGER.

"WITH A YEO, MY BOYS, YEO, HO!"—CHARLES SANTLEY sailed for Melbourne last Friday. Solo, unaccompanied. But we hope *en route* that he'll find a grand p-an'-o passage much to his liking. *Bon voyage!* and many happy returns.

Mr. MILVAIN, Q.C., has re-introduced his new Bill relating to whipping criminals. It will, of course, be retrospective in its operations.



A NEW GAME.

Tommy (to his French Nurse). "PASSEZ, THÉRÈSE!"

THE PHARISEE'S SUNDAY.

"To hedge people round with petty restrictions instead of teaching them nobility of conduct and a worthy use of liberty, is the perennial resource of shallow and incompetent reformers . . . A depraved and servile human nature, cribbed, cabined, and confined by an infinity of minute regulations enforced by the policeman, is their reading of the social problem. It follows from their miserable ideal that they are entirely careless of the fetters they may place upon rational freedom . . . A small minority occasionally injure themselves with bad liquor on Sunday, and these reformers can think of nothing better than to forbid the entire community to drink on Sundays at all."—*The "Times,"* on Mr. STEVENSON'S *Sunday Closing Bill*.

OUT on our paltering pedants, petty fry
Of ants who'd eat the core of Liberty!
Oh, for a MILTON's virile voice to wake [shake
The cant-drugged manhood in our midst, and
High Prigdom's dull despotic Dagon down.
And with one breath of freedom bless the town!
SMUGBY's a great Reformer! SMUGBY's soul
Pants with perennial zeal toward one goal.
"As I am," SMUGBY shouts, "should all
men be,
Where slavery's bliss, 'tis folly to be free;
And I, am I not blissful? Rapture fills
My swelling breast, shines in my rosy gills,
Irradiates my calm complacent face.
Let me but set my yoke upon the race
Marshal its manhood meekly in my train
And badge it to my taste—how great the gain!
Freedom's a snare, and liberty's a lure,
Complex Compulsion is your only cure.
Restraint's far-reaching regimen alone,
Straitness of garb, rigidity of zone,
The ordered movement and the measured pace
Will bring emancipation to the race!"

And what is SMUGBY? A fanatic fool,
Enthusiast of fad, and slave of rule,
Whose spindly Ego, drawn to sickly growth
By mental darkness, is exceeding loth
To let in light or trust to the fresh air
Of manly freedom lest they should impair
His spurious ideal. Who but he
Shines as the full-blown Modern Pharisee?
Anise, and mint, and cumin, these indeed
He measures with the most punctilious heed,
The broad phylactery suits his narrow soul,
The ordering of the platter and the bowl
For all mankind he deems his function fit,
To lasso Life's Leviathan, and bit
The social Behemoth would be his pride.
Humanity as his hobby-horse he'd ride,
To—wither? SMUGBY, howsoever he glose
Knows not; he never sees beyond his nose.

See SMUGBY's Sabbath! SMUGBY knows
not ease [please.
Whilst free-men shape their Sunday as they
He, petty special providence of man, [his plan.
Would make him breathe, eat, drink, upon
Some men are sots. Shall cocksure SMUGBY
shrink [drink!
From despot logic? No! No man shall
That's SMUGBY's ultimatum, and his cure
For drunkenness—and freedom. Drink's a
lure
To the enfeebled few; to enslave the strong,
And spare the slave temptation, can't be wrong
According to mechanic morals. No! [low
Because some things called men have sunk so
That opportunity breeds base excess
In their base nature, place restriction's stress
On sturdier manhood; the fanatic craves
One blessed boon; that all men shall be slaves,
Those to their lusts, and these to tyrant law.
So Freedom's slain; and by an Ass's jaw!

Pharisee Sunday! SMUGBY, sleek and fat
Club-guest, look on this picture, and on that!
The sot sits free—at home in peace to tope,
The honest sober toiler must not hope
For innocent refreshment on his way;
His Sunday meal, his Sabbath holiday
Must both be marred and hampered by re-
straints,

Which may mean little to our full-fed saints,
With handy clubs and cellars, but to him
Mean harmless pleasure spoiled by priggish
whim.

SMUGBY sees only grossly, in the gross;
The myriad forms of hardship and of loss,
Which only thoughtful sympathy may feel,
The maimed rites of the simple mid-day meal;
The morning walk robbed of its welcome rest
In sanded parlour, and the blameless zest
Of wholesome ale-draught, savouring bread-
and-cheese,

These, and a thousand petty wrongs like these,
SMUGBY is blind to; callous to all claims
That seem to cross his own fanatic aims.
Rather than his preposterous schemes should
fail,
He'd banish Liberty with Cakes and Ale,
And on slaves, sober but emasculate,
Build up his fleeting figment of a State.

The sickly, servile, small ideal, haunts
SMUGBY's fanatic soul; he loudly vaunts
Provisional advance, or snatched success.
But will his senseless schemes abide the
stress

Of the world's virile conflict,—the old fight
For manly freedom blent with willing right?
Nay; the invertebrate vain egotists
Will never conquer in Life's open lists.
Shut up the Publicans? No; if you please,
Punch will "shut up" the Modern Pharisees!

COMPTON'S ENTIRE



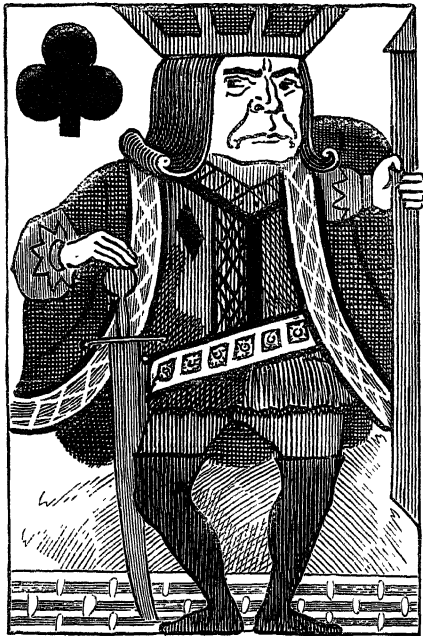
SUNDAY À LA PHARISEE.

(A Timely Warning.)

WORKING-MAN'S DAUGHTER. "PLEASE, I'VE COME FOR FATHER'S DINNER-BEER." PURITAN. "SUNDAY, MY DEAR!—NO BEER O' SUNDAY! YOU SHOULD HA' FETCHED IT LAST NIGHT!!"



HABITUÉ TOPPER (*drops newspaper*). "DON' MAKE NO ODSH T' ME—GET IN LITTL' LOT O' LIQ'R SAT-NIGH—(*hic*) IN COORSE!!!"



MR. R. MANSFIELD AS RICHARD THE THIRD AT THE GLOBE.

A SONG AFTER LAMPLIGHT.

(As sung by the Swinburnian Gas-share-holder on reading a report of the inquiry now being held as to the working of the Electric Lighting Acts of 1882—1885.)

THE end has come of all our fume and fretting,
As, darkness deep'ning round us, O my brothers,
We watch this sun of ours sink to its setting
To herald an uprisen light to others.

No more the stream from poisoning meter seething
Shall stay and stint the stifling air around us,
Till it with breath of death, in this our breathing,
Through sense of cheating choke and gasp confound us.

No more! For spite the living load of blunder
That crushes life from every golden measure,
The "main" at length is riven—rent in sunder,
And scattered to the winds its hoarded treasure!

So hail, to fair Electric Installation!
No fear that it will find us mute to meet it.
Invaded, we will yield it habitation
And grovel in our gratitude to greet it.

Hail to its shares! and what, then, of those others?
"Gas will go down." Nay, class me not with jokers,
When I advise you, strongly, O my brothers!
To wire that one word "sell" straight to your brokers.

IMPORTANT EUROPEAN QUESTIONS.—A telegram last week informed us that "The Hereditary Prince of Nassau, who has been at Loo, has gone to the Hague." Did the Hereditary win or lose at Loo? Did he take "Miss"? If the Prince has given up Loo, what, at present, is his little game?

THE MYSTERIOUS PIPE.—Another puff. Mr. VERINI writes to say that his Pipe will soon be out. It is his own patent, not yet made for the trade, and so Mr. Punch will not anticipate the interesting disclosure. Once known, the pipe, and its praises, will be in every smoker's mouth.

"WHICHEVER YOU LIKE, MY LITTLE DEAR," &c.—The admirers of Mr. MANSFIELD as Richard the Third consider him "Very Dick." The non-admirers speak of his performance as "Very Dicky."

'ARRY ON CHIVALRY.

DEAR CHARLIE,—Your letter 'asreached me, and give me a reglar' good laugh. Me engaged to be married? Who tipped you that kibosh, or is it your chaff? The world's awful given to Pigotting, CHARLIE, jest now, and no kid; But you didn't suck *that* in, now did yer? You wos a fair mug if you did.

Not percisely, my pippin. No, thank; I know a game wuth two o' that. I am not a Buchananite, CHARLIE, so don't write me down for a flat. Read your dear D. T. lately, no doubt, my dear boy? Well, then, wot do you think

Of this "Chivalry" question, which ROBERT has got in no end of a kink?

I ain't much up in histry, myself, it seems dismally dry Tommy-rot, Fur as ever yours truly looked into it, a regular rummy old lot Our ancestors seem to have bin; blooming geesers all round, big and small; And, like LABBY, I think it's a pity we ever 'ad any at all.

Wot this Chivalry wos, mate, fust off, BOBBUCHANAN may know—or he mayn't— But if it meant making the Woman a speeches of gingerbread Saint, And a hobbin' around her with billy-dooes, big battle-haxes, and such, Like a lot of tin-kettles with trimmings, it won't work to-day, mate, not much.

BUCHANAN's a poet, they tell me, and poets don't nick me, nohow, Kind o' long-winded loonatics, mostly, dead-nuts on the biggest bow-wow; Sort of gushing G. O. M.'s in metre; and Chivalry, if you arsk me, Seems a stor-stuffed poetical "property," all bloomin' fiddle-de-dee.

Knights be jolly well jiggered, I say, 'cept the turtle-fed City Swell sort, Like Sir ROBERT, the Parnell-boohooer; now he is a plucky old Sport; But you don't ketch him planking on Chivalry; no, it's as much out o' date As DON QUICKSHOT's old crock, Rosy Nanty, would be in a race for a Plate.

But Woman! Well, Woman's all right enough, not arf a bad sort of thing When a fellow is young and permiskus. And when he has 'ad his fair fling, And wants quiet diggings or nussing, she do come in 'andy no doubt; In fack, taking Woman all round, she's good goods the world can't do without.

But washup 'er, CHARLIE? Wot bunkum!—as Mrs. LYNN LINTON remarks. To watch *her* wire into 'er sex like Jemimer, old man, is rare larks. She do let 'em 'ave it to-rights. 'Ow I larf as she lays on the lash! It must rile 'er to know she's a She, but I do like 'er devil and dash.

ROBERT's down on the Modern Young Man, who's a 'ARRY sez he ('ang his cheek!)

With a H.! Now that give me the needle, old man. I ain't mealy or meek, Nor yet one of yer rhyme-pumping milksops wot look on a gal as a saint, But I do know the petticoats, yus, and I'm fly to palaver and paint.

I'm a Modern Young Man, if there is one, a "Cynick" right down to the ground;

Wich means that I am not a juggins, nor yet to be copped on the bound. Pap's *passy*, old pal; pooty sentiment's fairly played out; no one 'ooks Yours truly with patter of "fame and fair women, and beautiful books."

Yah! Sech hantyduluvian kibosh may cosset up kittens or kids, But Chivalry ain't in the 'unt when it's matched agen Class and the quids. Your Magdalen muck will not wash, nor we don't *want* it washed, wich is more, In Bohemia p'raps it might work, in the Strand sech soft soap is a bore.

BOB BUCHANAN may lather his 'ardest, may scrub and blow bubbles like steam, But his moral Spring-clean won't come off, it's a quill-driving laundress's dream. Old mivvies are too fond of sluicing and tidying-up like all round; Let Chivalry's charwomen chatter; they won't mop me up, I'll be bound.

The Modern Young Man? Wy, that's *Me*, CHARLIE! 'ARRY's the model and type,

But no more like BUCHANAN's stuffed dummy than prime *pully sowty*'s like tripe. At the Pubs or the Clubs it's all one; it is me sets the fashion, old pal; And we're all of a mind to a hinch about togs, lotion, larks, or a gal.

This here Chivalry ain't in our *maynoo*; we ain't sech blind mugs as all that. The Modern Young Man must be wide-oh! He's never a spoon or a flat; Takes nothink on trust, don't "part" easy, is orkurd to nobbie or spoof; And there's only three things he believes in—hissself, a prime lark, and the oof.

There you 'ave it, BUCHANAN, my buffer, put neat in a nutshell, old man. We *don't* dream, or kotow to the petticoats; no, Sir, that isn't our plan; And you arsk wot we're coming to? Well, you may arsk and arsk on till all's blue,

But one thing we *ain't* coming to, BOB, that's to learn of a poet—like you!

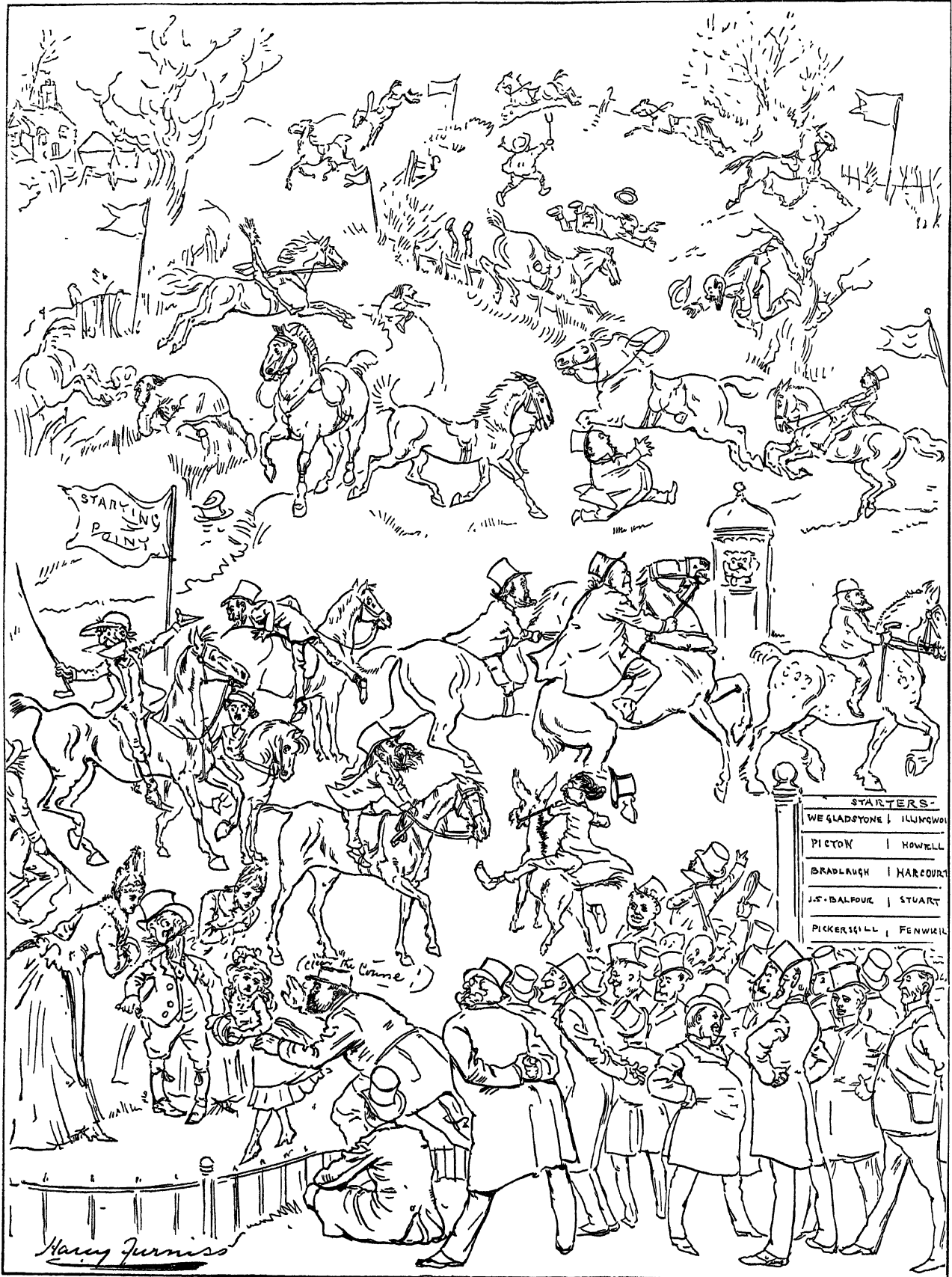
If I wrote a Young Man's Confessions, like Mr. GEORGE MOORE, as you say— Don't know him myself, but he seems to be fly to the right time o' day. I should make you sit up jest a mossel; and this I can promise, old chap, You'll find no tinpot "Chivalry" there, nor no moonstruck poetical pap.

Woman washup's good fun in its way; I can fake it myself, donteher know— With a jolly clear hey to wot's wot, and a sense of the true *quid* for quo— But be a mere moke to the Feminines, mugged up to kneel, fetch, and carry? That may do for Chivalry-BOB, but I'm blowed if it will for

Yours,

'ARRY.

INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS. No. 64.



THE PARLIAMENTARY STEEPLECHASE.—A Sketch of those who were not "in it."



"ONE GOOD TURN" &c.

City Man (to one of his Clerks he finds fishing in his Ornamental Water). "LOOK HERE, SMITHERS, I'VE NO OBJECTION TO GIVING YOU A DAY NOW AND THEN 'TO ATTEND YOUR AUNT'S FUNERAL'—BUT I THINK YOU MIGHT SEND SOME OF THE FISH UP TO THE HOUSE!"

WHAT MR. PUNCH'S MOON SAW.

TWELFTH EVENING.

"THERE is a small boy I know very well," said the Moon. "He is quite a philosopher in his way, but last Christmas he was in great perplexity. It is the time of year when it is usual to present many people, and particularly small boys, with pieces of bright new money, as perhaps you are aware?"



(*Mr. Punch owned that he was not unacquainted with the custom, and the Moon proceeded:*) "Well, this boy had a large circle of friends, and as most of them had given him a coin of some kind, both the pockets of his knickerbockers were so full that he could not run about with any comfort. At first he had been very pleased with the jingle he produced, and exhibited his treasures to everybody he met—not as a hint to follow

the example, which I am afraid is sometimes the motive for these artless displays—but in the simple pride of his heart. Soon, however, this pride had waned, which was largely due to the persecution he underwent from his family. They all told him that he was very young indeed to have so much money—which was true enough, but then he could not grow up any faster than he *was* doing! Next they wanted to be told what he intended to do with it all, and he had not the smallest idea, which made it embarrassing.

"But the worst came when they began to suggest various ways in which he ought to employ his wealth. His Father said that, if he was a really wise boy, he should lay it out on some useful books which he would learn to value more the older he grew. His Mother thought that, as he had worn out so many boots lately, he ought to treat him-

self to a nice strong pair of new ones. His Uncle described how, when he was much younger than his nephew, he had begun steadily saving up all his money to buy himself a gold watch and chain by the time he was a young man, and how, on the very day he came of age, he was able—thanks to his self-denial and foresight—to carry out his ambition. He did not mention that both watch and chain had been stolen as he was walking home from the jeweller's shop, because that would have spoilt all the moral. But the little boy was not attracted by the idea, for he had a handsome sixpenny watch already, which looked just like gold. Then an Aunt (who had not given him anything) said that there were plenty of little boys and girls who had nothing to eat, and no warm clothes; but that, the Uncle said, was all stuff, and if he gave away the money in charity he would only be imposed upon, and do more harm than good. However, they all agreed that he was a very fortunate boy, and ought to be exceedingly careful what he did with his riches.

By-and-by, after he had listened for most of the afternoon to these exhortations, I saw him come out without his cap into the winter dusk, and walk thoughtfully down the garden-path, with both fists thrust deep in his pockets. His little face looked grave and care-ridden, and I could see that his responsibilities were already weighing heavily on his mind. He took out all his money, and looked at it as it lay in a heap in his joined hands—how they shone, all those bright new florins and shillings and sixpences, as my rays fell on them! I thought he had come out to count them and gloat over them like a miser, as he stood there at the bottom of the garden, which was separated from an adjoining canal by a low wall. Suddenly, as if he had at last made up his mind after careful deliberation, he tossed both handfuls over the wall. I saw the coins flash for a moment in the air, and then make little grey spurts in the blackish water before vanishing for ever. He searched both pockets to see if he had any more, and found a sixpence in a corner he had overlooked. That followed the rest; and then, quite light-hearted and relieved again, he ran back into the house, and informed his family of the manner in which he had disposed of his wealth. They were all very angry with him—especially the Aunt—and called him a very foolish and naughty little boy; but I am not so sure," said the Moon, reflectively, "that he was really so foolish after all!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday Night, April 1.—Was Father FARRELL inebriated, with WINDBAG-SEXTON's verbosity, or other effluent? This a supplementary question suggested by JOHNSTON of Ballykilbeg. Story altogether a little mixed. CORBET says, Father F. went to police barracks in Arklow to surrender himself to the police; Constable SACKVILLE, apparently not approving the procedure, seized him by the throat; whereupon, other constables, not to be behindhand in activity, batoned people, wounding eight men, against whom it was not even alleged they had booed for BALFOUR.



"Sits up."

These more or less plain facts CORBET wants to submit to BALFOUR; when up jumps JOHNSTON of Ballykilbeg, and (in Parliamentary sense of course) seizes him by throat and says Father F. was drunk. Uproar on Irish Benches; cries of "Shame!" CLANCY denounces statement as "gross and cowardly calumny"; JOHNSTON begins to wish he was back at Ballykilbeg; Colonel LAURIE sits up, expecting scrimmage. Then JOHNSTON explains. It was true he had said Father F. was drunk. It was denied by his friends. But, JOHNSTON asks triumphantly, Is it not a fact that the barrack-gate was open when Father F. rang the bell, and if so, why did he ring the bell? *Q. E. D.*

No getting over that. The influence of logic too strong in Irish breasts to justify resistance to this proposition. The clear mind of JOHNSTON of Ballykilbeg, piercing the mists of prejudice, had seen it all; the open gate; the dangling bell-rope; Father F. pulling at it to arrest attention of hall-porter, whereas he might have walked in without pulling the bell at all. *Argah*, Father F. was drunk. After this MACNEILL, with potato, larger and hotter than usual, in his mouth, insisting upon knowing why certain telegram had been misdirected, fell a little flat. Telegram, sent by Father M'FADDEN from Derry Gaol, addressed to MACNEILL at House of Commons, delivered at Dublin Castle, a place MACNEILL never tenanted. Read out telegram in tempestuous way. Sentences punctuated by the unmanageable potato. BALFOUR hinted that telegram had been withheld because of its vituperativeness. MACNEILL put it to the House, really desiring to be informed, wherein was message vituperative? All it had said was, the "bold mendacity of BALFOUR has become unbearable." If prisoners were not to offer to distant friends casual observations like this, what were we coming to? After this the House got into Committee on Naval Scheme, talked till midnight, when Old MORALITY pounced.

Business done.—Increased Expenditure on Navy agreed to.

Tuesday.—Morning Sitting. Chief talk about restoration of Westminster Hall, nearly finished now. Cost £43,000; some nice rooms added in wing where old Law Courts stood; meant for Grand Committees; would make charming dining-rooms. Objection chiefly taken to staircases built in Hall to approach these chambers. CAVENDISH BENTINCK says, Architect probably one of Mr. SPURGEON's Congregation; has sat and stared at Tabernacle Pulpit and its stairways till he's got them on the brain, and reproduces them in Westminster Hall.

GEORGE CAMPBELL seizes opportunity to pass off little joke on House. Introduces himself as "a modest man," also "a sober man." House taken in at first, but recognised his voice, and booed.

PLUNKET stood on staircase, resolutely defending it. Assault beaten off; staircase remained.

Evening Sitting. BROADHURST moved Resolution calling attention to condition of Poor in large towns.

SYDNEY GEDGE pooh-poohed the whole business. Whatever measure of evil might exist, all due, he says, to people who pander to the poor. What with free education, free meals, cheaper houses, Peabody's Buildings, and the rest, poor people attracted to towns, and so the evil grew.

"GEDGE has hit nail on head," said WILFRID LAWSON. "His ideas, if carried out, would soon put end to crowding in towns. Make the people live in pigsties, shut up the schools, stamp out the soup-kitchens, and make things otherwise hot for them, and they'll stop away. If they don't, let's have a cordon round the Metropolis;

some of BALFOUR's Irish Police with their batons; when they see poor man making for London in search of work, let them fall on him as if he'd booed for BALFOUR, or cheered for O'BRIEN's breeches. GEDGE the man for my money; goes to the root of things."

Business done.—Committee of Supply.

Thursday.—In Lords, MILLTOWN arrived with what he recommended to the House as "Bill of extremely simple character." Proposes that if BILL SIKES be found in another gentleman's house with



Lord Milltown letting "the Cat" out of the Bag.

burglarious intent and armed with firearms, BILL shall be incontinently flogged. COWPER doubtful about the Bill. Feeling in the country (more especially in the neighbourhood where BILL SIKES lives), very strong against flogging. But the House, including MARKISS, backed it up, and on Division, carried by 37 votes to 9.

BILL SIKES himself interesting spectator from Strangers' Gallery. Left his dawg at home; disguised himself as undertaker, that being his notion of perfection of respectability. No difficulty in getting order; sat out debate with keen and intelligent interest.

Once attention called off by spectacle of Mace in possession of stout little gentleman, with large head and wig to match, who sat on Woolsack. "Could double him up quick," said BILL, reflectively, "and bolt with the swag. Wonder how it would melt up? Praps it's only gilt." WILLIAM's attention called back by stout little gentleman rising from Woolsack to support Bill—not SIKES, but MILLTOWN's measure.

"I don't like this 'ere letting the cat out of the bag," said BILL, moodily, as, business of sitting completed, he walked out.

In Commons, Naval Defence Resolution again under discussion. CHILDERS moved Amendment raising constitutional question of arrangement providing necessary funds. Nothing could exceed importance of question. Millions in it, besides the constitutional issue at stake. That being so, Members with one accord hurried off when CHILDERS began. By time he had proved his case less than a score present.

"Capital fellow, CHILDERS," said SAGE of Queen Anne's Gate. "Full of information; brimming over with facts; possesses acute and logical mind. Can't understand why House won't remain to listen to him. Have come out myself to see where Members can be. Probably find them in the smoke-room. Shall go and see."

Much more excitement about horseflesh Bill when it came on. Windbag SEXTON, who hadn't spoken for at least ten minutes—not since Merchant Shipping Tonnage Bill disposed of—interposed; moved to omit clause which confined operation of measure to England. Why should Ireland be left unprotected?

Then JOHNSTON of Ballykilbeg rushed in and scored one off ancient enemies. Would certainly support Amendment, he said. If there was Free-trade in horseflesh in Ireland, there was every probability of the dish being introduced at Lord Mayor's Banquet in Dublin. Windbag SEXTON couldn't see this joke. House did, and laughed consummately.

Business done.—Committee on Naval Defence Resolutions.

Friday.—Spent really pleasant and interesting evening discussing Small-pox and Vaccination. PICTON introduced subject. STANSFELD naturally attracted to Front Opposition Bench, otherwise, save for presence of LYON PLAYFAIR, empty. FARQUHARSON triumphantly vindicated Scotch Nation from idle charge of lack of humour. PICTON moved for appointment of Royal Commission with avowed object of bringing about repeal of law establishing Compulsory Vaccination. FARQUHARSON seconded Amendment, thus securing opportunity for delivering speech that entirely destroyed PICTON's case. RITCHIE granted Commission, not because he had slightest doubt of efficacy of Vaccination, but as probably best means of opening dull eyes, and confounding fanaticism. Thus, everyone pleased all round; celebrated occasion by Counting Out House.

Business done.—Royal Commission on Vaccination agreed to.

PLAY-TIME.

Two Italian Operas in London next season. "*De deux 'shows,'—une,*"—as a rule; we wish success to both. •AUGUSTUS AQUARIUS BLANCHARDIUS,—he will take these titles if he has anything to do



Mr. Fred Thorne between Tragedy and Comedy at the Vaudeville.

with the Aquarium offishially, and with BLANCHARD's (not Pantomime BLANCHARD) Restaurant, —DRURIO LANUS, COUNT-COUNCIL-LARIUS, leads the way at Covent Garden; and in July, when *Macbeth* has been slain for the last time, M. MAYER, the indefatigable *impresario* of the French Company at the Royalty Theatre, is to produce VERDI's *Otello* at the Lyceum, with two hundred orchestra and chorus, all alive O! from La Scala. M. VICTOR MAUREL is to be the immaurel *Iago*. As any *impresario* should have a strong back to carry all this on his shoulders, we hope Mr. MAYER is strongly backed, as it is "Money makes the MAYER to go."

MR. PUNCH'S MODEL MUSIC-HALL SONGS.

No. II.—THE TOPICAL-POLITICAL.

IN most respects, no doubt, the present example can boast no superiority to ditties in the same style now commanding the ear of the Public. One merit, however, its author does claim for it. Though it deals with most of the burning questions of the hour, it can be sung anywhere with absolute security. This is due to a simple but ingenious method by which the political sentiment has been arranged on the reversible principle. A little alteration here and there will put the singer in close touch with an audience of almost any shade of politics. Should it happen that the title has been already anticipated, *Mr. Punch* begs to explain that the remainder of this sparkling composition is entirely original; any similarity with previous works must be put down entirely to "literary coincidence." Whether the title is new or not, it is a very nice one, viz:—

BETWEEN YOU AND ME—AND THE POST!

(*To be sung in a raucous voice, and with a confidential air.*)

I've dropped in to whisper some secrets I've heard.

Between you and me and the Post!

Picked up on the wing by a 'cute little bird.

We are gentlemen 'ere—so the caution's absurd,

Still, you'll please to remember that every word

Is between you and me and the Post!

Chorus (to which the Singer should dance).

Between you and me and the Post! An 'int is sufficient at most. I'd very much rather this didn't go farther, than 'tween you and me and the Post!

At Lord SORLSBURY's table there's sech a to-do.

Between you and me and the Post!

When he first ketoches sight of his dinner *menoo*,

And sees he's set down to good old Irish stoo—

Which he's sick of by this time—now, tell me, ain't you?

Between you and me and the Post!

(*This happy and pointed allusion to the Irish Question is sure to provoke loud laughter from an audience of Radical sympathies. For Unionists, the words "Lord SORLSBURY's" can be altered by our patent reversible method into "the G. O. M.'s," without at all impairing the satire.*) *Chorus, as before.*

The G. O. M.'s hiding a card up his sleeve.

Between you and me and the Post!

Any ground he has lost he is going to retrieve,

And what his little game is, he'll let us perceive,

And he'll pip the whole lot of 'em, so I believe,

Between you and me and the Post! (*Chorus.*)

(*The hit will be made quite as palpably for the other side by substituting "Lord SORLSBURY's," &c., at the beginning of the first line, should the majority of the audience be found to hold Conservative views.*)

BALFOUR isn't touched by a patriot's woes.

Between you and me and the Post!

The 'ero O'BRIEN in prison he throws.
But the martyr sits there with his thumb to his nose,
For he's got back the principal part of his close,

[*M.-H. rhyme for "clothes."*]

Between you and me and the Post! (*Chorus.*)

(*This verse will need no alteration, being delicately adjusted to either extreme. A pause should always be allowed after every proper name for cheers, hisses, and counter-cheers.*)

Little RANDOLPH won't long be left out in the cold.

Between you and me and the Post!

If they'll let him inside the Conservative fold,

He has promised no longer he'll swagger and soold,

But to be a good boy, and to do as he's told,

Between you and me and the Post! (*Chorus.*)

(*The mere mention of Lord RANDOLPH's name is sufficient to ensure the success of any song.*)

JOEY CHAMBERLAIN's orchid's a bit overblown,

Between you and me and the Post!

(*This is rather subtle, perhaps, but an M.-H. audience will see a joke in it somewhere, and laugh.*)

'Ow to square a Round Table I'm sure he has shown.

(*Same observation applies here.*)

But of late he's been leaving his old friends alone,

And I fancy he's grinding an axe of his own,

Between you and me and the Post! (*Chorus.*)

(*We now pass on to Topics of the Day, which we treat in a light but trenchant fashion.*)

BOULANGER to Brussels has jest done a guy:

Between you and me and the Post!

And all his supporters are wondering why.

But BOULANGER's as artful a bird as he's shy—

I've a notion he'll turn up agen by and by,

Between you and me and the Post! (*Chorus.*)

From some letters I've read I am getting to doubt,

Between you and me and the Post!

Whether Chivalry isn't a fashion gone out;

For they say with the Ladies each man is a lout.

But I don't think they know what they're torking about,

Between you and me and the Post! (*Chorus.*)

Any drink on a Sunday will soon be denied,

Between you and me and the Post!

Unless you are out on a walk or a ride.

But I year there's a method of getting supplied,

If you just tell the barman it's all "*bona fide*"—

Between you and me and the Post! (*Chorus.*)

On the noo County Councils they've too many nobs,

Between you and me and the Post!

For the Swells stick together, and sneer at the mobs;

And it's always the rich man the poor one who robs.

We shall 'ave the old business—all jabber and jobs!

Between you and me and the Post! (*Chorus.*)

There's a new rule for ladies presented at Court,

Between you and me and the Post!

High necks are allowed, so no colds will be cort.

But I went to the Droring-Room lately, and thort

Some old wimmen had dressed quite as low as they ort!

Between you and me and the Post! (*Chorus.*)

By fussy Alarmists we're too much annoyed,

Between you and me and the Post!

If we don't want our neighbours to think we're afroid,

[*M.-H. rhyme.*]

Spending dibs on defence we had better avoid.

And give 'em instead to the pore Unemployed.

[*M.-H. political economy.*]

Between you and me and the Post! (*Chorus.*)

This style of perlitical singing ain't hard,

Between you and me and the Post!

As a "Mammoth Comique" on the bills I am starred,

And, so long as I'm called, and angored, and hurrad'd,

I can rattle off rubbish like this by the yard,

Between you and me and the Post!

[*Chorus, and dance off to sing the same Song—with or without alterations—in another place.*]

A HAPPY RETURN.—Welcome back to town, *The Don*, not Don TOOLE of Tooleo, but our Lon-Don TOOLE,—at his own Theatre on Easter Monday. Many happy "returns" to him on that and every other day.

TO A HAGGIS.

SOME WAY AFTER ROBBIE BURNS. BY A SCOTCH M.P.



Scotchman. "AWHEEL, IT DOES NA' LOOK BAD; WE'LL JUST SEE HOW IT'LL CUT UP!"

FAIR fa' your honest, sonsie face,
Great chieftain of the pudding-race!
Aye, in your weel-swallow'd round I trace
Much that must charm.
Some say ye're worthy o' a grace
As lang's my arm.

LORD-ADVOCATE, that canny chiel,
Wha'll rival RITCHIE at a Bill,
Says that our Scottish wames ye'll fill
In time o' need.
We'll welcome ye wi' right gude will
If 'ts sae indeed.

But soon we Scots our knives will dight,
An' cut ye up wi' ready slight,
To see if your *inside's* a' right,
Not "quisby snitch,"

But gushin' on our gladden'd sight
Warm-reekin, rich!

To-day all parties stretch an' strive,
Deil tak' the hindmost on they drive.
Weel, we will test your kyte belyve.

Nae hollow drums
Must meet us when your sides we rive.
Scots like not "hums."

Ye're mixtie-maxtie, like the stew
Of Ireland, or some French ragout;
But an the recipe be true,

As I'm a sinner,
We Scots will settle down to you
As a braw dinner.

But if ye're stuffed with tripe an' trash
Unworthy o' a Cockney hash,

Our tongues shall fa' like good whip-lash
On, him—nae wit—
Wha down sae dowff a dish could dash,
For Scots unfit.

True Scottish Members, haggis-fed,
O'er your warm reek will wag the head,
An if ye prove a sham, ye're dead
As clean's a whistle.

The Shamrock *may* be bogle-led,
But no the Thistle!

Ye pow'rs wha mak' the State your care,
And dish us out our bills o' fare,
Auld Scotland wants nae shinking ware,
In yonder bag is,

We trust—'tis Caledonia's prayer—
A true Scotch Haggis!

CONCERNING A RECENT ENGINEERING FEAT.

The Very First Lord of the Admiralty is interviewed by MR. PUNCH.

Mr. Punch (bowing politely). Perhaps, my Lord, you could give me a little information. I hear that your Engineer-in-Chief, Mr. RICHARD SENNETT, has sent in his resignation, having joined the well-known firm of MAUDSLAY, SONS AND FIELD. Is this the case?

The Very First Lord (pleasantly). Yes, Mr. Punch; you have been correctly informed. It is. You see, it is the humorous custom of this Department to undervalue the services of first-class scientific experts, and to offer them accordingly inadequate remuneration. As Mr. RICHARD SENNETT was, when in our service, at the head of the largest Steam Navy in the world, we naturally endeavoured to cut down his salary to as low a figure as possible, and fixed it, therefore, at £1000 a year. As any engineering firm in the kingdom will pay a far handsomer stipend than this, even to the head of a single Department, he, oddly enough, perhaps being deficient in a sense of humour, on the first opportunity presenting itself, actually threw up the post and left us.

Mr. Punch. Quite so. But do you find so economical—ahem!—a system of doing business answer?

The Very First Lord (considering). Well,—um—perhaps not. In fact, rather the contrary; for we cannot command the services even of our own able men. Indeed, all the leading posts in high-class Engineering Firms are, it is of course satisfactory to know, at the present moment, filled by scientific experts who have taken honours at the Royal Naval College itself.

Mr. Punch (severely). Certainly, that is very satisfactory. Some people would consider the information rather startling. May I ask, my Lord, what you intend to do?

The Very First Lord (jovially). Well, to be quite frank with you, Mr. Punch, I don't know what our intentions may be, but I can confidently tell you what we shall do, and that will be—*just nothing!*

[Left smiling amiably as interview terminates.]

A SONG OF THE NEW SHIPS.

Piped in the Cock-pit by Lord Ch-l-s B-r-sf-rd.

WHITE, my boy, take my congratulation
That you haven't by fads been misled,
But have studied the wants of the Nation
Till you've hit the right nail on the head.
For that each one his own hobby runs, Sir,
Is a fact that you've palpably seen,
And in measuring armour and guns, Sir,
You've adroitly just touched on the mean.
And your critics you've one and all scattered,
First and foremost among them old REED,
For his fads you've undoubtedly shattered,
And have stuck to your guns about "speed."
Just as if our tars led into action,
When they found themselves safe from attack,
From that fact would derive satisfaction
If they couldn't send double shot back!
"Why," they'd say, "let the darned Mounseer sink us,
Anyways, if we 'ain't fit to swim!"
Why! a precious fine crew he will think us,
If we ends this without sinking him!"
But you've steered clear of that, and provided
Just the ships that the country most needs;
And for that simple fact I've decided
You're worth just twenty critical REEDS!
And although some slight drawbacks may fetter
Your plain scheme; and some judges perverse
With a sneer say it might have been better,
I'avow, 'Sir, it might have been worse!

ORIGINAL STOCK.—Last Saturday the Paris Correspondent of the *Times*, M. DE BL-W-TZ as usual we suppose, gave some valuable information with regard to M. DILLON, the Boulangist. "His father," wrote M. DE B., "was a M. PIERRE DILLON, of Paris, but it is probable that he was remotely of Irish extraction." Probable? Most improbable; why M. DE B. will be saying next that the families of McMAHON and O'DONNELL were originally Celtic; and maybe he won't stop at that, but he'll be after asserting that O'DWYER, O'BRIEN, O'CONNELL are "remotely of Irish extraction." Then, *vice versa*, he might trace Mr. BIGGAR back to the old French family of "BE GAR."

Pro and Con.

"THE Whigs hate Home Rule" (say Gladstonian Rads),
"Because they all look on the Shamrock with spleen!"
"And you" (the Whigs answer) "are angry, my lads,
Because you desire to see 'Whigs on the Green.'"



TAKING ONE TOO LITERALLY.

Old Friend. "WELL, BROWNE! WHAT ARE YOU SENDING TO THE EXHIBITION THIS YEAR?"

Our Artist (who really thinks he's done a good thing at last, and longs for a little praise). "OH—SAME OLD ROT, AS YOU SEE!"

Old Friend. "AH—WELL—ANYHOW IT BRINGS GRIST TO THE MILL, I SUPPOSE!"

[MORAL.—Don't be too modest.]

ART AND LETTERS. (Too Late!)

From G. H. Boughton, A.R.A.—Good Old Boss,—Guess you'll see something in the 'Cademy from this artistic cuss that'll give 'em all fits. No 'tain't a portrait of a tailor. It's a "*Saumon Fusher*." A brawny gent from town has just hooked a fush, and the Laird's Gillie is down on him. "Hoot awa! as the Scotch owl said," says the Gillie, "ye'll just come out o' this landscape. Ye've nae beensiss here!" Is it going to Amurriky? Why, cert'nly. G. H. B.

From Our Own Inspector.—The Ex-President of B. A. tells me he has three fine pictures:—(1) *Bayliss and the Butterfly*, a harmony in Suffolk Street; (2) *Fancy Portrait of the Artist* by himself, entitled *White Lock on the Understanding*; (3) *Lady Jane Grey*, seen through the mist of history. The question is, What will he do with them? Mr. POYNTER was out, but I was informed by a confidential friend, that the title of his chief picture is *The End of the Sybarite*. You will naturally ask, "Which end?" Both, as he is lying at full length on marble floor prostrated by indigestion. The heads of various slaves, some of whom have met their fate for having failed in ringing the dinner-bell punctually, and others in not having brought the pancakes at the very moment of frizzling, are strewn about the palace. The Court physician is carrying off the last remnant of a large cucumber for analysis. The Period is that of the 1st Gulpus.

From Colin Hunter, A.R.A.—Dear Mr. Editor.—Something quite new. Public is fond of variety. Fishing-boats going out, or coming in, whichever the little dear of a purchaser likes. He pays his money and takes his picture. Does it matter what the boats are doing as long as the coin is coming in and the pictures going out? I like painting boat and sea. Why? Because of the sale. See? ha! ha! Yours in haste, C. H.

GREAT EXHIBITION OF "BLACK AND WHITE ART."—The International Chess Congress.

A MODEST MAHARAJAH.

THE Maharajah DHULEEP SINGH informs our gracious QUEEN that he does not think it is any good asking for his kingdom back again; so he is going to take it. He apparently does think that it is some use asking for the Koh-i-Noor, as he does not, in his recent letter to the Empress of INDIA, announce any intention of laying violent hands on the "Mountain-of-Light." He even proposes to purchase that trinket for current Koh-i-n-ore of the realm. We shall not judge "the deeply-wronged legitimate Sovereign of the Sikhs" too severely if, by fair force of arms, he recovers his kingdom. It will only be a case of Sikhs of one and half-a-dozen of the other. But the errant Maharajah, the Wandering Jew in quest of a wandering jewel, has profited by his experience of Western civilisation to such an extent, that he publishes his "correspondence" with HER MAJESTY before there is any answer. The reply, however, *Mr. Punch* happens to know, is an inquiry, couched in the most courteous official terms, as to whether DHULEEP SINGH will have the Koh-i-Noor now, or await its receipt in due course. The Lion of the Punjab is understood to prefer the more immediate realisation of his modest proposal. Meanwhile his *entourage* are becoming anxious. They fear that, like *Mr. Winkle* in the affair of the hackney-coachman, the uncrowned King of the Jekyll-and-Hide and Sikhs, is going to begin, and Du-look before DHULEEP is the constant burden of their Singh-song in consequence.

DUE SOUTH.

Rome—No Smoke—Dark Ages—Jupiter Pluvius—Morning Call—St. Peter's.

BREAKFAST restores us to fairly good spirits. If it were not muggy and close indoors, and raining and generally filthy outside, we should be rollicking. "However," says JOHNNIE, leaning back and pulling out his cigar-case, as the waiter brings in the coffee, "the great charm of a foreign hotel is that you can smoke your cigar immediately you've finished, without leaving the table." And he strikes a light. "Beg pardon, Sir," interposes the civil Waiter, "but smoking is not allowed here. Only in the smoking-room."

"What!" exclaims JOHNNIE, in a voice of thunder. The Waiter shrugs his shoulders; such is the case; he, the Waiter, personally would wish it otherwise, but Monsieur the gentleman will understand that he, as only Waiter, is not responsible for it. "But—" JOHNNIE restrains himself, and, with suppressed fury, requests to be shown to the smoking-room. The Waiter, coffee in hand, motions us to follow him. "Of all the, &c.," I hear JOHNNIE muttering as he walks along, anathemas not loud but deep, and I perfectly agree with him. We enter a small room, commanding a view of the Piazza, which is something, but in all other respects a mere repetition of any old-fashioned smoking-room in the hotel of an old-world English cathedral town, with the usual "writing-materials," consisting of half a sheet of measly-looking blotting-paper, a small cheap ink-stand, with very little ink in it, and a steel pen that looks as if it had been used as a pipe-picker, the inevitable *Bradshaw* of a date long past, one or two advertising books on the table, and some advertising pictures on the walls. "And this," exclaims JOHNNIE, "is civilisation in Rome!! Not smoke in the Restaurant after dinner!! Bah! I've got a precious good mind to chuck the whole thing up, and go straight back to Monte Carlo." And so great is the upset to his habits and ideas of social enjoyment, that, but for my undertaking to interview the landlord on the subject and obtain some concession, he would, as he expresses it, chuck up the whole bag of tricks, which includes St. Peter's, the Vatican, the Coliseum and all that makes Rome Rome, and go back *hic et nunc* to Monte Carlo, "Where," as he says, "at all events a fellow is in a civilised place, and can smoke at his own table, in his own hotel, and take his ease at his inn."

I promise further, on condition of his remaining, to undertake all the ciceroning trouble, and to personally conduct him everywhere. "And first of all," I say, "as it's raining, let's drive to St. Peter's, where we

can spend the afternoon." Agreed. Is *this* Rome, as seen from the Roman Car, under a hood, on a pouring wet day? If it is, the streets are scarcely wider than Chancery Lane, and the slush and mud are far worse. But for the prospect of seeing St. Peter's, we—both of us being in the same sweet humour—would pack up our things and return to Monte Carlo.



First View of Rome from Triumphal Roman Car.

can spend the afternoon." Agreed. Is *this* Rome, as seen from the Roman Car, under a hood, on a pouring wet day? If it is, the streets are scarcely wider than Chancery Lane, and the slush and mud are far worse. But for the prospect of seeing St. Peter's, we—both of us being in the same sweet humour—would pack up our things and return to Monte Carlo.

En route it occurs to me that I have to leave a card on a distinguished Monsignore dwelling within the precincts of St. Peter's.

As JOHNNIE speaks Italian, limited, but apparently intelligible, I propose that he shall accompany me. He will with pleasure. We ascend the steps on the Vatican side. We are challenged by one of the Swiss Guards. The Merry Swiss Boy, in canary-coloured uniform with zebra stripes over it, is six foot two and very courteous. He indicates where we may find the Monsignore's door. Ascending the stairs, we encounter a gorgeous officer in a mediæval costume. JOHNNIE is of opinion that he is a "noble guard." The "Nobil Signor"—(I remember this from the Page's Song in *Gli Ugonotti*—"didicisse fidehiter Italianas Operas"—making "Opera" feminine—is evidently of some use to a stranger in Rome—the Nobil Signor cannot be too courteous. The Monsignore, he informs us, lives on the "*primo piano*"—

sounds as if he were a music-teacher—and thither we go. We are admitted by Monsignore's *conciierge*, a little snuffy man in threadbare black, like a second-rate lawyer's clerk, into a comparatively unfurnished apartment, where he is keeping himself warm with snuff and a small charcoal fire in a *brasero*,—at least, such JOHNNIE tells me is the name of the large frying-pan without a handle, filled with charcoal at a white heat. I intrust the letter for Monsignore to him, and am rather relieved at being informed that Monsignore is not at home. We leave the *primo piano*, and descend the steps. After passing with great politeness the last of the Merry Swiss Guards, we once more breathe freely, and, having so far done our duty, we turn towards St. Peter's. Grand! Then we mount the steps. Then timidly and cautiously we push at a door, and in another second we are in St. Peter's. For a minute or so we can only look about us, dazed, then we regard each other, curiously, as if we had expected some transformation of our personal appearance. No; here we are, the same that we were outside—and yet... well... awestruck is the word. Overpowering! I had been told I should be disappointed. Disappointed! If it were only to have come here for this one short visit that I had travelled from London, I should have been more than repaid by the *coup d'œil* on first entering this marvellous temple.



"Nobil Signor!"

THE NEW ENGLISH ART CLUB.

THE dull dead level of sleek respectability, the commonplace churchwardenism of suburban gentility finds no echo on the walls of the New English Art Club at the Egyptian Hall. A daring unconventionality in selection of subject and in treatment is the main characteristic of the pictures here exhibited. A bold, original, impudent lot are these New Englanders, but they are notwithstanding wonderfully refreshing. Sometimes their spirits are too much for their strength, and they come tremendous "croppers." It has been well said that a strikingly original writer occasionally writes absolute nonsense, and by the same rule an artist, who turns aside from the

well-swept, carefully watered, mathematically paved academic high-road, must not infrequently paint absolute nonsense; but he thinks for himself, he does not view Nature through the spectacles of others, and in nine cases out of ten he is likely to produce works that will be successful in the long run. A great feature in this exhibition is the ability to make pictures out of the most commonplace subject. Among the more notable contributors may be mentioned:—JOHN S. SARJEANT, SOLOMON J. SOLOMON, WHISTLER, B. SICKERT, TUKE, EDWARD SPOTT, A. ROCHE, N. GARSTIN, G. ROUSSELL, SIDNEY STARR, F. BROWN, A. MANN, H. VOS, W. J. LAIDLAW, and J. E. CHRISTIE. Though there are some pictures among the collection will make the casual visitor jump, there are not a few will make him think.

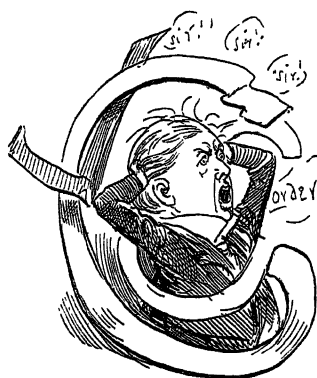
THE ART-FUL DODGER.

GOT IT RIGHT.



First 'Arry. Why's he called Boolongier?
Second 'Arry (from Parry). Why?
'Cos he was born at Boolong.

DAY-DREAM, OR NIGHTMARE?



sion that they were decidedly like fish out of water. The strange-looking individuals seemed to be holding a meeting.

"My Lord!" shouted one of the Oddities.

"You must not say that," interrupted a youthful, rosy-cheeked, clean-shaved and generally prosperous-looking gentleman, who appeared to be presiding. "If you want to address me, please call me 'Sir';—I am not 'My Lord' at all while I am in this Chair."

"Well, Sir, or Mister, or Boss, or whatever you like, look here. I have a Resolution to move."

"It will be better to move it when we have disposed of the business before us—the adoption of the Report of the Sub-committee."

"But then it will be too late," argued the speaker, "I've a friend who ought to have been on this very Committee. For why? Because he lives close to Victoria Park."

"Nonsense; bosh; shut up!" observed a gentleman, who it was understood was the great originator of the whole affair, and who seemed to be very angry.

"I won't shut up. For why? He should be."

"Wot's 'is name?" asked a representative of the British Workman.

"JONES." Then came a laugh, but the Oddity, who was not to be disconcerted, continued, "Yes, JONES, and a very good name too, as you would jolly soon find out if my friend was here, and hadn't gone to India."

"Nonsense; bosh; shut up!" again put in the great originator of the whole affair, angrier than ever.

"Order, order!" observed the Chairman, "we really had better get on with the matter before the Council, and adopt the Sub-committee's Report."

"Not a bit of it," shouted another Oddity. "Look here, you all know my friend BROWN, who lives close to the Militia Barracks, near the London Fields. What, you don't? Then you ought to. Well, he's the man for this very Sub-committee, because (d'y'e see?) he knows the locality. What I move is, put him into it."

"But where is 'e?" asked the representative of labour amongst the paying stones.

"In China," was the reply. Thereupon followed laughter, and again the great originator of the whole affair expressed a hostile opinion forcibly.

"Oh, please do let us get on," implored the Chairman, "the business before the Council is—"

"Now, look 'ere, Mister, none of that. We ain't agoing to be bullied!" exclaimed another horny-handed orator. "Wot I says is this. Look 'ere. Ain't we to purvide for the people? Well, then don't let 'em be pisened. Let's do things ourselves. And as a beginning, I moves that the Chairman be instructed to sell nuts, oranges, and ginger-beer to them as wants 'em on a Sunday."

"Really, really," remonstrated that deeply-distressed official, "of course, such a suggestion is very flattering, but—"

COMFORTABLY seated in his easy-chair, *Mr. Punch* was reading the proceedings of the London County Council, when his eyes gradually closed, and, for a brief moment, he seemed to lose consciousness. But only for a brief moment, as almost immediately he found himself in a large circular chamber of imposing proportions, which he knew intuitively was situated somewhere in the City. This apartment was filled with a number of exceedingly strange-looking individuals. Amongst them, here and there, *Mr. Punch* recognised a face he knew, but, take them as a body, they fostered the impres-



Ain't-i-Bealious!



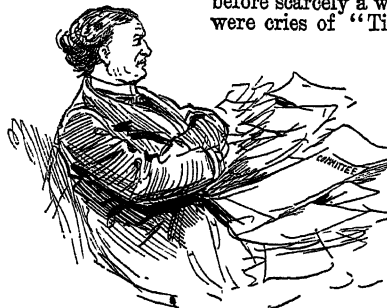
"Soft Labour."



Augustus Druriolanus Counti-Councilarius.

"Wot I says," cried another Oddity, "is why don't you get Mr. 'ARRIS to look after it. Let's 'ear what Mr. 'ARRIS' as to say about it. Mr. 'ARRIS is good at purwidin' things. I calls upon Mr. 'ARRIS."

Thus apostrophised, a portly presence put in an appearance. But before scarcely a word could be spoken, there were cries of "Time!" and other unseemly interruptions.



"May be for (six) years, may be for ever."

"'Ear, 'ear!" exclaimed the representatives of beer and labour.

"But it won't be legal," remonstrated the Chairman, and appealing to the Solicitor of the body, he added, "Now, will it?"

The man of law shook his head.

"Nonsense; bosh; shut up!" put in the great originator of the whole affair, seemingly with a view to keeping up the average number of his remarks. As he made these inspiring observations, a neighbour asked, with a sigh, "Why ever did I give up the Kensington Parliament?"

Then as the Chairman looked about him distractedly, there were shouts of "JONES!" and "BROWN!" and "Nuts, oranges, and ginger-beer!" and even "Police!" Then—after a long pause—all was silent.

"Dear me," said *Mr. Punch*, "I suppose I must have been asleep!" He picked up the paper that had fallen from his hands and read, "Meeting of the London County Council!" He paused, considered, and added, "Humph! wonder if my dream was anything like it!"

Then rising from his chair, he observed, with a smile, "Lively for my witty young friend, My Lord—no, I beg his pardon, I should say Mister ROSEBERRY! I only hope he likes it!"

THE FRENCH AND DUTCH ROMANTICISTS.

(By the Palette-Able Poet.)

IF to DOWDESWELL'S in Bond Street, you happen to go, I'm sure you'll be pleased with the marvellous show! There are well-nigh two hundred good paintings, and you will scarcely find one you're not anxious to view.

There are pictures from Holland, and pictures from France, Well-hung and well-lighted—you'll see at a glance!

"Wood Sawyers," by MILLET, will delight you, I know, And "The Rift in the Cloud," deftly limned by ROUSSEAU;

From the landscapes of TRUYON you'll ne'er get away, Till bound to move on by the "Boy" of ROXBET

And a wondrous MEISSONIER, the gem of the room, With three excellent works by JOHANNES BOSBOOM.

How skilful the fingers, how deft are the wrists, That govern the brush of the Romanticists!

There is INGRES, there is GÉRÔME, DIAZ, and DUPRÉ, There is MESDAG and MICHEL, COROT and COURBET;

The three brothers MARIS, there is DELACROIX too, And rare JOSEF ISRAELS, delightfully true!

The "Gleaner," by BRETON, you'll gladly scan o'er, And the works of DAUBIGNY—an exquisite score!

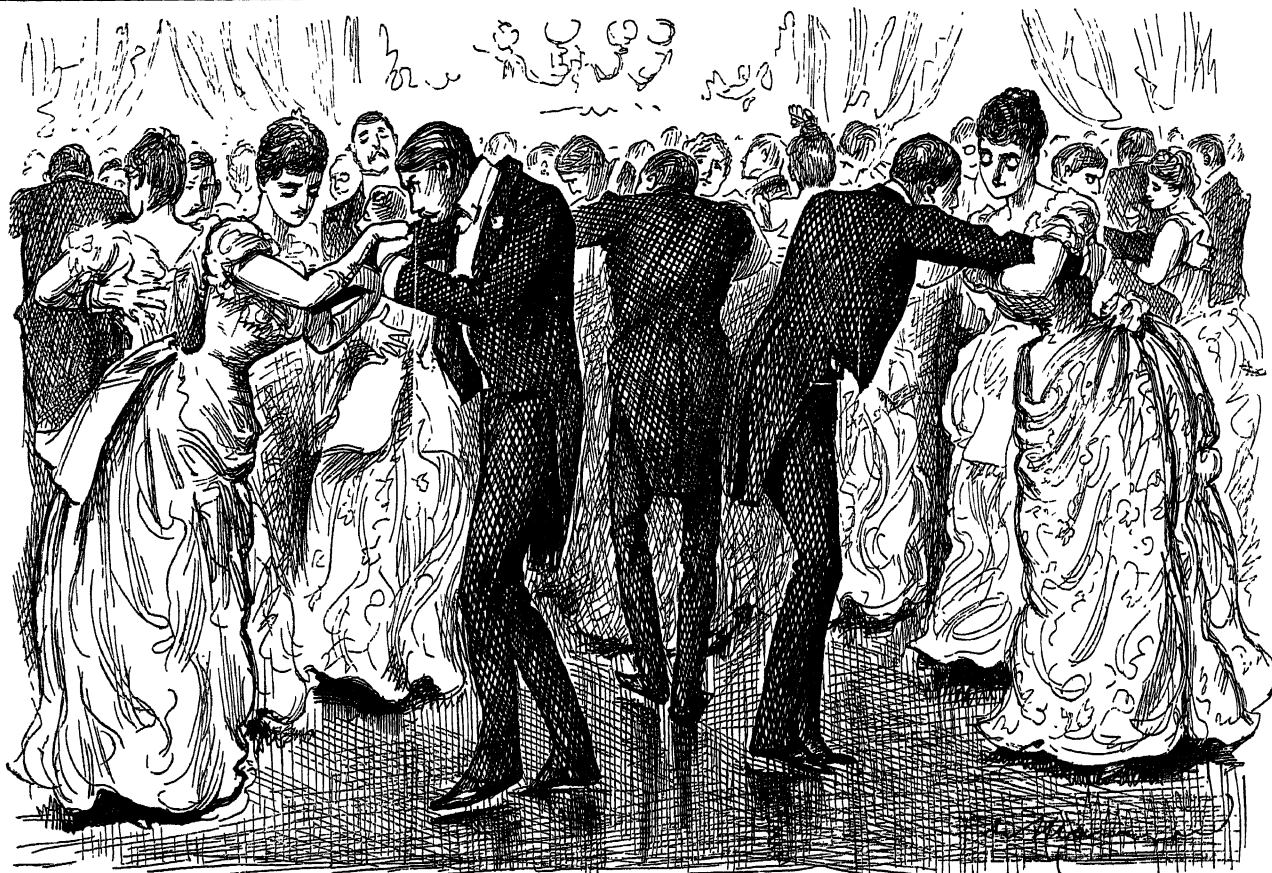
While as through the *salon*, delighted you rove, You'll halt, I am sure, at the "Marshlands" by MAUVE;

There's VAN MARCKE too and VOLLON, you'll fail to pass by, MONTICELLI and ROELOFS you'll gladly descry:

While HERVIER and JACQUE will combine to complete To your mighty content this pictorial treat!

Pray tell me, who is there can enter the lists, And dare to compete with the Romanticists?

VAUX ET PRÉTEREA NIHL.—A somebody—or nobody—signing himself "J. EDWD. VAUX" writes to the *Church Times* objecting to the special service held in the Abbey in honour of JOHN BRIGHT on the grounds that "JOHN BRIGHT was not a Christian!" Well, if all "Christians" were like this empty *Vaux clamantis* the "service" by which they could best "honour" such men as JOHN BRIGHT would be the truly Quaker Service of—silence.



STUDIES IN EVOLUTION.

THIS IS NOT AN EXAMPLE OF THE STRUGGLE FOR EXISTENCE—IT IS MERELY "THE VALSE," AS WE HAVE LATELY SEEN IT DANCED AT SUBURBAN SUBSCRIPTION BALLS, &C.

AN EASTER HOLIDAY.

"Mister" ROSEBERY *loquitur* :—

Oh dear, oh dear, who'd be a Peer, even in holiday *muffi*?
Green buds break forth with the brightening year, and the turf once
more shows tufty;

The season of pancakes is past and gone, and "the wanton lapwing,"
doubtless,

Is preening his crest (the new Sunday best), and the Parks, no longer
shoutless,

Are swarming again (when it doesn't rain), with nursemaids, children, [ARRIES.
Easter is on us, the Spring is here, but my holiday somehow tarries.

Was it not enough that the chance of birth has handicapped me out
of it, — [doubt of it), —

I mean the game in the Commons, which is the best of the fun, no
Was it not enough that I'm doomed to sit by the side of Pussy

GRANVILLE, [Tory anvil?

Where the Liberal lot always catch it hot 'twixt Whig hammer and

Was it not enough that my rôle is cast in the modern Hurlrothumbo,
Whilst the Commons gives its "bits of fat" to such lumbering chaps
as "Jumbo,"

And my light touches and tricks of art, my raciest bits of railery,
Are wasted on SALISBURY's silent House, all stalls without pit or
gallery?

Was it not enough, I repeat again, but, along of that fellow RITCHIE,
I must go and drop into *this* rum Shop, where my prospects look
still more pitchy?

O RITCHIE! O anti-Radical lot! it is really a frightful Nemesis!

I'm a sort of shop-boy, for six years bound, and must sleep upon the
premises.

Sleep? Nay, the doose of a doze for me! Farewell to all forty-
winking! [shrinking.

I have only been at it a month or two, and foes say they see signs of

Well, I sit and list to the faddist's screed, to the shriek of the
Socialist howler, [FOWLER.

And my boredom is such it might almost touch the soul of Sir ROBERT

The Chairman at a Discussion Forum may puff his pipe, or his nose
bury [poor ROSEBERY.

In tankards of stingo; but no, by Jingo, there's no such relief for
Guildhall might envy the Cogers' ditto. I know not how to resist 'em,
These bores who, with Babylon's care not content, want to manage
the Solar System.

I'd rather comb old Chaos's hair in its first primæval tangle,
Than try to establish a Cosmos here midst a chorus of worrying
wrangle.

My Easter Holiday? No such luck! Ah, PEEL, my dear boy, *you*
look perky. [worky."

When Lent is over and Lilac a-bud, the best of us hardly feel
By Jove, for a week or two's happy release from this screaming
extravaganza,

I'd take pot-luck with that plucky chap STANLEY, away near the
Albert Nyanza.

You're off? Well, I am still *on*—the job, as 'ARRY so gracefully
phrases it;

Though one's mind may be cheery, and cool, and chirpy, *too* much
charivari half crazes it.

I'm bound to the Parks—that's my tip!—for the vending of nuts
and ginger-beer, Sir,

To the *oi polloi*. As I said before, my dear PEEL, *who* would be a
Peer, Sir?

FAIR COMMENT.—"Two new streets in Berlin," the *Daily Tele-*
graph informs us, "are respectively to be named after BACH and
WAGNER." The latter street would be for heavy traffic, carters
(and PATERSONS), and Wagg'ners; and the former could not be a
principal thoroughfare, but only a Bach Street.

WIG AND GOWN.—Big-Wig STEPHEN has decided against Big-
Gown Lady SANDHURST in the case of *Beresford-Hope v. Sandhurst*,
and so far women cannot be County Councillors. Gown is sanguine
that this decision against Petticoat Government will be reversed on
appeal. The case desperate; it is hoping against HOPE.



AN EASTER HOLIDAY!

MR. SPEAKER (*just looking in*). "TA-TA! I'M OFF!—HOPE YOU'LL ENJOY YOUR HOLIDAY!"

"MISTER" ROSEBERY (*Chairman L.C.C.*). "PRECIOUS LITTLE HOLIDAY! THE COUNTY COUNCIL'S SENDING ME OUT TO BATTERSEA PARK WITH 'NUTS AND GINGERBEER'!!"

[On the Report of the Parks and Open Spaces Committee recommending the Council to take into its own hands the providing refreshments in Battersea Park, one Hon. Member hoped the Council wasn't going to "deal in nuts and gingerbeer;" but Lord MEATH, while doubting whether the Resolution required them to actually sell the goods with their own hands, yet considered that the Council ought to do what they could to provide first-class refreshments at the cheapest prices for those going into the Parks.]

ON COMMISSION.

April 9, 10, 11, and 12.—With commendable self-sacrifice, Sir CHARLES RUSSELL, having completed his excellent *Abridgment of the History of Ireland*, set himself to the task of examining the evidence produced before the Commission. A lawyer of less discretion might have shirked so dry a subject, preferring to rest his defence of the clients whose interests he had in charge upon his eloquent rivalry of the feats of MACAULAY, LINGARD, PINNOCK, and (place aux dames!) Mrs. MARKHAM. But this did not satisfy the ex-Attorney-General; so for many days we have had an exhaustive analysis of the sayings of the witness-box, that is calculated to assuage the thirst for information of the most exigent devourer of Irish testimony. Taking advantage of this (to him) welcome lull in the proceedings, the ticket-dispensing and ever-courteous Secretary has had quite a little holiday. It is true that on the Friday, when Sir CHARLES was at his very best (and how good that best was only those present can ever know), the Court was crowded in every part, and then he certainly had his work cut out for him. At other times he has been almost at rest.



"Resting."

To return to the feature of the sitting—in one part of his admirable speech, Sir CHARLES asked "was there not Boycotting at the Bar?" and assuredly the fact that a certain humble individual, is not Lord Chancellor, suggests that possibly the answer should be in the affirmative. But, as that is a personal matter, let it pass. However, I think it only right, in support of my learned friend's contention, to confess that, had I been in the place of (say) the ATTORNEY-GENERAL during the early references to the conduct of this very case, my bearing would have been distinctly different. On the first day I noticed that Sir RICHARD left the Court. Now I humbly submit that it would have been better had he remained and comported himself in the following fashion. He should have talked with well-assumed jocularly in an inaudible undertone to Sir HENRY JAMES, watching for the appearance of Sir CHARLES's snuff-box. The moment the refreshment-affording exhibit was produced, he should have asked for "a pinch," as a proof that, in spite of some provocation, he bore no ill-feeling to his opponent. Having secured the "rappee" he should have inhaled the invigorating preparation of tobacco in the customary fashion. If a gigantic sneeze had thereupon followed (even in the most impressive part of Sir CHARLES's eloquent address), a smile on the faces of all present would, no doubt, have been the well-merited reward of the mirth-provoking manoeuvre. Supposing that the orator had shown signs of pardonable annoyance, Sir RICHARD might have good-naturedly pretended that it was the fault of Mr. LOCKWOOD, whose fame as an accomplished *farceur* requires no acknowledgment. Thereafter, promising to be quiet for the future, he might have gently slumbered until awakened by the bustle consequent on the mid-day adjournment. I can only add that, should my engagements permit the sacrifice, I will willingly hold the ATTORNEY-GENERAL's next brief for him, so that he may have an opportunity of studying from the well of the Court, the method that has my recommendation.

Once more returning to the event of the fortnight, I can only declare that Sir CHARLES's peroration was in sober seriousness magnificent, and made the deepest impression. During its delivery (thanks to a quaint fancy of Mr. CUNNINGHAM) I was occupying, a place amongst the Plaintiffs, and I candidly confess I was deeply moved—nay, unmanned—by my learned friend's noble eloquence. I felt conscious that at that moment I must have looked like a maudlin witness in a condition of tearful repentance. Still I think it is only right to say (much as I regret to have to make such an observation), that had the task of addressing the Court fallen to me, I should have made a very, very different oration. And, I venture to add, I do not believe that even my learned friend himself will question the probable truth of such an assertion.

Pump-handle Court. (Signed) A. BRIEFLESS, JUNIOR.

The Hazard of the Dye.

[It appears from an article in the *Daily Telegraph*, entitled, "Dyeing to Live," that grey-headed toilers find it almost impossible to earn a living without dyeing their hair.]

THE "Struggle for Existence" seems of late

To have become more terrible and trying.

"Is life worth living?" Nay, that's out of date,

The question now would seem, "Is life worth dyeing?"

MEATHROPOLITAN IMPROVEMENTS.

"SOMEHOW, I fancied that London was such an ugly Capital," said Sir TITUS MACDUFF, ex-Premier of the South-West Windward Isles, as he stood, in company with an intelligent Cicerone, on the site of what was once Smithfield Market. As far as eye could reach nothing was to be seen but waving greenery, verdant lawns, and sheep peacefully browsing by the side of purling brooks.

"You must have been away from England a long time?" suggested his companion.

"For thirty years," replied the distinguished Colonist.

"Ah, then perhaps you never heard of an article in the *Nineteenth Century* for April, 1889, written by Lord MEATH, advocating Open Spaces, Boulevards, Pure Water, Covered Streets, and Public Bands, for the Metropolis?"

"Never!" replied Sir TITUS; "and do you mean that this Park is a result of that single article?"

"Not only this Park, which stretches from the Thames, at Blackfriars Bridge to King's Cross, but the general transformation of London into a City where life is a pleasure for all classes, is due to the initiative of Lord MEATH, and the energetic action of the London County Council, which came into existence the very year that the article I have mentioned was written."

"Dear me!" said the Colonist. "I hardly know where I am. Take me to some place I can remember. Take me to Regent Street."

They set off on foot, and soon were pacing along a broad thoroughfare running westward, planted with trees on either side, and ornamented here and there with tasteful *kiosques*, where light refreshments and still lighter literature were on sale at an extremely reasonable price. Whenever they felt tired they could sit down on elegant and comfortable seats, under glass awnings, and at frequent intervals bands of native musicians were discoursing excellent music on stringed instruments.

"These bands, now," said the Colonial visitor, "who pays for them? Is it some philanthropic Society?"

"It is Society in general, Sir," his companion rejoined, "which has unquestionably become of late very philanthropic. This and other public improvements have been provided for partly out of the rates, but still more out of an extremely moderate and equitable tax placed on Metropolitan Ground-Landlords, and representing a very small part of the enhanced value which their property gains during every year that London continues to exist and grow bigger."

"Dear me!" said the Antipodean Statesman, regretfully; "I wish I had thought of that plan in the South-West Windward Islands. Pay for Improvements out of the pockets of Ratepayers and Ground-Landlords; a case of ground landlords and ground tenants, in fact. An excellent notion! By the bye, what is the name of this street—or rather this avenue?"

"Holborn, Sir."

"Holborn! What! That narrow, dirty, ill-conditioned——"

"No other, Sir, I assure you," replied his conductor, coolly. The ex-Premier was too surprised to say anything, and continued silent till they reached a broad open space where fountains and operatic bands were both playing, and from which four magnificent roads diverged.

"What is that noble Arcade like street covered over with glass, and adorned with evergreen shrubs and the electric light?" asked the dazed Colonist.

"That, Sir? Surely you have not forgotten Regent Street?"

"Regent Street turned into an Arcade!"

"Yes. The whole of London is more or less Arcadian," rejoined the satellite.

"You must be very grateful to Lord MEATH for all this," said Sir TITUS, thoughtfully.

"Grateful is not the word, Sir. A new and much finer Westminster Abbey has recently been erected, solely out of penny contributions from the working-classes, to which the remains of Lord MEATH, the Editor of the *Nineteenth Century*, and the Chairman of the London County Council, will all be consigned, when those great benefactors of their race are unhappily no more."

"Dear me!" exclaimed the Colonist. "And you—you talk remarkably well for a person hired by the day to escort visitors about. Where were you educated?"

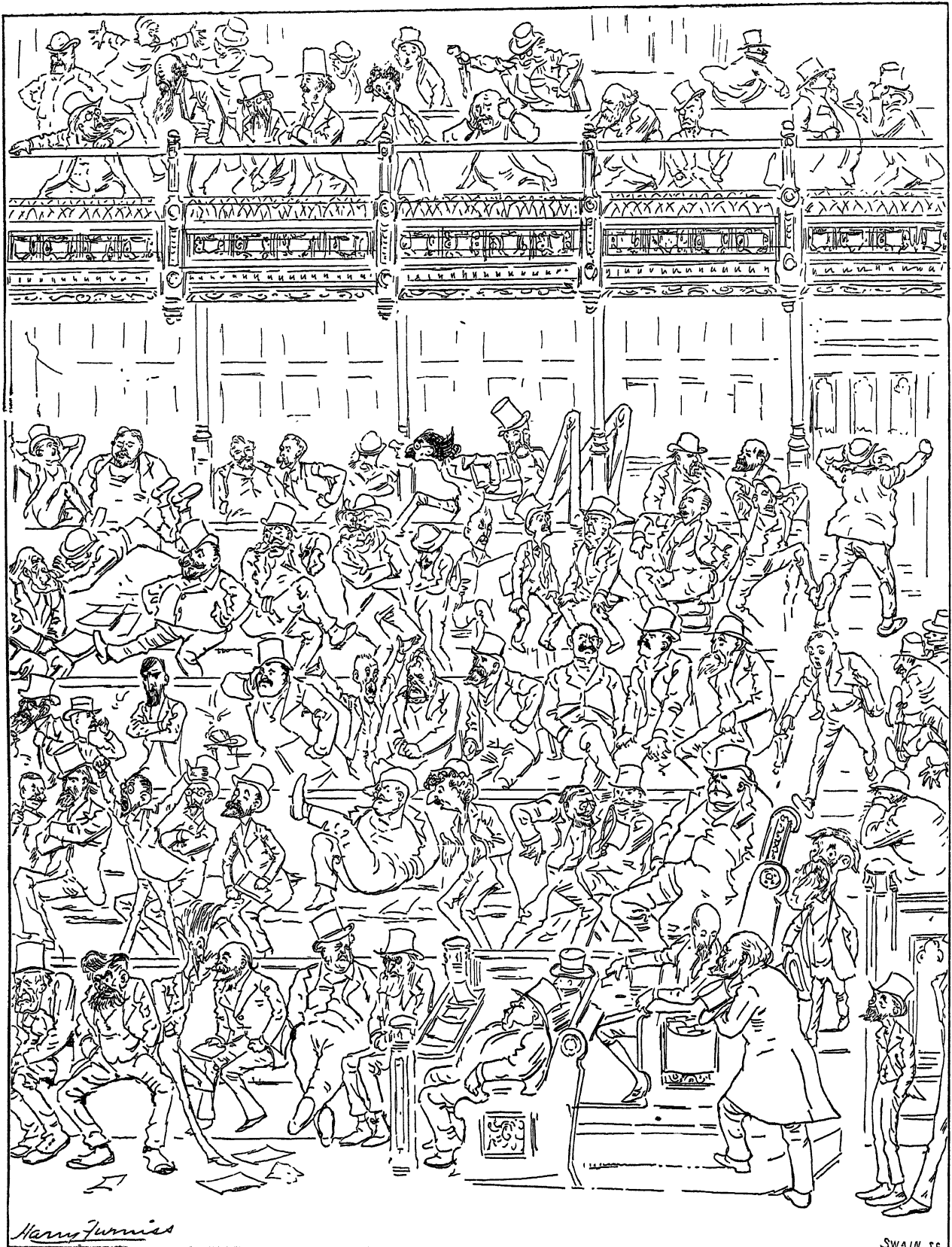
"Where everybody who desires to make the most of his opportunities receives his education nowadays," replied the Cicerone, proudly. "At a Polytechnic."

"Polytechnic! What in the name of wonder is that?"

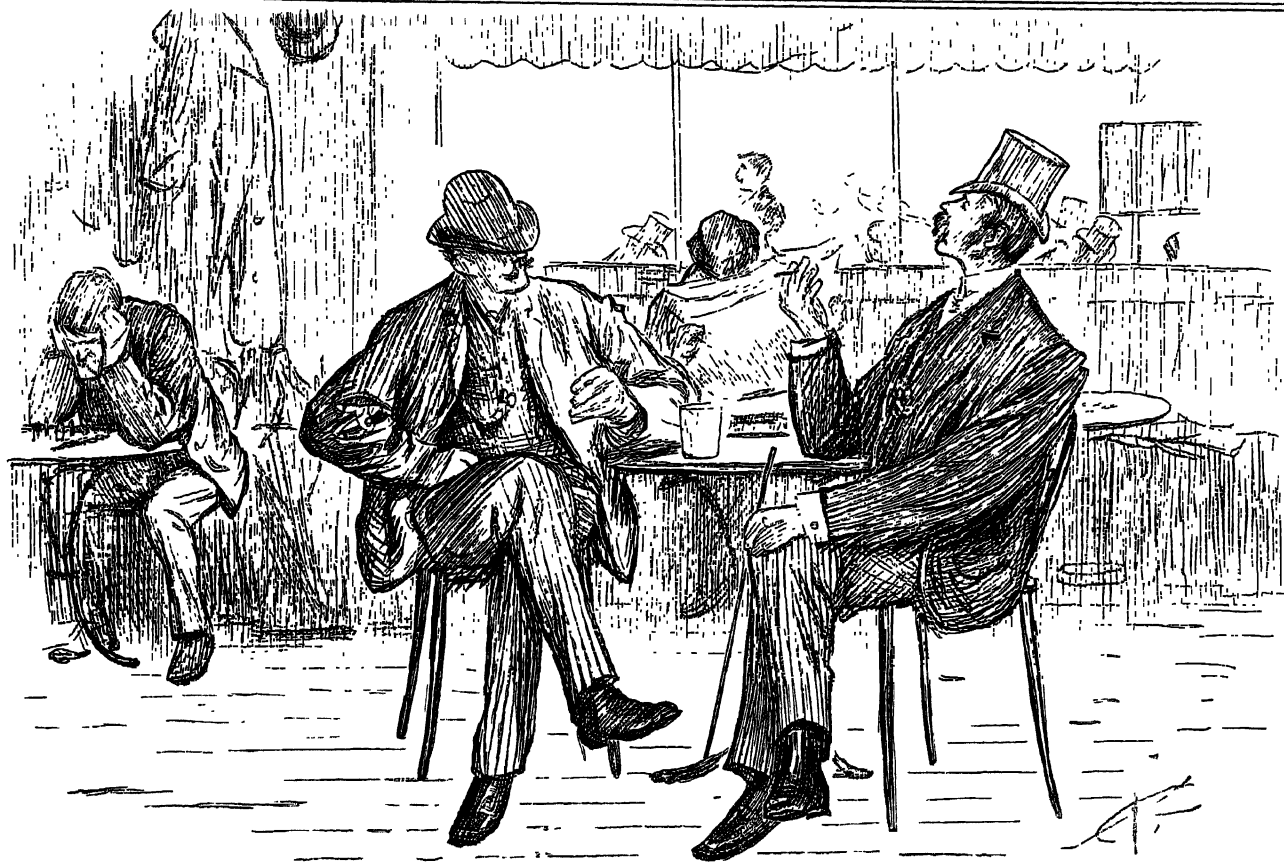
"Nobody but a Polynesian could ask the question, Sir," and receiving his modest remuneration, the Cicerone retired for two hours' private reading into the nearest Free Library, while Sir TITUS MACDUFF stood in a state of bewilderment gazing on the beauties of regenerated London.

MEM. BY A WOULD-BE MUSICAL REFORMER.—You cannot touch (Concert) pitch without being reviled.

INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS. No. 65.



ROUGH SKETCH OF THE OPPOSITION BELOW THE GANGWAY.



'STRANGERS YET.'

First Compatriot (in Belgian Café). "I BEG YOUR PARDON, SIRR. ARE YE AN IRISHMAN?" *Second Compatriot.* "I AM!" [*Silence.* *First Compatriot.* "I'D AS SOON MEET A CROCODILE AS AN IRISHMAN 'FOREIGN PARTS. I BEG YE 'LL NOT ADDRESS YER CONVERSATION TO ME, SIRR!!"]

FOOT-BALL' À LA MODE.

[Hardly a week passes without our hearing of one or more dangerous accidents at foot-ball.]

A MANLY game it is, I think,
Although in private be it spoken,



While at a scrimmage I don't shrink
That bones may be too often broken.
I snapped my clavicle last week,
Just like the rib of an umbrella;
And sprained my ankle, not to speak
Of something wrong with my patella.

Last season, too, my leg I broke,
And lay at home an idle dreamer,
It's not considered quite a joke
To contemplate a broken femur.
And when, despite the doctor's hints,
Again at foot-ball I had tussles,
I found myself once more in splints,
With damaged gastronemic muscles.

Some three times every week my head,
Is out, contused, or sorely shaken;
My friends expect me brought home dead,
But up to now I've saved my bacon.

But what are broken bones, my boys,
Compared with noble recreation;
The scrimmages and all the joys
Of Rugby or Association!

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

ACCORDING to statistics, the state of the children of the State is hardly as satisfactory as it might be. Therefore the re-issue of Miss DAVENPORT-HILL's book, edited by Miss FANNY FOWKE, is especially welcome. The new edition of *Children of the State* has been so enlarged, so re-arranged, and so entirely brought up to date, that it is practically a new book. In a closely printed volume of over three hundred pages, there is scarcely any point in this great question that is not discussed. Boarding-out in England, Ireland, and Scotland, the workhouse, as home and school, State and individual help, State children in foreign lands and emigration, are treated with a thoroughness and an earnestness which is the key-note of the entire volume. Notwithstanding all the great difficulties attending a rapidly increasing population, the Editor takes a somewhat hopeful view of the subject, and does "not believe that our great Empire has yet touched the limit of her resources, or that she will ever become unable to support her vast yet growing family, if only she will bring up its members to be capable and self-dependent." This volume is emphatically one to be read and re-read.

THE "BALL OF THE SEASON."—Foot-ball.

DRINKING.

NEW SABBATARIAN VERSION.

Solitary Sot singeth:—

'MIDST mirk and smoke I sit and soak
My clay in fiery liquor
From morn till night; find I get tight
In this way all the quicker.
With solemn pate let wisdom prate
Of freedom; to my thinking
Wisdom's an ass. I'm free—to pass
My day in drinking, drinking!

The Pubs are shut, but I've my butt—
Leastways a bulky bottle,
From which I swill my blooming fill
With an insatiate throttle.
My wife's asleep, my children creep
From dad's fierce anger shrinking.
I've comfort true the Sabbath through,
In drinking, drinking, drinking!

Then come what may, in WILFRID's way,
Of shutting Pubs on Sunday,
What odds? I choose at home to booze
From Saturday till Monday.
Don't care a rush whilst I've the lush,
And o'er my bottle blinking,
Can sit alone, till Sunday's gone,
Still drinking, drinking, drinking!

NOMENCLATURE.—Rude Radicals persist in calling Mr. CHAMBERLAIN "Judas." The reason is obvious if inadequate. "JUDAS" "carried the bag," and the Gladstonians want to give JOSEPH "the sack."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, April 8.—Scotch Bills got out of the way, few surviving Members settled down to discuss arrangements of House of Commons. PLUNKET torn to tatters. MACDONALD complained of temperature; said it was too high; SAGE of Queen Anne's Gate said it was too low; WALTER FORSTER complained that it was too dry, and led to drink. "We are," he said, "daily becoming more and more bleached by exposure to this O'HEA said he was growing prematurely old with attendance on his duties. SAGE protested that nothing was so favourable to health and longevity as sitting in House. TATTON EGERTON said: system of ventilation good enough, but air drawn from vitiated sources. FITZGERALD created thrill of apprehension by declaring that after sitting in House a year or two the hair fell off. All eyes turned upon W. H. POWELL, just crossing the Bar. Members, glancing at head of the POWELL, shuddered as they recognised melancholy effects of nine years' representation of Carmarthenshire.



THE LORD ADVOCATE, PAST AND PRESENT.

Rt. Hon. J. H. Macdonald (to Lord Advocate). "Bravo, little 'un! I congratulate you. Never could have done that myself!"

Colonel NOLAN hastened to change the subject; didn't complain of ventilation, he said, averting his eyes from POWELL, but the upper smoking-room was always overcrowded. GRAND YOUNG GARDNER made similar complaint as to condition of tea-room. Never a chair to be had. SAGE, always eager to act as mediator, suggested that tea-room should be made into smoking-room, smoking-room into tea-room. More about the gas and the electric light; then Members, desperately hard-up for something else to talk about, even the oil lamps being extinguished, caught sight of grille to Ladies' Gallery. Highly relieved; debated and divided on this old familiar topic, "The last resource of played-out Obstruction," says PLUNKET, beginning to show signs of losing his equable temper. Opposition to the grating in Ladies' Gallery having been once more defeated, and there being really nothing else to talk about, a few Votes agreed to by way of change, and Members went home to bed.

Business done.—Scotch Local Government Bill brought in.

Tuesday.—In Committee of Supply. House [nearly empty. PLUNKET on Treasury Bench, whence all but he had fled. CREMER on his legs repeating speech made other night about Sweating System, alleged to be in vogue with contractors for public works—Houses of Parliament, British Museum, and others. GODSON, Q.C., with hands on hip, and a whole seat to himself, thanks Heaven he's not First Commissioner of Works. PLUNKET a gentle-mannered man, suave, courteous, conscious of



"Thank Heaven!"

popularity shared pretty equally with both sides; but this Banquo's Ghost of a sweating business turning up again just when he thought he was going to get a few Votes, too much for trained equanimity. Bursts upon CREMER like tornado.

"People," he says, "turn away from proceedings of House with weariness and disgust."

"Oh! oh!" shouted the shocked Radicals below the Gangway. Fancy being disgusted with CREMER re-delivering speech calculated to raise him in estimation of the 'orny-anded! First speech a success; why shouldn't he have *encore*, especially as he had verse or two forgotten at first essay? PLUNKET blushed, minimised and apologised. When he had said public turned away wearied and disgusted, had only meant that they were not so profoundly interested as they should be.

Got his Vote for Maintenance of Public Buildings; fresh discussion on Motion to cut off £500 from cost of Embassy at Rome. This brought up GEORGE CAMPBELL, who created some surprise by supporting full expenditure. Let out that he had been lately in Rome; had lunched with Ambassador. "Ah, ah!" shouted Radicals, louder even than they had cried "Oh, oh!" at PLUNKET.

Incident suggested to SAGE one of those interesting reminiscences of his diplomatic career, with which he occasionally favours listening Senate. When he was in Diplomatic Service, Ministers were always bothered with persons calling with notes of introduction from Foreign Office. These they called soup-tickets because they generally led to provision of luncheon or dinner. Found worth Minister's while; otherwise be trouble in the House of Commons. GEORGE CAMPBELL evidently had one of those tickets when he called on Minister at Rome, and now, contrary to habit, felt bound to oppose Motion to reduce Vote. Committee delighted with this picture of austere uncompromising Kiroaldy seduced by free luncheon. *Business done.*—Very little.

Thursday.—Letterkenny battering-ram at it again. JOHN MORLEY first dragged it in with its clanking chains. Windbag SEXTON, groping around after his manner, gleaming in other people's fields opportunities of eliciting from Ministerial Bench the dearly-loved reference to "Right Hon. Gentleman," brought it in to-night. But MACNEILL did best of all.

"As this battering-ram has been bought out of public funds," he said, dexterously shifting hot potato to other side of his mouth, "will the Right Hon. Gentleman lay a model of it on the table?"

House laughed, but BALFOUR so struck with idea, sat silent. Notion too good to be lost. Taken up with alacrity below the Gangway; subscriptions to meet expenses readily forthcoming; SAGE of Queen Anne's Gate, who once owned a theatre, appointed manager. Promises to be the greatest Variety Entertainment of this or any other age; lift House of Commons at one bound into the front rank of morning performances. Open every day, wet or shine. Free list entirely suspended. Full-size model of battering-ram, with clanking chains, iron-shod poles, boat-hooks, and scaling-ladders, on view on table, side by side with astonished Mace. Chairs and tables cleared out of Library; model of Irish cottage set up. JOHN O'CONNOR, disguised as struggling tenant, regularly evicted at 3 P.M. and 7 P.M. (No extra charge.) SHEIL plays part of youngest boy; hands up scalding water to his anguished parent, who pours it over Colonel NOLAN, dressed in uniform of Royal Irish Constabulary (a little tight round the waist.) SHAW LEFEVRE, dressed in prison garb, slowly walks at intervals of quarter of an hour down the House; takes seat on Front Opposition Bench; swooped down upon by WILFRID LAWSON and ILLINGWORTH (dressed as prison warders); haled out behind SPEAKER's chair; back again in quarter of an hour.

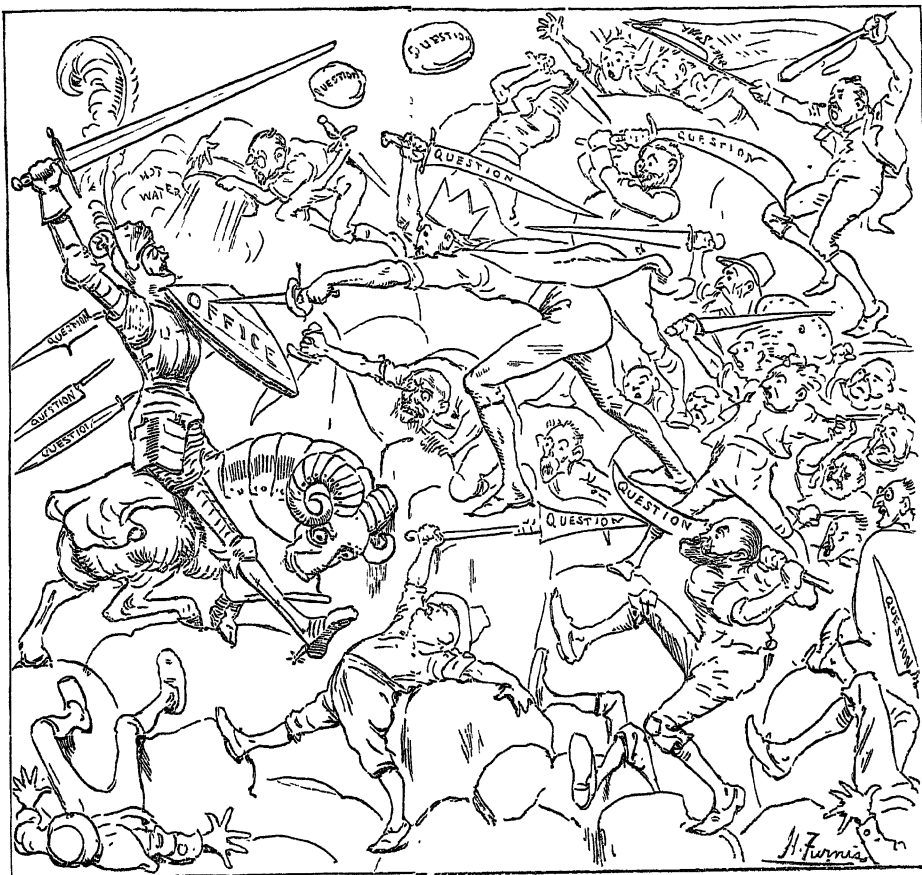
JOSEPH GILLIS, completely disguised as Resident Magistrate, sits on Cross Bench, and every ten minutes confirms sentence of six months' imprisonment on ARTHUR BALFOUR. CLANCY, GILL, FLYNN, &c., attired in police uniform, armed with *bâtons*, lurk at exit from Division Lobby. As Members issue forth after voting, fall upon them, freely using *bâtons*. (These, of course, not the real thing. SAGE of Queen Anne's Gate, drawing upon old managerial experience, had excellent imitation made in bladder. Nobody much hurt; but rattling noise made.) Scampering most effective. BRUNNER, who was at Gweedore, assisted in arranging rehearsal. Testifies effect excellent. "Not quite sure that it's regular," said OLD MORALITY, cautiously surveying scene from side gallery: "but seems we might as well do this as sit in Committee of Supply and not pass Votes." *Business done.*—Baron DE WORMS brought in Sugar Bounty Bill, in eloquent speech.

Friday Night.—One of the nights when Count Out seems inevitable. Accordingly House sat till latest possible moment. All subjects discussed, from the battering-ram to the Waltham Abbey Gunpowder Factory, from the hangman to Inhabited House Duty. Windbag SEXTON made only one speech outside a series delivered at question time. Its prolongation resented by gentlemen opposite.

"I wonder," said SEXTON, pertinently, "how small was the majority of the hon. gentleman who sneers from opposite Benches?"

About thirty Members present. Curious to note sudden movement amongst them. No name mentioned, but every man seemed to think he was referred to. At last GEORGE ALLSOPP, making sure it was he, rose and protested he had not sneered.

"Ah!" said TREVOR LAWRENCE, working out little sum on back of Orders, "GEORGE got in by majority of 143. Thought there were some with less than that." *Business done.*—None.



BALFOUR ON HIS BATTERING-RAM.

A HASTIE JUDGMENT.

By a Vindictive Victim of the Law's Delay.

[Mr. HASTIE, at the April meeting of the Incorporated Law Society, is reported to have said that the confidence of the public in the members of his profession had been "greatly shaken."]

GREATLY shaken? Not a bit!

'Tis a statement of the oddest.

HASTIE must be slow of wit,

And he's very much too modest.

"Confidence," a Statesman said,

"Is a plant of growth most tardy."

But when once established

'Tis perennial, and hardy.

Confidence in Lawyers? Pooh!

That tree ne'er firm root has taken.

And a tree that *never* grew,
Surely, surely can't be "shaken."

SUPERSTITION AT ST. STEPHEN'S.

—Is it the duty of the Government to keep a House on Friday night? This question has probably been raised by some representative of an enlightened constituency who believes Friday to be an unlucky day.

Free—but not Easy.

FREE Schools may be a blessing to the Nation,

But in these days of fads and fiddle-de-dee,

Punch fancies that the best "Free Education"

Is that which teaches Britons to be free.

A-RANTING WE WILL GO.

POLITICAL HUNTING SONG FOR THE SEASON.

(*A long way after Henry Fielding.*)

AIR—"A-Hunting we will go."

The dusky night begins to fly,
And brighter grows the morn;
The Party wants a winning Cry,
To help exalt its horn.

So a-ranting we will go-o-o,

A-ranting we will go!

It is the mode, to Party owed
And a-ranting we will go.

Cool sense the Spouter may oppose,
Sweet Spring may beg his stay:
"Good Sir, the early primrose blows.
You will not rant to-day?"

But a-ranting he will go, &c.

Listeners to rant in yonder hall
Secure to find we'll seek;
For why, they shouted, great and small,
At the same rant last week.

So a-ranting we will go, &c.

Away he goes, before the rout,
Whose ears for tickling itch.
He throws them in, he throws them out;
He leaves them in the ditch.

But a-ranting they will go, &c.

At length his twaddle, threadbare worn,
He stops. They yell delight.
He bows, and swears—with secret scorn—
He'll spout another night.

For a-ranting he must go-o-o,

A-ranting he must go.

In all the mode, to Party owed,
And a-ranting he must go.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

No book sells better than the volume of short stories, or the collection of essays and descriptive papers, and yet for years past publishers have refused to let us have them, and have dosed us with three volumes of twaddle or unreadable polemical novels. It is a satisfaction to find the providers of literary food are beginning to see the error of their ways, and to be convinced that the British Public must, before anything else, be amused. They will get plenty of amusement out of Mr. WILLIAM HENDERSON'S *Clues*, which consists of nine stories derived from a Chief Constable's notebook. The author ought to know something of his subject, seeing he is now Chief Constable of Edinburgh, that he occupied a similar post at Leeds, and was formerly Chief Inspector of the Detective Department at Manchester and Glasgow. Each story is, in the main, a reproduction of facts, and they have that reality and interest which facts alone can give. The Chief Constable of Edinburgh has arrested our attention; we are unable to move on, for we have found listening to his entertaining recitals anything but hard labour.

That none but an Irishman can write Irish songs is pretty generally accepted. This axiom receives further proof—if proof were needed—in Mr. ALFRED PERCIVAL GRAVES' *Father O' Flynn and other Irish Lyrics*. This book which consists of a choice selection of the author's previous volumes printed in a cheap and handy form, cannot fail to be popular. It contains well-nigh sixty poems full of grace and endless in variety, and above all a "go," a spirit and a National flavour that none but an Irish bard could accomplish.



Those who are in search of a weird and gruesome tale dramatically told cannot do better than turn to MARION CRAWFORD'S latest effort, *Griefenstein*. I can confidently recommend it. It is a grim but very powerful bit of work.

Those who know ZOLA only from such works as *La Terre*, *Nana*, and so forth, should take the trouble to read his *Le Rêve*. The trouble after the first few chapters will soon be a pleasure, and the pleasure will soon be increased and intensified as progress is made with the story. The style of the descriptions throughout, though at first sight as tedious as those of WALTER SCOTT'S to a modern go-a-head novel-reader, will gradually force even the most knowing skipper to retrace his steps, and go over the ground deliberately. The author's characteristic insistence on details would be blameable did it tend to diminish the interest which he has created in the central figures; but, as it does not do so, it is masterly. Altogether the work is a beautiful study of a lovely life, as far exalted above ordinary types as, let us hope, some of the lives in his other works are exceptionally below them. The last scene of all is a grand conception, sweet in harmony, rich in tone, powerful in design and execution. *C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas La Terre*, says,

THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

THE GRAND TOUR À LA MODE; OR, EX-KING MILAN PERSONALLY CONDUCTED.



Lewis Carroll del.

O MILDEST of Monarchs, and purest,
They tell us you've turned a Cook's Tourist.
'Tis not a bad "tip"
For Crowns on the slip,
And Thrones that seem scarce the securest.

Great Princes of old, on the wing,
Considered it rather the thing
To take in their train
The great *Chef* of their reign;
But, lo! now 'tis the Cook takes the King.

"TEMPORA MUTANTUR."—*Lena* produced at the Variétés, with SARA BERNHARDT in the part that Mrs. BERNARD BEERE created here in *As in a Looking Glass*! The very title suggests reflection. Evidently SARA "saw herself" in the part. She is quite right to play *Lena* in French, as she could never be *Leaner* in English.

"UP, GUARDS, AND AT 'EM!"—The Guards, under the able leadership of the ATTORNEY-GENERAL, in wig, gown, and full regimentals, have "upped," and had at 'em, and defeated the Queen Anne's Mansion-Household troops. Judge KEKEWICH thinks that Light Infantry can't have too much light for their devotional exercises in Chapel. The height of these new houses is simply the height of absurdity.

A RUMINATION.

BY A LOAFER OF NATURE.

How vainly men with toil themselves amaze
To justify their scanty holidays.
Far happier he who, when he will, can range
And find a holiday in every change.

'Tis early spring, and, weary of the town,
Where bricks and mortar keep their wintry frown,

I seek the waking woods, the meadows fair
Where countless larks are taking boundless air.

The creaking waggon half a mile away
Sounds through the stillness of the hazy day,
And cocks clear-crowing from the dwindled stack

Recall the legends of the House of Jack.

Like living boulders, in the sweet thick turf,
Where daisies break the green in soundless surf,

Whisking with lazy tails the flies away,
The kine enjoy their livelong holiday.
Along the sloping field the shining share
Turns the rich earth to the rejoicing air;
The smallest fretting of each pencil'd spray
Shows clear against sun-saturated grey,
Which waits, light-laden, till a breeze comes by

To spill the sunlight all about the sky.
Like blotting-paper of serener spheres
Earth soaks the sunshine as the heaven clears,
And in the clean new light the dazzling ducks
Quack glad Amens to April's *Fiat Lux*!

At early dawn's unseasonable hour
The legion-sparrow tests his vocal pow'r,
Pierces with myriad chirp the sleeping ear,
And scares his breakfast, if First Worms
could hear.

Strange that the rural sun should rise so long
Before the kettle tunes its matin song;
Yet I forgive the choristers in brown,
And revel in the thought, "I'm out of town!"

Now the maturer day the mind invites
To ponder pleasantly on past delights.
Here is the loft, where spite of heave and
choke,

On wet half-holidays we used to smoke.
There is the pond, with downy willows girt,
Wherein we often fell and took no hurt;
There on still nights a paper fleet would float,
An end of candle burning in each boat;
Then flew the pebbles from the threaten'd
shore,

Till the frail navy sunk to rise no more.

Then in each brook and tree for miles around
Playmates in feathers or in fur we found,
Studied their ways; and, braving broken
bones,

Bore off the eggs, and stock'd the nests with
Set the brisk terrier on the bright-eyed rat,
And hurled the javelin at the flying cat,
Caught in brick traps the warblers of the
wood,

Cooked them *impromptu*, and pronounced
Oh, vivid joys of youth! Maturer age
Sighs at the ashes of that noble rage,
Leans on the gate, and hears the fragrant
kine

Breathe frequent grace, while they unceasing
While long-legged lambs their patient mothers
tease,

Or crop the grass devoutly on their knees.
Though now a song can close at hand be heard,
Nor raise a frantic wish to catch the bird,
Grant sun and shade, and 'tis enough for me,
Like the unharass'd kine to browse, and be!

"It was entirely an afterthought," said
dear old Mrs. R., "or as the French say quite
an *area-pansy*."



VICARIOUS!

(On the Underground Railway.)

Irascible Old Gentleman (who is just a second too late). "CONFOUND AND D—!"
Fair Stranger (who feels the same, but dares not express it). "OH, THANK YOU, SO MUCH!"

THERE AND BACK. (ON THE CHEAP.)

SIR.—I trust you will not think that I am trespassing too much on your valuable space when I tell you that I am at present engaged on a scheme whereby, in conjunction with a Committee of earnest and active Philanthropists, I hope to be able to furnish an opportunity to a large number of unemployed East-end Loafers, Ticket-of-Leave Men, Lunatic Paupers, and others whose circumstances would not admit of their finding funds themselves for the purpose, of paying a fortnight's visit to Paris, and of witnessing the Exhibition and all the other famed sights which have made the French capital the very centre and focus of all intellectual and recreative pleasure. We calculate that there will be some fourteen or fifteen thousand of these worthy fellows anxious to avail themselves of the chance we propose to offer them, and we are at the present moment in the process of preliminary negotiation with the various Railway Companies, Hotel Proprietors, and other official intermediaries, with a view to providing for their transit and accommodation, and for those other little extra privileges upon which we calculate to make the trip a thoroughly enjoyable affair.

Our final programme is not yet fully drawn out, but, roughly speaking, it may be taken to be much as follows:—The charge per head will be £1 5s. For this sum we hope to provide First-class Railway and Boat journey to Paris and back; superior accommodation in handsomely-furnished apartments, including breakfast, luncheon and dinner at the *table d'hôte* at either the *Grand* or *Continental* Hotels, or at some equally unexceptionable and thoroughly high-class establishment; an invitation to a State Banquet at the British Embassy, with entry each night to a *fauteuil d'orchestre* in one of the leading theatres, use of a two-horse *voiture de remise*, and free admission to the Exhibition, including a champagne luncheon on the top of the Eiffel Tower. We also mean to throw in a forty-franc dinner (exclusive of wine) at *Bignon's*, or at some other first-class Restaurant, in the belief that the experience will be found useful as a means of throwing some light on the social problems which will naturally present themselves for solution to the casual tourist who, it may be supposed, is probably visiting Paris for the first time, and is probably a stranger to this phase of French social existence.

We have not yet absolutely concluded any of the above arrangements, but we trust to your kindness to give the scheme publicity in your columns. AN EAST END INCUBUS.

WHAT MR. PUNCH'S MOON SAW.

THIRTEENTH EVENING.

"I saw a small country village in a great state of excitement the other afternoon," said the Moon. "I should think there were as many as twenty people in the main street—all talking at once. A monkey belonging to some travelling Italians had broken loose, and



caused a universal panic. It had bitten the plumber's baby, and tried to bite the postmistress's leg; it had flown through back gardens and over cottage roofs, screeching and gibbering like some malevolent imp—no one felt safe. One old maid, with great presence of mind had shut up her cat and kitten in the best parlour, and hidden herself upstairs under the bed; the only policeman had been sent for in a hurry. And the cause of all this commotion had escaped to a small knoll of gorse-covered common above the village, where several of the bolder spirits had pursued it. Some of them were armed with fire-irons, and one of them carried a large cotton umbrella as a shield, and they came cautiously on, while the monkey (which was quite a small one, and almost as much frightened as they were) ran on a little ahead, stopping occasionally to look back and chatter its teeth at them—when they stopped too. The village carpenter, who was famous as a local wag, had brought his saw, and every now and then would prance at the animal, and brandish his saw in comic defiance. One of the Italians, an old woman, did not understand that he was only pretending, and went on her knees to him, clasping her hands and imploring him in her voluble tongue not to cut off the monkey's head. And when she did this, the carpenter only pranced the more, while the village people, looking on in safety from the road below, guffawed heartily, and declared that 'Tommy was better nor play-acting—darn them, if he weren't!' Then the monkey ran off into the wood, and I lost sight of it. But, later in that evening, I saw a sad little procession going down the street. First came the village constable, looking very stern and majestic, for he had never had a case of this importance to deal with before, with his hand on the shoulder of the monkey's master, an elderly Italian, who seemed to expect nothing less than instant execution. Behind came the old woman, weeping and gesticulating and protesting all at once, and, after her, a tail of jeering boys, who kept at a safe distance, for fear the monkey—which had come back obediently on hearing its master's voice—should break loose again. The only quite unconcerned person in the party was the monkey itself, which was huddled, snug and contented, inside the Italian's coat, where it seemed very thankful to be back again. I do hope they were not separated, for it was not a savage animal naturally—only the children had been teasing it so all day. But it happened to be cloudy that evening, and for many evenings after that," said the Moon, "so I never knew what was actually done to the unfortunate monkey."

DUE SOUTH.

St. Peter's—*Solvitur Ambulando*—Masonry—*Ways and Means*—*"Bock Agen"*—Monte Carlo—London.

THE size of St. Peter's! I mentally compare it with everything big I have ever seen. JOHNNIE, having partially recovered his self-possession and the use of his voice, says, "Look here, I'll step it. I measured my back drawing-room for a billiard table by stepping it, and so I can easily get an idea of its size." He at once sets to work in order to give practical effect to his theory of measurement, and he sets about it with as much care, caution, and "strict attention to business," as if he were giving an imitation of a man walking on a tight-rope without a balancing-pole. After three attempts, each of which signally fails, on account of his inability to preserve a straight line, when he, as it were, topples off his imaginary rope, comes to the ground, and loses his reckoning up to that point, he gives it up, shakes his head solemnly, and says, "Oh, it's enormous! Why, St. Paul's is nowhere compared with this!" I recall to mind the monumental effigies in St. Paul's, any one of which is a doll by the side of any one of the figures in St. Peter's. And then the London grubbiness of St. Paul's, its dinginess, its lecture-room benches crowding the centre, and its chilly dreariness; whereas here all is space, colour, light and life. Glorious! Everyone knows, by hearsay at all events, about the size of those chubby little boys who support the holy-water stoups at the entrance. Come up close, and though you are perfectly prepared for a surprise, yet your astonishment is not a whit the less at finding the stoups baths, and the little boys

a couple of giants. I can scarcely believe my eyes, but so it is, and JOHNNIE and myself are never tired of walking up to these deceptive full-grown cherubs, coming on them unexpectedly as it were, and patting them on the hands and arms to ascertain whether



they are playing us any trick, and whether they are the Anakim they seem. Yes, there is a deception; it is the deception of perfect proportion. Every day we go into St. Peter's, but these happy-looking baby-giants exercise an unaccountable fascination over us, and on our last visit we are quite sad at the idea of leaving them behind, but being unable to take them with us, we pat the backs of these chubby Broddingnagians, and bid them affectionately good-bye. And the last *souvenir* of St. Peter's that will remain indelibly in my memory, is the sweet-tempered smile on the faces of the two giant-babies—the holy—"water Babies"—nearest our door of exit craning towards us, saying as plainly as dumb action can speak, "We should so

Balbus and Caius, A.U.C. 89. like to come with you, only we can't leave this great big heavy basin, or it would tumble down. But mind you come and see us again; you'll find us here, always on duty, —don't forget."

Pouring rain. The streets of London not "in it" with those of Rome for slosh and mud. Here in this museum of antiquities, the home of classic Art and ancient frescoes, the principal mural decoration that catches my eye at almost every turn is that charming picture of a fine and fascinating *decolletée* female, with yellow hair streaming down her back,—the fair one with the golden locks,—so well known to all Londoners as the pictorial advertisement of Mrs. Somebody's Hair Restorer. This, apparently, is the most striking fresco in the City of the Popes and Cæsars, but, as the Cæsars are defunct, they can't interfere; and, as the POPe's daily constitutional is unconstitutionally limited to the Vatican grounds, His Holiness possibly, is not aware how the city is being vulgarised. Yet the obtrusive presence of this leering woman representing Mrs. Somebody's Hair Restorer on the walls of the Eternal City, does recall to my mind a proverbial saying which seems peculiarly applicable in this instance; namely, "See Rome and dye."



Balbus and Caius, A.D. 1889.

The truth of another proverb, that "Rome was not built in a day," is borne in upon us with irresistible force at every turn. "Rome built in a day!" cries JOHNNIE. "Why, they're at it now!" BALBUS and CAIUS, who were always building walls, by way of Latin exercise, in our youth, are still at it, still building Rome in A.U.C. 2640. They're making quite a new Rome—a Haussmannish Rome—of it. In another ten years Rome will possess splendid streets (at least I am inartistic enough to hope so), and ample pavement (also my sincere wish), and in its main thoroughfares it will be as like Paris as the BALBI and CAII, carrying out their orders and contracts, can make it.

"Masonry" is condemned at Rome," says JOHNNIE, "and so it ought to be, until the streets are widened, and pavement-makers have been set to work."

"It's wonderfully picturesque, though," I say, referring to the old gate, old streets, old walls, and old houses.

"Very," returns JOHNNIE, coming cautiously out of a dark hole in a wall where a small Roman greengrocer carries on his trade, and in which JOHNNIE has taken refuge from the dangerous proximity of a recklessly-driven cab; "only I do object to there being no pavement for foot-passengers."

As to the environs, on a pouring day like this, we might as well be walking in a ploughed field. Fortunately we don't attempt it, and having hired a Roman car with a hood and apron, we are driven to "St. Paul's outside the Walls,"—"I thought it couldn't be 'without the Walls,'" says JOHNNIE, "or how on earth could it stand up?"—which is almost as great a wonder as St. Peter's.

During our short stay, we see everything that is possible to be seen in the time; but JOHNNIE is thoroughly upset by the fact of not being permitted to smoke after breakfast and dinner in the restaurant of the hotel, and what with the heat of our bed-room, which is next to the kitchen chimney, the noise of the street at night, and the almost incessant rain, he is dissatisfied with everything—except a dinner at the *Caffè di Roma*, and the *chianti* in a magnum flask—and anxious to return as soon as possible to Monte Carlo, and so home.

We take a walk on the Pincio, and delight in the view. In these

gardens there are so many ecclesiastics of all sorts, sizes, and ages, and such a large proportion of them evidently only students, that I am forcibly reminded of the College grounds of Cambridge or Oxford in term time. The youths are enjoying themselves with all the soberness that characterises such reading men at either University as affect their cap and gown at all times, even when taking their constitutional. I suppose if one of these Roman students is out without his academicals, there is no Roman Proctor and Bulldogs to stop him and ask him for his name and college, and then fine him six-and-eightpence.

Cabs are wonderfully cheap in Rome. In order to compete with the recently-introduced omnibuses and tram-cars, the cab-proprietors have reduced their tariff to half-a-franc for a course, "but," says JOHNNIE, cheering up a bit, "no one gives less than a franc as a matter of course." No *pour-boire* is expected, and if given, it is received with gratitude. The price for driving about is two francs the hour, their pace is generally good, and if the thoroughfare be crowded with pedestrians and the street more than usually dirty and narrow, then you may rely upon his going at full speed merely for the humour of the thing, and you'll have plenty of excitement for your money.



On our last morning we go to see the pictures and the statuary in the Vatican. We have no catalogue.

"Don't want one," says JOHNNIE. "All the names are on the things, and I can make mums as I go along."

So, with big note-book and pencil, he walks through the galleries, as if the POPE had been sold up, and he, JOHNNIE SPOFFERD, were the man in possession taking an inventory of the plate, ornaments, and fixtures. "Look here!" he says, suddenly drawing my attention to a small bust in the Hall of Philosophers and Muses. "Fancy this being SOCRATES!" Yes, fancy! "And yet," says JOHNNIE, "I seem to know the face. Yes. It's uncommonly like the bust of DARWIN in one of the Kensington Museums."

In the Sistine Chapel we see several tourists lying supinely at full length on the seats. "So irreverent, in a chapel, too! Just as if they were resting after a Turkish bath," says JOHNNIE. "Though," he adds, as he glances round, "it isn't much like a chapel to look at." No it is not. More like a decorated Concert Hall. We gradually become aware of the fact that the sprawling tourists are only deeply interested in the work of MICHAEL ANGELO on the ceiling, and have discovered that the only way of studying it satisfactorily is on their backs. JOHNNIE is tired, and pines for Monte Carlo. I rather think that a telegram which he receives on re-entering our hotel is a bogus one, only intended to give him a fair excuse for saying he must return at once "on business." As I must make the best of my way to London, I decide to accompany him, hoping for another opportunity of seeing Rome at my leisure, and having a month to do it in. We start.

Monte Carlo Revisited.—"Great attraction!! For one night only!!!" That is as far as I am concerned, only a day and a half and one night. Lovely weather. Beautiful N.E. wind. JOHNNIE, who has recovered his spirits, says jocosely, "Rather have had N.E. other wind. But better than Rome. One can breathe here," and he disappears into that unhealthy hot-house the Casino. At dinner, he tells me he has met a man who has been awfully lucky playing only on the thirties. That's his system. Meeting subsequently at ZER0's, JOHNNIE is looking weary and worn. Anything the matter? Yes, his system is upset. He wishes he had never met the man who told him about the "thirties." He will leave Monte Carlo with me to-morrow morning. After all, no place like London.

London.—Black Fog. Certainly no place like London. We lose sight of each other in the fog. JOHNNIE goes due East. I due South once more, only not farther than South Kent Coast. End of holiday.

IN THE NAME OF THE PROFIT—POSTERS!

(A Story of the next Budget.)

THERE had been roars of laughter in the House when the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER had referred to the proposed tax. "It was utterly ridiculous, it would never increase the revenue by a single penny." So said the greatest financiers of the day, but the Right Hon. Gentleman merely smiled and held his peace.

On the morning following the annual statement, a businesslike individual stood in front of the Chancellor's table, extracting drawings from a large carpet-bag for the Right Hon. Gentleman's edification.

"I think Sir," said the businesslike individual, "that this should prove attractive."

And then he unfolded an elaborate design, showing a *belle* of the last century (with a white wig and black patches) dancing a minuet with a *beau* in the costume of the same period.

"Is it bold enough?" asked the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER, gazing earnestly at the picture.

"For a commencement certainly," replied his visitor, "you see we shall call attention to our *spécialité* in large letters underneath."

"As it is intended for the hoardings," observed the Chancellor, "I fancy it would have been wiser to have secured a design from the studio of Sir JOHN MILLAIS."

"You may be right," returned the other. "And now, Right Hon. Sir, I must say farewell, as these pictures must be distributed through the length and breadth of the land at once."

"I can rely upon you?" asked the Chancellor, earnestly.

"Until death!" was the answer—delivered from the hall, as the businesslike individual was already quickly taking his departure.

The next day the financier of the Government perambulated the streets stopping now and again to admire a magnificent picture of a minuet as danced in the last century. Then he caught cold and was ordered to the South of France for the sake of his health. He selected Monaco as his resting-place. Partly because of the extreme beauty of the locality, and partly because he had some business of a private character to transact in Monte Carlo. This private business at first engrossed his whole time, but after suffering a severe pecuniary reverse, he had leisure to attend to other things. It was then that he began to dip into the London papers and monthly magazines, that had followed him into his retirement. He found the picture of the minuet in many of them. Then he noticed another design. A well-known Judge had evidently had an accident while engaged in shaving. The engraving, however, was of a comforting character, for in it it was seen that the learned occupant of the Bench had applied to the cut a piece of adhesive plaster.

"This looks like business," murmured the Chancellor.

Having received a remittance sufficient in amount to defray the expenses of his passage home, the Right Hon. Gentleman was soon again in London. For the remainder of the year his financial duties detained him in Town, and during this period he was constantly passing and repassing the hoardings of the Metropolis.

"That is very good," he observed on one occasion, as he noticed a clever representation of HAROLD dying on the field of Hastings; while the shade of a gentleman in the garb of the Nineteenth Century sorrowfully hovered over him as he regretfully held up a large box labelled "invaluable for wounds." "It is striking and original! I really think my daring scheme will succeed."

Then his friends told him that they had also seen this touching tableau in foreign parts. One had met it in Italy, another on the Pyramids, a third in the Arctic Circle. And the time passed quickly, and once again the day arrived for the delivery of the Annual Financial Statement.

At the appointed hour the Right Hon. Gentleman was in his place. He rose from his seat with a smile of triumph on his lips.

"Sir," said he, addressing the Speaker of the House of Commons, "I know that I am required to find Millions to defray the expense attendant upon the entire rebuilding of London, the purchase money of pauperdom, the funds requisite for creating a fleet ten times as powerful as that we now possess, and many other matters of minor importance. Well, Sir—without adding a single penny to the present taxation—I can produce the cash. I have an ample surplus, sufficient to meet all requirements. And that surplus has been obtained by the slight impost I put twelve months ago upon sticking-plaster."

"Sticking-plaster!" cried the House of Commons *en masse*. "Sticking-plaster! How was it made so productive?"

The Right Hon. Gentleman smiled, and then in a voice trembling with patriotic emotion exclaimed, "Sticking-plaster has been puffed into its present satisfactory position by the energy of ambitious advertising!"

Then followed a mighty shout of exultation, as the House realised that England had once more been saved, and BRITANNIA would again rule the waves without adding anything extra to the Income Tax.



"Bock agen!"



ENCOURAGEMENT.

"WHAT A PITY YOU DON'T HAVE LOOKING-GLASSES ALL ALONG THE WALLS—THEN ONE COULD SEE ONESELF AS ONE WENT ROUND YOU KNOW."—"WHY, MISS, IF YOU WAS TO SEE YOURSELF IN A LOOKING-GLASS JUST NOW, YOU'D NEVER GIT ON A 'ORSE AGAIN!"

THE FIRST WITNESS.

Bill Sikes loquitur:—

'Ane it all! I'm a man and a Briton,
(Though given to bully and "bash"),
And the bloomin' fine game they 'ave hit on
Is giving me—me, mates!—the lash.
Wot next? Where's the good o' belonging
To England, the Land o' the Free,
If with 'arsh inderserminit thonging
They brutalize Me?

Great Scott! It stirs up the fine feeling
As burns in the breast of a "lag."
Philanterpists, though, will start squealing
If *that* Cat's let out o' the bag.
Thanks be! times is turned sentimental,
(A state of affairs as I likes),
And some parties' love's quite parental,
To poor, ill-used SIKES.

To lash a cove's back is degrading,
Espeshully unto the cove.
Lor', wot is the use o' perwading
The Age with the Sperrit of Love,
If, becos a chap uses his fistes,
An' runs jest a little bit wide,
They ties up that chap by his wristes,
And leathers his hide?

The Sperrit o' Love! That's my maxim;
It's 'oly, and oily and nice.
Who wants to hinqure? I'd jest ax him
To step up, and take *my* advice.
I knows my own 'art, I should 'ope, Sir;
I knows wot'll soften it; *that*
Is kindness and care and soft soap, Sir.—
It isn't the Cat!

It puts a cove's back up, I tell yer,
To feel the nine tails on its skin.
Stop violence? Don't let 'em sell yer
With any sech bosh. It's too thin.
If I lands my wife one on the smeller,
Flog! flog! shouts some idiots. Flog?
Yah! There's nothink like Catting a feller—
To make him a dog!

'Cos women is dashed aggravating,
And 'cos some old parties won't "part"
Without 'aving a bit of a slating,
They wants for to 'arden my 'art
By getting some brute of a warder
To wale my poor back till I 'owl.
No, gents, if yer wants Lor and Horder
Yer mustn't 'it foul.

Am I not a man and a brother,
As well as a Nig. or a Pat?
Jest wouldn't they kick up a bother
If BALFOUR gave "Carders" the Cat?
If I bash a woman, or Bobby,
Or riddle a Copper with shot,
The Lash-lovers mount their old hobby,
I tell yer it's rot!

No, gents; if yer'd put down garotting,
Wife-kicking, and trifles like that,
Or stop the new game, Peeler-potting,
For 'Evin's sake, don't try the Cat!
It's obselete, gents, like the gallows;
Our kyind Christian times it won't suit.
It'll turn warder's 'arts cold and callous,
And make Me a Brute!

[Left snivelling.]

"QUITE A LITTLE HOLIDAY."—HENRY and ELLEN have been invited to play before the QUEEN.

TELEPHONIC TALK;

Or, What We may Expect.

How delightful of the Authorities to have opened telephonic communication to the public, and to have installed a *bureau* for conversational purposes at every Post-office in the United Kingdom.

It is so immensely convenient, and saves one such infinite time and trouble, to be able just to step across the way and communicate directly with one's doctor, lawyer, man of business, or any friend at a minute's notice.

Dear me, the office seems to me to be somewhat inconveniently crowded. This old lady assures me that she has been waiting three hours and a half but hasn't yet been "switched on" to her solicitor.

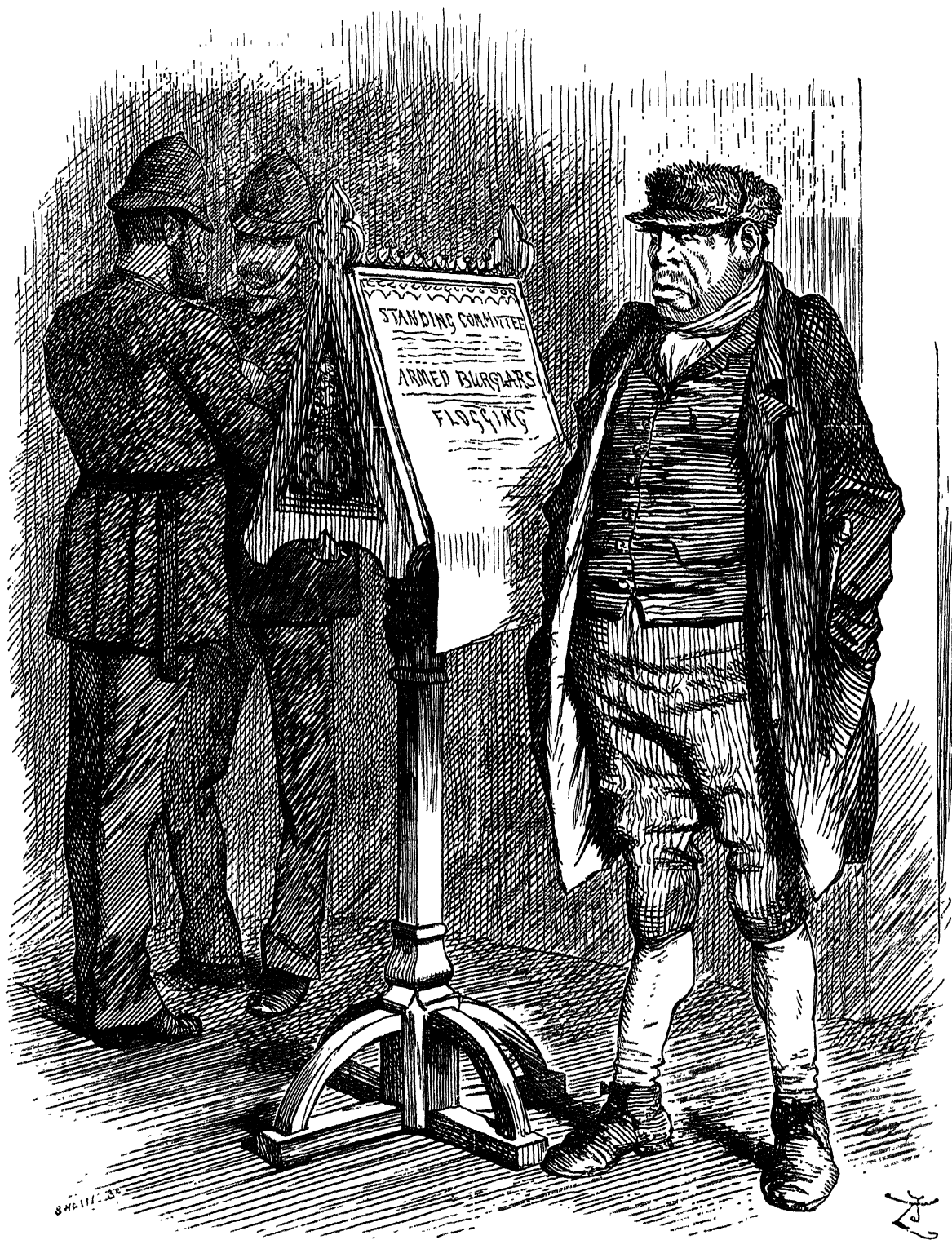
At last I have secured an instrument! and have explained what I want to my house agent.

I do wish the invalid old gentleman next to me, who is communicating with his doctor, would not bawl out all his symptoms at the top of his voice.

Why, what is this? There surely must be some mistake. It can't be my house agent who is telling me just "to keep where I am," and he'll soon "drive over in a four-wheeler and do for me with a red-hot poker." This must certainly be the reply from the escaped lunatic of whom that middle-aged gentleman has been making inquiries respecting the recent Shoreditch murder.

Ha! The clerk in charge of the apparatus admits that the connections may have possibly got a little "mixed."

The earnest pleading, though, with which that young man is making an offer of his



THE FIRST WITNESS.

(Before the Standing Committee on the Larceny Act (1861) Amendment (Use of Firearms) Bill.)

BILL SIKES (*Injured Innocent*). "‘CAT’ BE BLOW’D!" (*Pause.*) "‘P-O-ON MY WORD!—DO THEY WANT TO MAKE A BRUTE O’ ME?"

hand and his heart to the damsel of his choice is extremely simple and touching.

Judging, however, from the consternation depicted on the face of that bustling stockbroker, it is he, and not the young man, who must have received her encouraging reply.

Ha! perhaps this is the answer from my house agent! No. Disappointed again. It is only the doctor's prescription and advice for the invalid old gentleman!

On the whole, I think I will wait to have recourse to the telephone, till the "switching on" works a trifle better and the connections are in rather more reliable order.

PROSPECT AND RETROSPECT.

A Surrey Cricketer's April Song.

ONCE more the wintry fogs take wing and pass,
Once more spring sunshine greens the sprouting grass;
The cricket-bag is taken from the wall,
The hopeful smiter eyes his well-kept ball,
And his prophetic fancy fondly fixes
On leather-flogging "fours" and spanking "sixes."
GRACE once again for practice rears the stumps,
Carefully "places," muscularly thumps.
Young willow-wielders in the sporting news bury
Their noses, seeking "notes" on READ and SHREWSBURY,
The prospects of respective cricket "pots,"
The rival hopes of Surrey and of Nottingham.
But on the Surrey turf no more shall stand,
With firm-placed feet, keen eye, and steady hand,
Sturdy "Young Stonewall." Chief of Surrey's joys,
Long since, one of the much praised "Surrey boys,"
Ere Surrey's star had risen as of late,
He has succumbed to the decree of fate.
No more with stolid care to "take his block,"
No more loose bowling o'er the field to knock;
No more, with HUMPHREY, to run up the score
With safety to a "century" or more
Ere the first parting came, and "Tom" or "Harry"
To the pavilion back his bat would carry.
Lovers of "Good Old Surrey," when you crowd
Next to our dear old Oval, and are loud
In praise of "WALTER's" skill or ABEL's "go,"
Or tireless LOHMANN's scattering of the foe;
Cast back a kindly thought o'er twenty years;
Think of the time when the wide circle's cheers
Rose as the score-board showed "Two hundred up"
With One-Two-Six, not out, to—HARRY JUPP!

A POPULAR CONCERT.—That between the Conservative and Liberal Unionists at Birmingham.



A MERE HOMŒOPATHIC DOSE.

Mister Beer. "I SAY, LORD CHAMPAGNE, HERE'S SOMETHING NASTY DR. GOSCHEN'S GIVEN ME TO TAKE!—AND IT'S OUT OF DR. GLADSTONE'S OLD PRESCRIPTION. I REMEMBER IT. UGH!"

Lord Champagne. "MY DEAR SIR, THAT'S NOTHING. DR. GOSCHEN PRESCRIBED FOR MY CONSUMPTION LAST YEAR, AND MY FIZZICAL CONDITION HAS IMPROVED WONDERFULLY. YOU'LL HARDLY KNOW YOU'VE TAKEN IT, AND THE RESULTS WILL BE HIGHLY SATISFACTORY, I'M SURE."

THE CHAUNT OF THE CHANCELLOR.

Mr. Goschen sings:—

'Tis hard indeed for the Exchequer
To keep up its financial pecker,
When so much to its loss and hurt is meant
By tricks of trade and loud Advertisement.
They've found, for instance—dodge unholy!
Tobacco that will smoke more slowly
Than do old "Birdseyes," and old "Shags,"
And that depletes my Money Bags.
Smokers, in your cheap opiate heaven, you
Forget how you pull down the Revenue.
Fast-smoking Baccys now men can't sell, or
Will not, so Pity a poor Chancellor!
I trust, my dear "consuming classes,"
You like slow whiffs, but you are asses.
If possible you fondly judge it
To smoke cheap and not spoil my Budget.
Coffee again! Confound the berry!
Coffee won't move! Ah, you are merry,
But I don't feel like "Lika Joko."
It's all along of puffed-up Cocoa,
And Advertising arts sensational;
I call the rascals anti-national.
"Grateful and comforting?" Fiddle-de-dee!
It is not comforting to me!
"Coffee is dull." Why don't the roasters
Go in for big and flaming posters?
But no, that's not to be expected.
The berry's foolishly neglected.
It's berry sad! (Excuse the pun, I
Must make finance a little funny

Just to keep up my reputation
As the first joker in the nation.)
Then tea again is disappointing
My Budget plans still more disjoining.
Those who like strong tea, and are stingy,
Go in for the cheap brands from "Ing." In place of Souchong and of Pekoe.
My tax on Pommery and Cliquot
Has answered—tribute to my nous!—and
Realised eight and thirty thousand
More than the estimate! Still nathless
It doesn't leave the Exchequer scathless.
If people, in a style provoking
Will have cheap drinking and slow smoking,
A Chancellor will be more puzzled
Than when they freely puffed and guzzled;
And they must give him what he axes
In little compensating Taxes.

LAW COURT-ESI.

SIR,—The treatment which Jurors receive in this so-called enlightened country is even worse than your Correspondent "LOCKED UP FOR TWO DAYS" represents. His experience of ten years ago is, no doubt, interesting to the public, however painful it may have been to himself. But I can supplement it with an account of the really barbarous ill-usage to which I and eleven other respectable citizens were subjected only last week. At lunch-time we were conducted to an apartment where we were actually invited to regale ourselves with a repast consisting of chops and potatoes (the

latter half-boiled), bread and cheese, and beer! No champagne! No side-dishes! Even whiskey and water was declared by the attendant (whose demeanour when I asked for that beverage was quite offensive) to be "not allowed by their Lordships." Comment is needless. I can only say that I refused to attend to a word of the summing-up, and deliberately convicted a prisoner, who I have every reason to believe was as innocent as

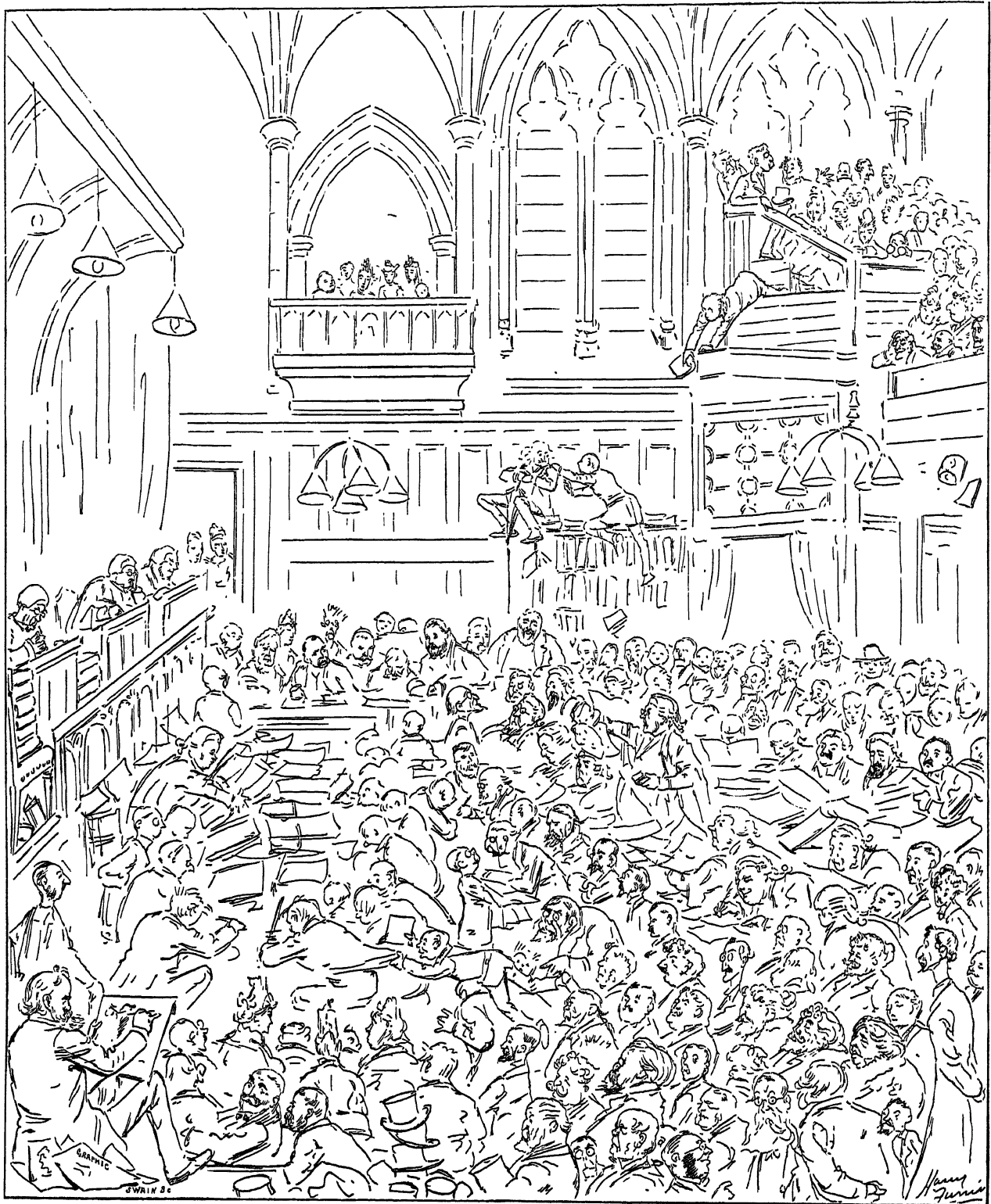
Yours indignantly, A BRITISH SLAVE.

SIR,—I should like to say that, as a Juror, I don't see the use of Judges. They make trials much longer, by their summings-up, and simply confuse us. Then I think that counsel on both sides could advantageously be dispensed with. What is the good of summoning a Jury and then not giving them full powers? Just leave us alone with Plaintiff and Defendant, and the matter in dispute will soon be settled; I may say, squared.

Yours, MAN OF BUSINESS.

SIR,—Jurors are the greatest idiots in the world. I always tried to keep them out of my Court; and when they were forced upon me, I used to show them what I thought of them. They fortunately were unable to retaliate by explaining what they thought of me. I have the satisfaction of remembering that a Foreman who once asked a Judge to "cut his remarks short," had to pay a fine of Five Pounds for his lack of appreciation of the Judge's judicial abilities. YOUR HONOUR.

INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS. No. 66.



THE ROYAL COMMISSION.

Rough Sketch made by Mr. Punch's Special Artist in a Fog.

Consolation.

THOUGH Baron DE WORMS is quite sweet on the terms
Of his Sugar Convention, some folks are demurring.
It may stir up strife while discussion is rife;
But then Sugar is never much good *without* stirring.

Aries and Taurus. (By a Pathriot.)

OH sure, but the claim of the Saxon to rule us
Is proved by this token a fraud and a sham.
He may chate, and coerce us, and blight and befule us,
But BULL can't git on widout aid from the Ram!



"NO RINT!"

SAXON SUBSCRIBER (TO AN IRISH "FISHERY") READS NOTICE-BOARD! TABLEAU!

IN THEIR EASTER EGGS.

The Emperor of Germany.—Rules of the new Imperial "Peace-Game" quite lately introduced at Berlin.

The Shah.—A Cook's circular Tourist's Ticket, including second-class hotel accommodation for himself and a select Court suite of sixty followers, in lieu of the usual provision for their entertainment at the leading Royal and Imperial Palaces of Europe.

General Boulanger.—An entirely new and original Variety Entertainment, with various dress-disguises complete, for the purpose of recreating and astonishing the Parisian public, pending the progress of the forthcoming Exhibition.

King Milan.—A Jerusalem "pony," and bunch of the local artichokes, presented to him by the leading "Orthodox" ecclesiastics on the occasion of his approaching visit to Palestine.

Sir E. J. Reed.—A thorough show-up of Mr. WHITE's scheme for making good the existing deficiencies of the Navy.

Mr. White.—A crushing rejoinder to Sir E. J. REED's reckless and inconclusive criticism.

Duke of Nassau.—Shilling Handbook to the Management of a New Duchy and Minor Potentates' Guide. (New Edition, with French Notes.)

Sultan of Zanzibar.—Small Dictionary of Elementary Diplomatic Phrases for use in negotiations with the officials of the German East African Company.

Mr. Raikes.—Thanks of the British public penned to him on one of his own promised new halfpenny post-cards, which really costs only a half-penny.

Prince Bismarck.—Prize Popular Lecture on the "Dangers and Difficulties of Colonisation," assisted with Magic Lantern slides powerfully illustrating some recent German experiences.

Captain Aitchinoff.—Apology from the French Naval Commander in the Red Sea, and a cheque for the alleged missing 45,000 roubles.

Mr. John Albert Bright.—New set of Elastic Principles for occasional use when addressing his Tory constituents.

Lord Charles Beresford.—Presentation Pamphlet, entitled, *One Hundred Ways of Knocking an Enemy's Battle-Ship into a Cocked Hat*, with copious illustrations.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer.—Prize for the discovery of the secret of how to make up the deficiencies of the Budget, without clapping an extra penny on the Income Tax.

Captain Kane (of the Calliope).—A step up, and good service medal for having, by his pluck and judgment rescued his crew and ship from disaster in the recent hurricane off Samoa.

Lady Sandhurst.—A short and not obscure Act of Parliament asserting her equal eligibility with members of the "male sex" to the post of a London County Councillor.

Mr. W. H. Smith.—Prize Penny Novelette entitled, *The Advantages of Eminent Respectability; or, the Story of the good Mediocre Statesman who always endeavoured to do his Duty.*

Mr. Balfour.—A few more coercive moves for the irritation of the Irish Party.

And the Irish Party.—A fresh crop of curses to be hurled at the head of Mr. BALFOUR.

EXTREMES MEET.

[A Correspondent ("C."), writing to the *Morning Post*, suggests that Mr. H. M. STANLEY's account of the "venomous, cowardly, and thievish" dwarfs found in the Congo region, is a confirmation of HERODOTUS.]

ATHWART two thousand years you smile and nod at us,

"Good old" HERODOTUS;

Through some months' mists we see your figure manly,

Intrepid STANLEY;

But, youthful Yank and aged Sire of History, The Land of Mystery

Links you in secular bonds inseparable.

Fact bears out "Fable."

Halicarnassian credulous and chatty,

STANLEY's Wambatti,

Told of in your old time, would have been And coldly flouted [scouted]

As figments of some wild extravaganza.

But the Nyanza

Is near to us to-day, like Nile and Congo.

Scarce can we wrong go,

So-deemed inventor of the Traveller's "thumper,"

In brimming bumper

To Africa's earliest dinner and its latest;

And though thou datest

Twenty-three centuries ago, or thereabout,

Thou wouldst not care about

That trifle, who didst scribble that men's Their feats and factions, [actions,

"Might not by time be all effaced." Dear Let no goose-gabbling [babbling,

Of a too sapient pundit perk proboscis

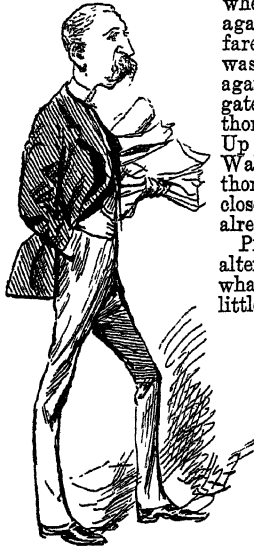
If PUNCHIUS tosses

A brimmer to two travellers wise and manly, "HERODOTUS and STANLEY!!!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday Night, April 15.—Man a curious mixture. Here's HOWARD VINCENT, who goes in for Protection wherever British goods are concerned, dead against Protection when London thoroughfares are in question. Before County Council was, HOWARD VINCENT started agitation against relics of feudalism in form of chains, gates, and watch-towers in so-called private thoroughfares situate in heart of Metropolis. Up to-night with question about Birdcage Walk. Why should this broad convenient thoroughfare, made with public money, be closed to bulk of traffic, driving it into already overcrowded Victoria Street?



PLUNKET protests arrangement cannot be altered. Suppose road were thrown open, what is to become of Beadle in uniform, in little box at Queen Anne's Gate, who pops out and stops vehicles whose colour he doesn't like, or whose horse doesn't meet with his approval? Spirit of revolution abroad; must be stopped somewhere; Birdcage Walk good place to make a stand; so PLUNKET folds his arms and warns off HOWARD VINCENT.

JEMMY LOWTHER much pleased. "Glad to see there's some pluck left in this Ministry, after all. They swamp us with Local Government Bill, and to-night GOSCHEN fetches in Radical Budget, raiding on landed property, and robbing the Brewers. If they had given up Birdcage Walk, Constitution Hill would have gone next, and there would be hardly any barrier left between East and West."

GOSCHEN's Budget suspiciously cheered from Opposition Benches. Conservatives sat glum, only Truthful JAMES opening his lips to point moral of the approval. A small House, Members making holiday before the sun shone. GLADSTONE set example by posting off to Hawarden. Another Grand Old Man in Peers' Gallery listening to his sixty-third Budget Speech.

"Going already?" I asked him, as he passed out after GOSCHEN had been under weigh an hour.

"Yes," said Lord COTESLORE, "think this will do me to be going on with. Getting up in years, you know; ninety-two this year—GLADSTONE a mere chicken."

"But you're looking pretty well. How do you manage it?"

"Budgets, TOBY, dear boy, Budgets," he whispered in my ear. "Man and boy, I've lived on 'em for sixty year. Tell you the infallible secret of life: begin early on Budgets; always be in your place in Commons when Budget comes on; stands to reason that if you do this for sixty-three years in succession you're bound to live to pretty old age. Medical nostrums all very well, but the elixir of life is a Budget Speech." *Business done.*—Budget explained.

Tuesday.—House met to-day to adjourn for Easter Recess. SAGE of Queen Anne's Gate, who manages these things, got us two extra

days' holiday. Last Thursday, in interview with AKERS-DOUGLAS, undertook that if holidays were extended to 29th inst., votes in Class I. of Civil Service Estimates should be agreed to. AKERS-DOUGLAS mentioned matter to OLD MORALITY. OLD MORALITY showed disposition to bargain; Said two or three votes in Class II. should be thrown in. SAGE shook his head; couldn't be done; Votes very scarce to-day; had really offered as much as could be fairly expected. OLD MORALITY at last gave way; votes in Class I. agreed to right off, and announcement made that holidays would be extended. That's the way we do business in House of Commons. Find nothing about this in Parliamentary Reports; but it's literally true.

Might fancy boys be in high spirits on eve of holiday. But never know where you have them. Here's WILFRID LAWSON with his knuckles in his eyes trying to squeeze out tear.



"I think I'll go home!"

"Please, Sir," he whimpers, "can't we see the battering-ram during the holidays?"

SPEAKER looks at BALFOUR. BALFOUR not sure. Wouldn't like to answer important question like that off hand. So at six o'clock, when still full hour to work at Votes in Supply, progress is moved, the battering-ram brought in, and the boys joyfully swarmed round it. Time for talk strictly limited; but Windbag SEXTON bags three-fifths of it. Towards close of oration discovers Chief Secretary yawning; terribly angry; fumes and frets, holds him up to execration of mankind.

"If a man mayn't yawn when Windbag SEXTON comes up to occupy very last moments of a sitting," said C. P. VILLIERS, "freedom is a mockery. I think I'll go home." He went; and so, at seven o'clock, did all of us.

Business done.—House adjourned till 29th April.

POSTERITY ON THE PIPES.

(By Our Anti-Scotch Seer.)

[It is said that the strains of the bagpipe are being preserved by the phonograph for the benefit of posterity.]

TOM, TOM, the piper's son,
Preserved the "drone"—what fiendish fun!—
In that foe of music, the phonograph,
That Posterity, pleased, might listen and laugh.
Posterity came, in its time, and heard
The gruesome row as it groaned and ghir-r-r-ed;
And it rose in wrath, and it fiercely smote
That phonograph, that never a note
Could come from the box, or little or big;
For Posterity said, "'Tis the squeak of the Pig
That TOM the Piper's son stole in his time,
As told in the ancient nursery rhyme.
TOM was whipt for the theft, and it served him right;
But our verdict is that the sin was slight
Of stealing that pig with the curly tail,
Compared with the crime of preserving his wail!

"A DREAM OF FAIR WOMEN."

1890.—Admission of Spinsters and Widows to the London County Council. Large grants of money made to Curates and Junior Physicians. Establishment of a College for Cats, Canaries, and Pug Dogs. Scheme of Metropolitan Improvements providing reservoirs of perfume for fountains in Trafalgar Square, and gratuitous distribution of sunshades on the Thames Embankment, carried by a large female majority. Five-o'clock Tea introduced at the Meetings of the Council.

1891.—Admission of Spinsters and Widows into Parliament. Heavy tax imposed on latchkeys and cigars. Bill introduced for closing all Clubs at 9:30 P.M., and prohibiting smoking therein. General Election.—Return of immense majority of female Candidates. First female Ministry.

1892.—Queen's Speech promises admission of females into Army, Navy, and Bar. Measure embodying above proposals carried by substantial majorities. Lady Chancellor introduces Bill for Abolition of Male Judges, and the substitution of Judgesesses, which passes through all its stages with immense enthusiasm. Collapse of the Judicial System and Emigration of the entire (male) Legal Profession to China and the more remote colonies. A difficulty having been found in obtaining female sailors, abolition of the Navy. The Army Estimates are introduced, and provide only for lady orchestras. Swords, cannon, and rifles, are ordered to be sold to the North American Indians and other savage races.

1893.—Treaty with France to regard England as the most favoured nation so far as the Paris Fashions are concerned. Measures passed for the extermination of mice, black-beetles, and barking dogs. Male M.P.'s abolished. Overthrow of the Ministry on the question of giving a Fancy Dress Ball in the House of Commons. General Election, when the Blue-Stocking Party is returned with a large majority. Lessons in dancing prohibited, and the universal wearing of spectacles rendered compulsory.

1894.—Men expelled from the Empire. Marriage declared a felony, and Single Blessedness proclaimed the first Law of Women.

1950.—Death of the surviving inhabitant of London, and final collapse of the British Empire.

Froude's Novel.

'BOUT FROUDE there is no mystery | His fiction's full of history,
He writes without restriction, | His history full of fiction.

CUM GRANO.—It is generally understood that even should "Sale of Grain by Weight" be established, the Government have no present intention of securing the exclusive services of a popular Entertainer.

TALES OF A TRAVELLER.

OBEDIENT to your orders, I interviewed his Lordship. In reply to my first question, "Where have you been all this long time?" the distinguished traveller replied, "Everywhere. South Pole, North Pole, East and West pole. In leaving the North Foreland—I mean the Dorogovki Straits, first turning to the left after leaving Pubb's Island,—I steered a straight course in my caravan, which for convenience I had fitted up so as to use it as a sailing boat, rowing, or steam-boat, or in fact, anything. It was intensely cold at midday and we registered (I had a registrar with me for births, deaths, and marriages) sixty-four degrees below zero, which was good for the Bank, but bad for the players who had gone the *maximum en plein*. At night it was lower again, and they all got so low that most of my party refused to play any more. Along the road we counted five thousand dead Indians, who had, I suppose, committed suicide, in consequence of zero turning up so often. Otherwise, I can't account for it."

I asked him, "Did he feel warm himself?"

His Lordship replied, "Never better. Had a high old time of it. We left Jamrackia hurriedly, being pursued by raving—mad wild beasts; and, to save our lives, we had to swim across a river, the water of which, strange as it may sound, had risen so much during the recent floods, that it rose considerably higher than Niagara, and we had to swim up with the tide, as it came with a mighty impetus below to reach its own level, which was now just two miles and a-half above."

I could not help remarking that this must have given him considerable trouble.

"Indeed it did," he replied,



CERTIFIED ENGLISH LADY EIFFEL TOURIST GUIDES TO PARIS DURING THE EXHIBITION.

with a smile. "What with holding my bag in one hand, my gun in the other, my knife in my mouth, and having to keep my pockets closed for fear anything should drop out, I had enough to do, I can tell you; and I may add, I really should not care about going through the performance again. However, when we had arrived safely on shore, the climate of the hitherto undiscovered country was perfect, we were soon dry and chattering with the natives, many of whose faces I was almost certain I recognised as having seen frequently in London."

"Really!" I exclaimed.

"Yes," said his Lordship rising, "I have made the grand discovery of the age. The North Pole is as easy of access to a Londoner as is London to a Northpolar. They have possessed the secret of the passage for years past, and they are often over here and among us. They are acquainted with everything that is going on in London, speak our language perfectly, and indeed no other. They have no leading man of energy among them to work a company and make the intercommunication as simple and as big a commercial success as the Club Train ought to be which starts at 4.30 from Victoria and lands its passengers at 11 P.M. in Paris, the baggage being examined, and the dinner eaten *en route*. Will you put your name down for 100 shares in the London and North Pole Club Train?"

But while his Lordship was finding the prospectus, I suddenly remembered that I was due at your office within five minutes, and so I left without disturbing his Lordship, who, I hear, is going to add to his title and appear as Earl of Longtalo and Munchausen.

DECAY OF ART.—The pictures of the National Portrait Gallery are spoiling at Bethnal Green. Certainly, as *Macbeth* says:—"This is a sorry site."

H.M.S. "CALLIOPE."

A Dithyrambic to the "Deus ex Machina" of to-day.

"A remarkable incident of the hurricane at Samoa is related this week. Captain KANE, commanding the *Calliope*, finding his vessel in danger, turned her head to the storm, and endeavoured to steam out of the harbour of Apia in the teeth of the hurricane. For a few minutes it seemed as if Nature must win, but the engines were good, and the engineers daring, and inch by inch the *Calliope* made way. As she passed the great American corvette *Trenton*, her crew of four hundred, who knew their vessel was drifting on the reef, and were momentarily expecting death, recognised Captain KANE's daring seamanship, and with true professional, and, we may add, American feeling, gave the *Calliope* a vigorous cheer. Enough has not been said of the *Calliope's* engines. It was their quality and condition which enabled the commander of the *Calliope* to adopt a plan from which both German and American, with older engines, necessarily shrank."—*The Spectator*.

Who flouts our "mechanical age," and with pessimist babble declares That machinery masters our manhood, and dulls down the spirit that dares?

Let him turn to the tale of Samoa, the story of stout Captain KANE, And that fight with the storm of the Engines he trusted—nor trusted in vain.

A new subject for song, and a strange one, the languid lute-thrummers may sneer.

Fancy seeking a bard's inspiration in Engine, and Boiler, and Gear!

Fancy PINDAR be-praising a Piston, CATULLUS be-chanting a Crank!

Well, why not a battle-ship's "screw," Sir, as well as a battle-ship's shank?

He who rhymed of the "Good News from Ghent," he who sang "The Black War-rigal Horse,"

Might thrill English hearts with the tale of the gallant *Calliope's* course.

In the teeth of that terrible gale, when the best that the brave and the bold

Could do were of little avail should those Engines perchance fail to hold!

But the Engines were big, RENNIE's best, firm to stand the fierce shock and the strain

Of the thundering Typhoon's assaults, and he knew it, that stout Captain KANE;

And just as a well-mounted rider will set his good steed at a leap,

Which a man on a cripple must shirk, whence a man on a cocktail will creep,

So KANE set his ship in the face of the storm, slipped his cables, and stood.

For the broad open sea he might reach—yes, if RENNIE's great Engines proved good.

And now was the time for such test as the measured-mile trials knew not,

Such strain as will find the least flaw, and such pressure as proves the weak spot.

Bad now if a draughtsman has bungled, bad now if a workman has scamped!

Picture now that swart first Engineer, as they circled, and thudded, and champed,

Those shafts, and those rods, and those wheels, which he knows to a nut and a tooth.

If those Titan-arm "throws" are forged fair, if those slides run with smoothness and truth,

Who knows? They may ride out the gale, though the *Grant* and the *Nipsic* ashore

Lie wrecked on a reef, and the *Trenton* scarce faces the hurricane's roar.

"Huzza!" That's a cheer from the *Trenton*; brave hearts have those Yankees who hail,

The *Calliope's* plucky attempt, from the midst of a peril to pale

The cheeks of COLUMBUS himself, "Hail Columbia!" the sound of that cheer

Will follow us, gallant four hundred, this many and many a year.

The loud-throbbing engines toil on through the fierce billow-scourging wild blast,

And—hurrah! thanks to KANE and to RENNIE, they're out of the sea-gate at last!

The reef's in their rear, and sore pressed by the gale, but to battle it free,

With machinery firm and unflawed, the *Calliope* stands out to sea.

If a jockey has joy in his mount, if a sailor exults in his yacht,

If *Ormonde* gets *kudos* all round, and the *Volunteer's* held a big pot,

Pray why should not Captain and Maker be proud of such Engines as these?

So in drinking KANE's jolly good health, *Punch* will drink RENNIE's too, if you please.

AN EXHIBITION MATCH

BETWEEN THE BRUMMAGEM BRUISER AND THE PADDINGTON PET.



ROUND THE FIRST.

A Fragment from Contemporary Fisticiana.

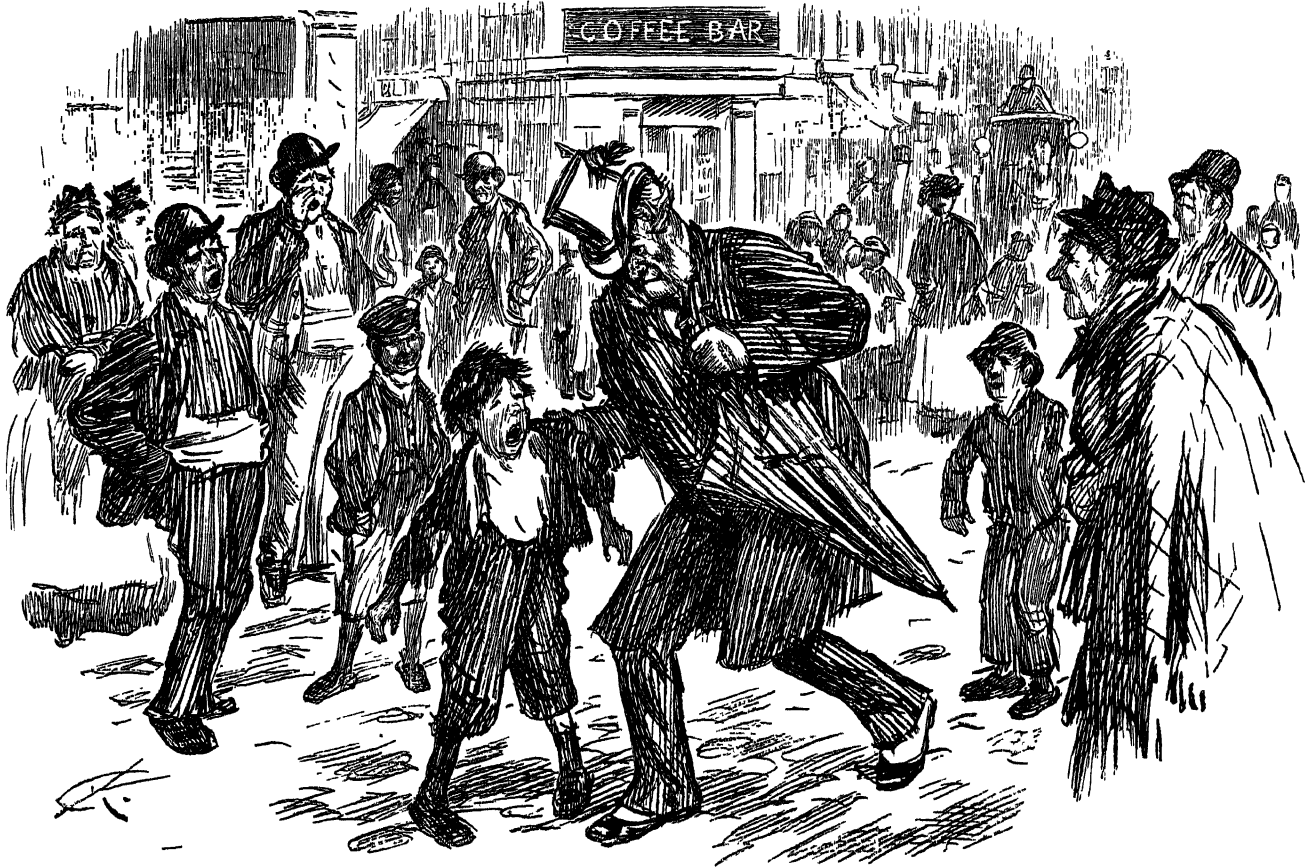
MUCH interest has of late been excited in sportive circles, and especially among Corinthian amateurs of the fistic art, by the doings and sayings,—especially the latter—of the two lads above named.

Two more promising “scrappers” have, perhaps, not appeared in the pugilistic arena for a considerable period, than the “Brummagem Bruiser” and the “Paddington Pet.”

When the “Cracks” peeled, considerable disparity in their size was observable, yet by the knowing ones it was thought that the

superior “beef” of the Bruiser might be more than compensated for by what, in semi-Byronic phraseology, may be designated the “dancing devilry” of the indomitable “Pet.”

As they shook hands it was seen that the Brum stood well over his man, looked longer in the reach, and gave promise of greater propelling power in the proper quarter. The cheers for his game little opponent however were vociferous, to an extent indeed which seemed somewhat to nettle the “Bruiser,” who at once let fly with his right, but was out of distance, and nearly fell with the force of his own blow. At any rate he appeared to do so, though thus early in the fight, whispers of “barney,” “kibosh,” “a put up job,” &c., went surreptitiously round the ring.



'JUVENILE VAGRANCY.'

HAVING READ IN THE *TIMES*, ON THIS SUBJECT, THAT THE CHIEF COMMISSIONER OF POLICE IS ACTING IN CONCERT WITH THE SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO CHILDREN, &C., &C., AND THAT "THE GREATEST KINDNESS THAT CAN BE SHOWN TO A BEGGING CHILD IS TO SET THIS MACHINERY IN MOTION, BY GIVING HIM OR HER IN CHARGE UNDER 'THE VAGRANT ACT,'" MR. WIGGINS, THE PHILANTHROPIST, DOES SO!—BUT—TABLEAU!—RATHER WISHES HE HAD LET IT ALONE.

Recovering himself, JOE weaved into distance, and presently let out a nasty one of a somewhat doubtful character perhaps, at which there were cries of "foul" from the partisans of the "Pet," whose numbers seemed greatly to preponderate. The Referee ordered the lads to fight on, and there was a grin on Random's mug which the suspicious took due note of. Pulling himself together, he let fly right and left, and rattled into the Brum in fine style, being "all over his man" in a brace of shakes, and delivering a series of well-planted spansks, which, if not given open-handed (as some declared they were), must have made Master JOE feel all abroad. The Brum, however, did not seem much to mind (another suspicious sign in the eyes of some), his dexter orb was closed (whether owing to a whack or a wink seemed doubtful), he broke ground and retreated very judgmatically with a sweet smile on his rather cold-cut phiz, which looked scarcely at home there somehow, and when the round came to an end, and the Cracks dropped into their cane-bottomed chairs, it was difficult for those not "in the know" to determine which of them had really got the best of it.

Only, it was fancied by some that the amount of puffing and panting, rubbing down, and silk-handkerchief-waving, which followed was just a *little* out of proportion to the absolute necessity of the case, on the actual ding-dong wear and tear of *such* a round with pugilistic marvels in the pink of condition like the Brummagem Bruiser and the Paddington Pet.

ELLEN'S CAP AND HENRY'S BELLS.—Why was *The Bells* chosen as a piece to be played before the QUEEN? Why? Because the name of the Prince of WALES's estate suggested it. The Royal command by telegraph was "*Give us The Bells, (S)and-ring-em.*" HENRY, ELLEN & Co., travelled by special train to Sandringham. Of course with the special engine-driver was the BRAM STOKER.

THE NEXT LIONS.—To arrive in May. The Wolff and the Persian Chat.

SIGNS OF THE "TIMES" (AND "STANDARD").

(To the Editor.)

SIR,—You will be pleased to hear that I've just heard the cuckoo. S, no more at present from Yours sincerely,
The Vicarage, Snoozlemore. COTTON WOOL.

SIR,—It will interest your readers to be informed that I've seen a swallow. Send me sixpence. Yours, TOMMY.
Swish Cottage, Birchington.

SIR,—I have just seen a dead donkey. This is remarkable so early in spring. Can any of your readers inform me where there's another? Yours, A LOVER OF NATURE.
Thistle Cottage, Bray.

SIR,—The other night, on returning home from a dinner-party, I witnessed the singular spectacle of a chaffer on the top of a Putney omnibus. I ran after it, and tried to catch it, but I regret to say I was unable to do so, and had to walk home, a distance of nearly three miles, in the wet. Yours, HABITANS IN STUCCO.
Plaster Villa, Lathbury Road, S. W.

SIR,—While at breakfast this morning I saw a swallow. I expressed my surprise to my youngest boy, JOHNNIE. He immediately replied, "Well, father, you'd have been more surprised if you'd swallowed a saw." Yours, JOSEPH MILLER.
Little Whitborough.

SIR,—5 A.M. I've just heard a thrush and got out of his way. Yours, THE EARLY WORM.
The Lawn, Wrigglesworth.

[** This correspondence must now cease.—ED.]

"ICI ON PARLE FRANÇAIS."—The real reason of General BOU LANGER's visit to London has leaked out at last. We have it on the best authority that the General is to play the part of *Victor Dubois* on the 5000th performance of *Ici on Parle Français* at TOOLE'S.

THE TWO FIRST LION COMIQUES OF THE SEASON

In their famous Duet, with Dugong Accompaniment.



Le Brav' Général. I am a lion ashore.
The Dugong. I am a lion at sea.
Le Brav' Général. I shall be asked by everyone.
The Dugong. They'll all have to come to me.
Le Brav' Général. I shall receive invitations
 To dinner. R. S. V. P.
The Dugong. If you are the man for dinner,
 I am the Man-at-tea.

Ensemble.

We the first Lions of the season be,
 The Brav' Général and the Manatee!

[Dance.]

MR. PUNCH'S MODEL MUSIC-HALL SONGS.

No. III.—A DEMOCRATIC DITTY.

THE following example, although it gives a not wholly inadequate expression to what are understood to be the loftier aspirations of the most advanced and earnest section of the New Democracy, should not be attempted, as *yet*, before a West-End audience. In South or East London, the sentiment and philosophy of the song may possibly excite rapturous enthusiasm; in the West-End, though the tone is daily improving, they are not educated quite up to so exalted a level at present. Still, as an experiment in proselytism, it might be worth risking, even there. The title it bears is:—

GIVEN AWAY—WITH A POUND OF TEA!

VERSE I.—(Introductory.)

SOME Grocers have taken to keeping a stock
 Of ornaments—such as a vase, or a clock—
 With a ticket on each where the words you may see:
 "To be given away—with a Pound of Tea!"

Chorus (in waltz time).

"Given away!"
 That's what they say.
 Gratis—a present it's offered you free.
 Given away,
 With nothing to pay,
 "Given away—(tenderly)—with a Pound of Tea!"

VERSE II.—(Containing the moral reflection.)

Now, the sight of those tickets gave me an idea.
 What it set me a-thinking you're going to 'ear:
 I thought there were things that would possibly be
 Better given away—with a Pound of Tea!

Chorus—"Given away!" So much as to say, &c.

VERSE III.—*This, as being rather personal than general in its application, may need some apology. It is really put as a graceful concession to the taste of an average Music-Hall audience, who like to be assured that the Artists who amuse them are as unfortunate as they are erratic in their domestic relations.*

Now, there's my old Missus who sits up at 'ome,—
 And when I sneak up-stairs my 'air she will comb,—
 I don't think I'd call it bad business if she
 Could be given away—with a Pound of Tea!

Chorus—"Given away!" That's what they say, &c.
 [Mutatis mutandis.]

VERSE IV.—(Flying at higher game. The social satire here is perhaps almost too good-natured, seeing what intolerable pests all Peers are to the truly Democratic mind. But we must walk before we can run. Good-humoured contempt will do very well, for the present.)

Fair Americans snap up the pick of our Lords.
 It's a practice a sensible Briton applauds.

[This will check any groaning at the mention of Aristocrats. Far from grudging our Dooks to the pretty Yan-kee,—(Magnanimously) Why, we'd give 'em away—with a Pound of Tea!

Chorus—Give 'em away! So we all say, &c.

VERSE V.—(More frankly Democratic still.)

To-wards a Republic we're getting on fast;
 Many old Institutions are things of the past.
 (Philosophically) Soon the Crown'll go, too, as an a-noma-lee,
 And be given away—with a Pound of Tea!

Chorus—"Given away!" Some future day, &c.

VERSE VI.—(Which expresses the peaceful proclivities of the populace with equal eloquence and wisdom. A welcome contrast to the era when Britons had a bellicose and immoral belief in the possibility of being called upon to defend themselves at some time!)

We've made up our minds—though the Jingoos may jor—
 Under no provocation to drift into war!
 So the best thing to do with our costly Na-vee
 Is—Give each ship away, with a Pound of Tea!

Chorus—Give 'em away, &c.

VERSE VII.—(We cannot well avoid some reference to the Irish Question in a Music-hall ditty, but observe the logical and statesmanlike method of treating it here. The argument—if crudely stated—is borrowed from some advanced by our foremost politicians.)

We've also discovered at last that it's crule
 To deny the poor Irish their right to 'Ome Rule!
 So to give 'em a Parlyment let us agree—
 (Rationally) Or they may blow us up with a Pound of their
 "Tea"! [A euphemism which may possibly be remembered and understood.]

Chorus—Give it away, &c.

VERSE VIII. (in which we strike a Socialistic Note).

The career of the School Board we'll cut pretty short:—
 (Pathetically) Why should we 'ave to pay for our kids being
 tort?

Education at Eton, without any fee!

We'll give every urchin, along with his tea!

Chorus—"Given away!" There they shall stay. Go up to College
 and get a degree.
 The best Educay-Shon given away. "Given away, with a Pound of
 Tea!"

VERSE IX. (culminating in a glorious prophetic burst of the Coming Dawn).

Iniquitous burdens and rates we'll relax:
 For each "h" that's pronounced we will clap on a tax!

[A very popular measure.]

And a nouse in Belgraveyer, with furniture free,
 Shall each Soshalist sit in, a taking his tea!

Chorus, and dance off.—Given away! Ippipooray! Gratis we'll
 get it, for nothing and free!
 Given away! Not a penny to pay! Given away! With a Pound
 of Tea!

If this Democratic Dream does not appeal favourably to the imagination of the humblest citizen, the popular tone must have been misrepresented by many who claim to act as its chosen interpreters—a supposition Mr. Punch must decline to entertain for a single moment.

THE TRIUMPHAL CAR-MAN.—The bold Carman who, last Saturday morning in the City, courageously stopped the runaway horses which no policeman could arrest without a warrant, or without their being formally given in charge, deserves a piece of plate, with plenty on it. A Musical Entertainment might be given in his honour, and his daring act sung to the *Toréador* air appropriately selected from *Carmen*.

MONTE CARLO, JUNIOR.—During the Exhibition time there are to be tables at St. Germain's. What a chance for Mr. SMITH and a few more M.P.'s, whose cry is, "*Delenda est Monte Carlo!*" to take the Club Train on Saturday afternoon, and—ahem!—make a quiet excursion to St. Germain's on Sunday. Quite a little Sabbath Day's Journey.

THE DIARY OF A NOBODY.

February 18.—CARRIE has several times recently called attention to the thinness of my hair at the top of my head, and recommended me to get it seen to. I was this morning trying to look at it by the aid of a small hand-glass, when somehow my elbow caught against the edge of the chest of drawers and knocked the glass out of my hand and smashed it. CARRIE was in an awful way about it, as she is rather absurdly superstitious. To make matters worse, my large photograph in the drawing-room fell during the night, and the glass is cracked. CARRIE said, "Mark my words, CHARLES, some misfortune is about to happen." I said, "Nonsense, dear." In the evening LUPIN arrived home early, and seemed a little agitated. I said, "What's up, my boy?" He hesitated a good deal, and then said, "You know those Parachikka Chlorates I advised you to invest £20 in?" I replied, "Yes—they are all right I trust?" He replied, "Well, no! To the surprise of everybody they have utterly collapsed." My breath was so completely taken away, I could say nothing. CARRIE looked at me and said, "What did I tell you?" LUPIN after a while said, "However, you are specially fortunate. I received an early tip, and sold out yours immediately, and was fortunate to get £2 for them. So you get something after all." I gave a sigh of relief. I said, "I was not so sanguine as to suppose, as you predicted, that I should get six or eight times the amount of my investment, still a profit of £2 is a good per-centage for such a short time." LUPIN said, quite irritably, "You don't understand. I sold your £20 shares for £2—you therefore lose £18 on the transaction, whereby CUMMINGS and GOWING will lose the whole of theirs."

February 19.—LUPIN before going to town said, "I am very sorry about those Parachikka Chlorates. It would not have happened if the Boss, JOB CLEANANDS, had been in town. Between ourselves, you must not be surprised if something goes wrong at our office. JOB CLEANANDS has not been seen the last few days, and it strikes me several people do want to see him very particularly." In the evening LUPIN was just on the point of going out to avoid a collision with GOWING and CUMMINGS, when the former entered the room without knocking, but with his usual trick of saying, "May I come in?" He entered, and to the surprise of LUPIN and myself, seemed to be in the very best of spirits. Neither LUPIN nor I broached the subject to him, but he did so of his own accord. He said, "I say those Parachikka Chlorates have gone an awful smash—you're a nice one, Master LUPIN. How much do you lose?" LUPIN, to my utter astonishment said, "Oh, I had nothing in them. There was some informality in my application—I forgot to enclose the cheque, or something, and I didn't get any. The Gov. loses £18." I said, "I quite understood you were in it, or nothing would have induced me to speculate." LUPIN replied, "Well, it can't be helped; you must go double on the next tip." Before I could reply, GOWING said, "Well, I lose nothing, fortunately. From what I heard, I did not quite believe in them, so I persuaded CUMMINGS to take my £15 worth, as he had more faith in them than I had." LUPIN burst out laughing, and in the most unseemly manner said, "Alas, poor CUMMINGS! He'll lose £35." At that moment there was a ring at the bell. LUPIN said, "I don't want to meet CUMMINGS." If he had gone out of the door he would have met him in the passage, so as quickly as possible, LUPIN opened the parlour window and got out. GOWING jumped up suddenly, exclaiming, "I don't want to see him either!" and, before I could say a word, he followed LUPIN out of the window. For my own part, I was horrified to think my own son and one of my most intimate friends should depart from the house like a couple of interrupted burglars. Poor CUMMINGS was very upset, and of course was naturally very angry both with LUPIN and GOWING. I pressed him to have a little whiskey, and he replied that he had given up whiskey, but would like a little "Unsweetened," as he was advised it was the most healthy spirit. I had none in the house, but sent CARRIE round to LOCKWOOD'S for some.

February 20.—The first thing that caught my eye on opening the *Standard* was "Great Failure of Stock and Share Dealers. Mr. JOB CLEANANDS absconded." I handed it to CARRIE, and she replied, "Oh, perhaps it's for LUPIN'S good. I never did think it an advisable situation for him." I thought the whole affair very shocking. LUPIN came down to breakfast, and seeing he looked painfully distressed, I said, "We know the news, my dear boy, and feel very sorry for you." LUPIN said, "How did you know—who told you?" I handed him the *Standard*. He threw the paper down, and said, "Oh, I don't care a button for that. I expected that, but I did not expect this." He then read a letter from FRANK MUTLAR, announcing in a cool manner that DAISY MUTLAR is to be married next month to MURRAY POSH. I exclaimed, "MURRAY POSH?—is not that the very man FRANK had the impudence to bring here last Tuesday week?" LUPIN said, "Yes—The 'Posh's-three-shilling-hats' chap." We all then eat our breakfast in dead silence. When LUPIN rose to go I noticed a malicious smile creep over his face. I asked him what it meant. He replied, "Oh, only a little consolation—still it is a consolation. I have just remembered, that by my advice, Mr. MURRAY POSH has invested £600 in Parachikka Chlorates!"

OUR OWN HARE.

INCONGRUITY is the essence of humour, and a mischievously inclined humorous spirit must have been in the air when the honoured name of "Shaftesbury" having been bestowed on the new street



Mr. Forbes Robertson (as *The Profligate*). "Why do they call me Renshaw? Is it because I have been so ractetty?"

and open space, the locality was immediately pounced upon by theatrical speculators as the very place of all others best suited for the erection of Thespian Temples dedicated to the cult of Thalia and Melpomene. Then and there, the title should have been changed to "Shakspeare Avenue." Even now the substitution of a few letters will effect the transformation.

Whatever theatres have yet been erected, or are yet to be built, the architect will have to be a remarkably clever and subtly-designing person to beat the new Garrick Theatre, which Mr. JOHN HARE has just opened with such signal success, for which he is secondarily indebted to the aforesaid designer, but primarily to that eminent Dramatic Constructor, Mr. PINERO, who, after past-master BOUCCAU, is the best stage-craftsman since TOM ROBERTSON. Give him the box of bricks, and you'll see what a house Mr. PINERO can build, and, which is more important to the Manager, what a house he can "draw." His fault in the dialogue of a serious play like

The Profligate, lies in his tendency to make his strongly-individualised characters occasionally talk as such characters off the stage and in real life never would have talked, even occasionally. I hope to find another opportunity to say something more of this play; at present, I can only recommend everyone to see it. It is so admirably built up that, until the climax of the Third Act is reached, you do not realise how excellent is its dramatic construction. Mr. HARE has so little to do or say in it that he is only "The Hare Apparent."

Miss KATE RORKE is winning her way to the front rank of high comedy, so high as to touch tragedy: that is "RORKE'S drift," as every playgoer will recognise. Miss BEATRICE LAMB is also excellent. Fresh, sweet, and vinegary,—Lamb and mint sauce. Suffice it that Mr. HARE has been prodigal in everything he has done, his prodigality off the stage and Mr. PINERO'S prodigality on it, ought to meet with their due reward at the hands of a discriminating public, who, following the HARE, will, I hope, have a good run for their money.

Some complaints there will always be made, even in the most perfect of theatres, by persons who have constituted themselves professional and representative grumblers, but even these will be puzzled to find matter for growling about, unless they want the Manager to send broughams to their private residences to fetch them to the theatre, and carry them back again, and when they are there, to be provided with refreshments and cigarettes, gloves and bouquets, gratis, having, of course, been admitted free to the very best parts of the House.

CURLIE WIG.



EXTRACT FROM A DIARY FOUND NEAR THE HAYMARKET THEATRE, APRIL 27.—*Mem.*—*Wealth alone does not bring happiness.*—B. T.



A NEW TRADE!

"YES, MUM, FATHER KEPT AN INN AT LITTLE PEDDINGTON, AND MOTHER KEPT THE POST-OFFICE THERE."
 "AND YOUR LATE MASTER—WHO AND WHAT WAS HE?"
 "THE REVEREND MR. WILKINS, MA'AM. HE KEPT A VICARAGE AT MEDLINGHAM, CLOSE BY!"

THE UNINVITED GUEST.

MR. BULL, *loquitur* :—

WELL, here you are, *brav' Général!* Un-gracious
 'Twould be, perhaps, to ask too closely
 "Why?"

Welcome? Oh, yes! Free quarters here are spacious;
 (And promptly found by those who have to fly.)

Liberty Hall, *mon Général*, now as ever,
 We ask few questions of our casual guests;
 And fugitives are commonly too clever
 To doubt where the true Bird of Freedom nests.

Affects our "brumous Isle," that fowl does, funnily.

Not quite so showy as your Eagle, eh?
 Our climate may not smile upon you sunnily.

Can't answer for it, *Général*, for a day
 You come 'midst April showers, a heavyish sprinkle

That dainty spirits might esteem a drench;
 But May's at hand, when we may get a twinkle

Of brightness, fitful though, and hardly French.

May! That reminds me that you're most unlucky

To be away from Paris at a time
 When all the world, from China to Kentucky,

Will swarm into that city dear, sublime;
 That modish Earthly Paradise, — not

MORRIS'S, —
 Where all Men—and Ideas—are at home;

Whose wisdom is VOLTAIRE's, whose wit is HORACE's,
 Sad, Sir, that you—just now—are driven to roam!

Dear *General Boum*—I mean BOULANGER—pity

Swells in my British bosom as I think
 Of you consigned to my dull dirty City,

Which Gallic wits esteem a sewer or sink.
 Condemned to dwell with Philistines and Pharisees,

Driven like the butterfly from forth its bower,
 Just at the very season when "all Paris" is

Ecstaticising round the Eiffel Tower!

I fear you'll hardly find my Picture Galleries,
 And Mrs. LEO HUNTER, compensate

For the *Grande Ville*, its raptures and its raileries;

Still 'tis the passing whim of fickle fate.
 Pray make yourself at home! Guests of condition

Have found accommodation here—*comme ça*.

For me, I'm off to see the Exhibition;
 And so, must leave you to yourself. Ta-ta!

[Exit Paris-wards.]

MORE ABOUT THE PICTURES.—Sir JOHN MILLAIS says that some of the pictures have

a cellar to themselves somewhere. Better have a buyer than a seller.

GOLDEN OPINIONS.—Physicians' Fees.

"POLYDORE, HARK!"

As President and Treasurer of the Executive Council of the British Section in the Paris Exhibition, Sir POLYDORE DE KEYSER, Alderman and ex-Lord Mayor, is once more coming to the front. He received the thanks of the Council at the Mansion House for his Parisian labours, and was further honoured by being made Senior Grand Deacon at a Grand Lodge held a week ago. Did it occur to COUNTI-COUNCELLARIUS DRURIOLANUS, Magister et Frater, to step forward on this occasion, and, quoting the immortal Bard, to say—

"POLYDORE!
 I love thee brotherly!"

Or when they went "from labour to refreshment" and "this gentleman whom I call POLYDORE" took the chair, did DRURIOLANUS, or any other Shakspearian, remark—

"You, POLYDORE, have proved best woodman, and Are master of the feast."

For "woodman" substitute "craftsman," and there you are. For which quotations let DRURIOLANUS see *Cymbeline*, and when found make a note of, and—

"AUGUSTUS lives to think on 't."

is in the same play with the above-mentioned lines. Wonderful WILLIAM!

PROBABLE.—It is whispered among the initiated within the radius of which Wimpole Street is the centre, that General BOULANGER has already accepted an engagement as "Jeune Premier." Date not yet fixed.



THE UNINVITED GUEST.

MR. BULL. "WELL—MAKE YOURSELF AT HOME, GENERAL,—I'M OFF TO PARIS FOR THE EXHIBITION!"



NICE FOR HIS BOOTS!

"OH, CAPTAIN PINKTOP, I'M AFRAID MY SADDLE'S LOOSE! WILL YOU GET DOWN AND TIGHTEN THE GIRTHS?"

THOUGHTS IN A GARDEN.

THE air with sunlight is alive,
The sappy boughs are supple,
And every seat that's meant for five
Can only hold a couple.

The soft wind warbles like a dream,
The supple boughs are sappy,
And all the scatter'd couples seem
Mysteriously happy.

His mate the mellow mavis greets,
Sappy the supple boughs are,
And all the pairs on all the seats
Exchanging silent vows are.

Mute eloquence of lowly love!
Sweet void, by words unfillable!
Convention's fetters far above,
They need not breathe a syllable!

She contemplates her o'er-teemed gloves,
Her boots' conspicuous newness;
While he the circumambient loves
Surveys through smoke-wreaths' blueness.

Ah, would that I and GERALDINE,
Each a Supreme Caucasian,
Could walk like them upon the green,
Unvex'd by conversation.

But I and plighted GERALDINE,
When forth we fare together,
First do full justice to the scene,
And then discuss the weather.

The weather! I whose spirit bold
Feels every star-beat tingle,
Gathers the moonlight's broken gold
From the foam-curdled shingle;

Throbs strangely when the new leaves shoot,
As though too tightly bodied,
And waves a courteous salute
When breezy trees have nodded!

O tyrant custom! Happy they
Who heed not, nor obey it;
Who, having nothing left to say,
Simply sit still and say it.

They lounge at ease beneath the trees,
Or pace the paths together,
And let the well-contented breeze
Whisper about the weather.

SOMEBODY'S LETTER-BAG.

(Post-mark—Drury Lane.)

DEAR GENERAL,

ARE you open to [an offer for the Autumn? First-rate piece, sure to run up to the Pantomime. Something topical, introducing you *in propria persona* at the Parisian Exhibition. First-rate part for you, winding up with your coronation at Notre Dame. Want to do the thing thoroughly, so should like to engage your black horse with you. Wire terms for both. No more time, as am off to the London County Council.

Yours, A-G-ST-S H-RR-S.

(Post-mark—Leicester Square.)

THE Manager of the A—a presents his compliments to the brave General, and will be glad to hear from him. The Manager can offer him a turn at about ten o'clock. The Manager will be pleased if the General's *répertoire* includes "The Return from the Review." The Manager ventures to suggest that the General should assume the *nomme de théâtre* of the "Music-Hall Napoleon," in place of the *St. Arnaud du Café Concert*, as more likely to be understood.

(Post-mark—City Road.)

GENERAL B—H presents his compliments to General B—R, and doesn't see why they

should not combine forces. Can General B—R play the concertina, bang the tambourine, or lead the chorus of an adapted comic song? Sermons taught in one easy lesson, and a variety of useful articles always for sale at the Army's Head-quarters in Queen Victoria Street. Perhaps General B—R might undertake to supply sensational headlines to the articles of the *War Cry*, and to make himself generally useful in the advertisement department.

(Post-mark—Westminster.)

MY DEAR AND GALLANT SIR,

I AM delighted to welcome you to Britain, which is also, I believe, the land of your birth. Why not be naturalised and become a Member of Parliament? I am one myself, and can undertake to teach you all that is requisite in half a dozen hours. I am, perhaps, the most popular man in the House, and know everybody. I am treated with the greatest respect as the most polished gentleman that has ever had the honour to represent a Cornish constituency.

Yours sincerely, G. V. B. C-NYB-RE.

(Post-mark—85, Fleet Street. Enclosing Bundle of M.S.)

VERY funny. Several of your manifestos splendid comic copy. Still not quite up to our standard. Please read "Notice to Correspondents." However—on this occasion—returned with thanks.

THE CITY AND SUBURBAN.—"What's in a name?" *Goldseeker* ought to have been after *Bullion*, but *Goldseeker* went ahead, and left *Bullion* behind. Most idiotic! *Bullion* dropped in consequence.

BALFOUR'S "LITTLE GAME."—Golf.

INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS. No. 67.



THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL. "PITY THE POOR CHAIRMAN!"

A BETHNAL GREEN GRIEVANCE.

THE recent newspaper controversy on the subject of the wretched accommodation provided by the Authorities for the housing of the Collection of the National Portrait Gallery, having been brought to the notice of the pictures themselves, they, last night, held a preliminary meeting for the purpose of discussing their present painful position and prospects. Midnight having struck on a neighbouring East End church clock, the effigies rapidly descended from their frames, and in a very few seconds the floor of the dilapidated iron-roofed sheds, which at the present moment afford them a habitation, was crowded to excess. There being a general feeling expressed that one of the oldest representatives of Art should preside over the meeting, the effigy of "King HENRY THE THIRD (1206—1272), sculptured in 1291 by WILLIAM TOREL," was unanimously voted into the Chair, and forthwith opened the proceedings. On rising, and after briefly acknowledging the compliment paid him by his brother effigies, he said: He thought he need not dwell on the circumstances that had called them together at this small hour in the morning. The manner in which they were housed was a public scandal. ("Hear, hear!") But not only were they caged up in a building that was not even water-tight (groans), but they were buried away down here, in the far "East End," out of the reach of nine-tenths of the sight-seeing classes. (Cries of "Shame!") As to the water coming in, personally that did not affect him, as he was merely an electrotype from his original bronze in Westminster Abbey. (Laughter.) Still he could enter into the feelings of those brother effigies who had no originals to fall back upon. He sincerely sympathised with them. He would be glad to hear what they had to say on the matter.

"GEORGE MORLEY, D.D., Bishop of Winchester (1597—1684), drawn in coloured chalks on grey paper by E. LUTTEREL," then rose. He said, that he for one was dreadfully afraid of the damp. It had only to get into his back to take all the colour out of him, and he was quite sure that if he was not soon deposited in some more suitable habitation than that provided by these leaky structures, he should soon, to make use of a vulgar figure of speech, be found walking his chalks altogether. (Roars of laughter.)

"H.R.H. EDWARD Duke of KENT, K.G. (1767—1820), an oval Medallion, modelled in wax in 1786 by THOMAS ENGLEHEART," said, that not only did the Boilers let in the cold in winter, but in summer they attracted the sun's heat until their temperature rivalled that of an oven, and it had often occurred to him to ask himself, when he saw some of his oil-painted friends literally cracking with the warmth, whether he could stand much more of it without melting away altogether. Really he ought to have been presented to Madame Tussaud's. (Laughter.) Indeed he thought that they would all agree with him that if some commercial concern, and not the Nation, had got hold of them, they would long ago have found themselves in far better quarters. ("Hear, hear!")

"King PHILIP THE SECOND (1527—1598), painted by ALONZO

SANCHEZ COELLO," said, it had occurred to him there was a Spanish Exhibition soon going to Earl's Court. Couldn't they manage to get in there when that was over?

"SAMUEL PEPEYS, P.R.S. (1633—1708), painted at the age of thirty-four by JOHN HAYLS," said, he could not look favourably on any move in the direction of South Kensington. Surely His Majesty had not forgotten their last experience in that neighbourhood, when they were nearly all consumed by a fire originating in the kitchen chimney of an adjacent eighteenpenny restaurant. (Laughter.) There was a good deal of administrative jobbery in his day, no doubt,

and certainly some departments did not do their work very well, but for down-right stick-in-the-mud, wagon-pace mismanagement commend him to the present age. (Cheers.) The idea that they, a respectable party of all the greatest men the country has produced, should be going about literally from house to house begging for a lodging was simply preposterous! ("Hear, hear!")

"JOHN, LORD SOMERS (1630—1716), painted by SIR GODFREY KNELLER," wanted to know what was the good of exhibiting him to the British working-man at Bethnal Green. None of them ever knew who he was, or, he believed, had ever even heard of him! Because he wore a long pale grey wig, he was sometimes taken for the Young Pretender, but he felt convinced that the large majority of the spectators who took any notice of him whatever simply associated him with an advertisement of a popular "Hair Restorer." (Laughter.)

"WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE (1564—1616), attributed to RICHARD BURBAGE," who on rising, was received with loud cheering, said: He could fully enter into the feelings of disgust, experienced by comparatively un-

known personages, like the last speaker, at finding themselves relegated to the class of visitors likely to patronise their Collection while located in such an out-of-the-way East End Slum as Bethnal Green. For his own part, he thought he might regard his reputation as independent even of the National Portrait Gallery. ("Hear, hear!") Still, while he formed one of the National Collection, he owned he would like to see it decently located. He firmly believed if his friend Mr. AUGUSTUS HARRIS of Drury Lane were to take it in hand, he would soon show the Authorities how to make a respectable institution of it. What was wanted was the firm hand of a practical man of business, and not the irresponsible, shilly-shallying of a do-nothing officialism, which has brought about what Sir JOHN MILLAIS very justly designates a "scandal outright." ("Hear, hear!") Still, he thought the Public seemed fairly aroused about the matter at last, and that something would be done. (Cheers.)

Several other effigies were about to address the meeting when the Chairman, noting from a distant cock-crow the approach of dawn, announced its adjournment.

A hurried vote of thanks to their able and indefatigable custodian having then been proposed and carried by acclamation, the phantom figures noiselessly withdrew to their respective frames, and as the night watchman entered the building on his early round, the proceedings silently terminated.



OUR NATIONAL (PORTRAIT) DISGRACE.

Sir John Millais. "WHAT, NOWHERE TO PUT THEM! IT'S A 'SCANDAL OUTRIGHT'! HERE! HI! GOVERNMENT!! SOMEBODY!!!"

Mr. Punch. "QUITE RIGHT, SIR JOHN. I DREW ATTENTION TO IT NEARLY A YEAR AGO. HOPE YOU'LL MAKE 'SOMEBODY' HEAR AND DO 'SOMETHING.'"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Common, Monday, April 29.—Back after Easter holidays; that is, some of us are; not nearly such rush to get back as there was to get off. OLD MORALITY early in his place. "Punctuality," he says, turning over his list of new copy-book headings collected during the Recess, "punctuality is the thief of time. That is one of the maxims, dear TOBY, that have piloted me through the rocks and shoals of this wicked world, and led me into the high position, the attainment of which, as I mentioned at the



The Curse of Camborne going to Prison to Roost.

dinner they gave me in the City the other day, is a perpetual mystery to me. You may, in the course of your reading, have come across an episode in the history of one of the predecessors of our Gracious Sovereign. His title was, I may mention, GEORGE THE THIRD. Observing an apple-dumpling in the tenement-house of a neighbouring cottager, the mind of His Majesty was much exercised as to the nature of the process by which the fruit was inducted within the folds of the pastry. 'Dumpling! Dumpling!' said His Good Gracious. 'Um—um—What? what? what? But how did the apple get there, Ma'am?' A somewhat similar inquiry occasionally presents itself to my mind. How did I get here? But being here, I can assure you that I shall spare no effort to do my duty to the House and to the Country, and in all things not incompatible with the interests of public business I shall endeavour to consult the convenience of Hon. Gentlemen in all parts of the House."

OLD MORALITY much enjoyed delivery of these few remarks; so did I, in degree; glad to find

him in better health and bubbling spirits; fact is, I hear, things are looking better with Irish Government, and brighter prospects reflected on genial countenance of OLD MORALITY. BALFOUR saved his trump card till the last; did pretty well in arranging for temporary withdrawal of Dr. TANNER; but to lay CONYBEARE by the heels, and open up prospect for however brief a period of delivering House from his company, irresistible. The usual griding at Question Time and badgering over Votes, but no heart in it. BALFOUR's sudden access of popularity prevailed; gratitude predominated over faction. *Business done.*—In Supply.

HOME RULE—AND AFTER?

(Vide Lord Salisbury's Speech at Bristol, last week.)



Midsummer, 1892.—General Election, and return of rattling majority pledged to Home-Rule.

Autumn, same Year.—Mr. GLADSTONE, Prime Minister. Younger than ever. Hoarseness all gone.

Next Two Years.—Home-Rule Bills being steadily passed. Mr. PARNELL appointed First Lord of the Irish Treasury, Commander-in-Chief of Irish Volunteers, and honorary Lord High Admiral of Hibernian Navy.

April, 1895.—Irish Parliament deprives all Irish land-

lords of [their land, without compensation, and sells half for public purposes. With proceeds begins building five gigantic ironclads and twenty torpedo boats in Kingstown Harbour. Mr. GLADSTONE, asked in English House of Commons "whether these proceedings cause him any uneasiness," replies, "None at all."

Later in Year.—Outbreak of War between England, on one side, and France, Russia, Germany, and Timbuctoo, all combined, on the other. Mr. GLADSTONE (hoarseness having returned) retires to Upper House. Sir JOHN MORLEY, Prime Minister. Says, "he doesn't

believe in war as a general thing, but is against oppression of any nationality in any part of the world, and will fight to the death." Up- roarious cheering. New Premier carried home on shoulders of mob.

January, 1896.—One of Lord High Admiral PARNELL's ironclads seen off Liverpool. Scare on Local Exchange. All securities go down with a run. Five leading Liverpool cotton merchants drown themselves in Mersey.

February.—Captain HEALY, in command of a fast cruiser, sails up Avon when Fleet is away, and destroys half Bristol before anything can be done to stop him. Panics everywhere. Commodore TANNER takes command of a torpedo vessel, and tries to nail his flag to the mast. Finding there is no mast to nail it to, steers straight for mouth of Thames, and is caught by River Police trying to blow up Houses of Parliament by a cleverly-aimed "Whitehead." Placed in manacles and the Tower.

March.—Admiral PARNELL in person leads an Invincible Armada from the North Wall, Dublin, in direction of Glasgow. In consequence of several English ironclads having to watch these operations, English Navy rather badly beaten off Yarmouth by combined Russian and French fleet. No quotations for Yarmouth bloaters. Panic among owners of Lowestoft bathing-machines.

Later.—Irish Armada, driven by contrary winds, lands in Flintshire. Commander determines to bivouac in Hawarden Park. Earl GLADSTONE (now rather infirm) says he is always glad to welcome excursionists, but "he really hardly expected this sort of thing when he passed Home Rule." Admiral PARNELL says, "Neither did he." Is very sorry, but "will be obliged to carry off the G. O. M. to Ireland, unless heavy ransom offered." Lord GLADSTONE suggests that "perhaps a better ransom could be obtained by capturing Duke of WESTMINSTER, who lives near." Admiral PARNELL tells this to the Irish Marines. A move made for Eaton Hall. Capture of the place, defeat of local Volunteers, and collapse of British Empire.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

The Five Talents of Woman, by the Author of *How to be Happy, though Married*. This author is a bold man. He only attributes

five talents to woman! Can he expect to be married, and, if married, can he expect to be happy in ascribing to them such a limited range of ability? But let not the fair sex be frightened by the title. Let them read the book.

In *The Wanderings of a Globe Trotter*, the Hon. LEWIS WINGFIELD shows us that the Globe may be used for other purposes than an

evening newspaper, a lamp-glass, or a receptacle for gold-fish. He demonstrates that it may have its advantages as a trotting-ground. The present volume shows he has trotted to considerable purpose, and though his distances may have been long and his pace rapid, he certainly did not wear blinkers. Whether he is staying at Hong-Kong, exploring Peking, describing the Great Wall, discoursing of Tokio, picturing Manila, or the Sooloo Archipelago, he rarely fails to be amusing. Especially interesting are the two chapters on play-going in China and Japan. A bright, graphic chronicle of travel, commendably free from statistics, guide-book literature, and traveller's trivialities.

THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS & Co.



A Paper Wait.

THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.

THERE has been a good deal of painting in water-colours during the last few months in London. The result has been the spoiling of a great many hats and the splashing of an infinity of garments. A much pleasanter form of water-colour painting do we find in that Gallery on "the sweet sunny side of Pall Mall," where Sir JOHN GILBERT presides. It is undoubtedly situated on the pleasantest side of the street, and the tone of the *salon* is emphatically sunny. There is just enough to see and not too much. Now the weather is beginning to improve, and the trees are getting green, the opening of this gallery is very acceptable. If you wish to have a sniff of the briny, or a peep into the country without the trouble, expense, or waste of time, you have only to pay your shilling, and you will be personally conducted, with the smallest amount of fatigue, to all sorts of delightful places. Among your most notable and accomplished travelling companions you will find Sir JOHN GILBERT, Messrs. A. W. HUNT, E. J. FOYNTER, HERBERT MARSHALL, R. BEAVIS, F. SMALLFIELD, T. J. WATSON, W. FIELD, BIRKET FOSTER, "our" GEORGE DU MAURIER, HOLMAN HUNT, A. GOODWIN, H. STACY MARKS, C. GREGORY, CARL HAAG, J. D. WATSON, A. D. FRIPP, HENRY MOORE, P. J. NAFTTEL, E. K. JOHNSON, Miss CLARA MONTALBA, and Mrs. ALLINGHAM.

THE ART-FUL DODGER.

NOTICE.—Rejected Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will in no case be returned, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. To this rule there will be no exception.

ON COMMISSION.

April 30, May 1, 2, and 3.—I may safely say that both Bench and Bar are all the better for the Easter Recess. Mr. Justice DAY, whose exertions and successful exertions to keep awake during the tedious proceedings, in which he takes so active a part, quite



In-wig-orating breeze at the Law Courts.

warranted a period of recreation, has (I understand) found that period at Eastbourne, and my learned and laughter-leading friend Mr. Lockwood, who also seemed a little out of spirits, has got "quite a colour" by a short sojourn (I believe), at Folkestone. Even that venerable mystery the wig of Sir HENRY JAMES, seems fresher than it did a fortnight ago. Monday was not very eventful. Mr. PARNELL was put in the box and examined by my friend the future Lord Chancellor ASQUITH. The chief item of interest in the evidence was the witness's pronunciation of his own name. We now have it on the authority of the Home-Rule leader himself, that he should be called "PARNELL"—the stress on the first syllable—not on the second. The

"uncrowned king" gave his opinion on the characters of several of his colleagues, and had generally a fine time of it. A good deal of latitude was certainly permitted in Mr. PARNELL's examination-in-chief; but it is only just to say that he did not criticise, nor seek to criticise, Miss ELLEN TERRY as *Lady Macbeth*, and was equally reticent as to his ideas about the management of the London General Omnibus Company (Limited).

On Wednesday the Court was crowded, and the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE occupied a place on the Bench. I noticed that the L. C. J. was telling stories to his neighbours, and regretted that I had not the advantage of hearing what I felt *must* be the most amusing and kind-hearted of narratives. The examination-in-chief over, Mr. ATTORNEY took Mr. PARNELL in hand. Of course, it would be impossible for me at this stage of the proceedings to write anything about the witness's evidence *quâd* evidence, but I may hint that he once described what may have seemed to some in Court a discrepancy by the words, "Electioneering exaggeration;" and spoke of another variation from the truth as "probably a piece of bounce." Like other witnesses in this extraordinary inquiry, Mr. PARNELL does not appear always to have a very good memory. His cross-examination might be given in a dramatic form as follows; but I beg to say that (of course) what I subjoin is not in the least like the real thing—let that be clearly understood—not in the least.

Mr. Attorney-General. Now, Sir, I wish to read all your speeches since 1879 out of *Hansard*.

The President (*mildly remonstrating*). Is this absolutely necessary?

Mr. A.-G. Of course, I pay the greatest respect to your Lordship's expression of opinion, but I fear it is necessary.

The President (*with a deep sigh of resignation*). Very well.

Mr. A.-G. Now I will begin.

Sir Charles Russell. Date, please. [Mr. A.-G. *resents interruption*.

Mr. A.-G. (*reads long speech*). And now, Mr. PARNELL, what do you say to that?

Witness. I have no recollection of making that speech. However, if it is in *Hansard*, it is highly probable that I did make it.

Mr. A.-G. I beg your pardon, Mr. PARNELL, but I must press you for an answer. Did you, or did you not?

Witness (*earnestly*). When the fair land of Erin is ploughed by the hoof of the ruthless invader who threatens, when might—

Mr. A.-G. (*interrupting*). Yes, I know; but please keep to the subject. Did you, or did you not, make those speeches?

Witness (*with emotion*). The man who lays his hand upon a woman, save in the way of kindness, is unworthy of—

Mr. A.-G. (*testily*). Yes, yes, Mr. PARNELL, I know all that; but please answer my question.

Sir Charles Russell (*with warmth*). Really I must complain of my learned friend's mode of conducting the witness's cross-examination.

Mr. A.-G. Really, Sir CHARLES, you must let me judge of my own actions (*with a glance at the Bench*). I have done nothing requiring, I trust, their Lordships' interposition?

The President (*answering his appeal*). Certainly not. (*Seeing Sir CHARLES about to speak*). But when I say that, I do not wish to reflect upon either of you. You both are right—quite right—everybody is right! Pray let us grease the wheels and get on!

And now, may I be allowed to earnestly thank the correspondent who dates from Hanwell, and says, that it is a thousand pities I am not in the case myself. I am very grateful to him for his kind reference to my abilities, but I must confess, I do not quite understand the allusion to the Emperor of CHINA eating pigeon-pies made of pine-apples, with which his letter closes.

Pump-handle Court. (Signed) A. BRIEFLESS, JUNIOR.

WHAT WILL THEY DO WITH THEM?

SIR,—What on earth does Sir JOHN MILLAIS mean by alluding to the present provision for the housing of the Portraits of the National Collection as a "scandal outright!" The phrase is a most misleading one, for the shelter of the pictures in not only comfortably, but even luxuriously, provided for. As to temperature the difference between the extreme cold of the winter and the heat of the summer months does not (I have measured it myself on my own self-registering thermometer),—exceed eighty-five degrees, and such dripping as filters through from accumulated snow is readily kept off by the ordinary use of a common umbrella. The dampness of the pictures themselves is easily seen to. Surely it is not too much to expect the attendant to remove this, as occasion may require, from their surfaces with a good serviceable kitchen house-mop? I will yield to none, Sir, in my devotion to these priceless treasures of National Art, and in the regard I think that a jealous and appreciative Public should pay to their legitimate guardianship and protection, and I am convinced that here, with a good brick-wall behind them and a more or less leaky glass and iron roof above them, they may be held, on the whole, to be in excellent keeping. As to the talk of moving from their present quarters to the West End,—this is preposterous. The humanising and refining influence they have had on the unemployed loafers and the dregs of the river-side population, which form the majority of visitors to them in their present habitation, must be seen to be appreciated.

I do not write, Sir, as an enthusiast, but as one who trusts he tempers a warm solicitude for the memory of the greatest men the country has produced, with that sober common sense which should be always available, and brought to bear on the handling of all questions of National importance. I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

A COMMERCIAL ROAD MECENAS.

SIR,—May I ask how long this state of things is to last? Here am I, and my five daughters, all of us deeply interested in historical research, that we can only prosecute satisfactorily by virtually living surrounded by the portraits of the National Collection from morning till night, absolutely paralysed, with our labours at a complete standstill, owing to our inability to face the hazards of a daily journey to Bethnal Green. We attempted it once, but lost our way, and then could find no first-class Hotel in the neighbourhood where they serve a five-shilling luncheon at separate tables! Surely, Sir, Parliament, or someone, will interfere, and come to the assistance of your distressed Correspondent,

A FAMISHED STUDENT.

SIR,—I opine that the Government should bestir itself with a view to taking some steps towards the more commodious housing of me and my brother portraits, who, I may add, after taking counsel with me, have unanimously expressed themselves in agreement with this sentiment. I am informed that some one—surely an ill-conditioned person?—has proposed that we should take up our temporary abode in the Westminster Penitentiary at Millbank. I know not what fate may be in store for us, but that we should be relegated to the chambers recently tenanted by convicts seems to me to be a suggestion full of vast inconvenience, from which a general sense of the fitness of things should surely deliver us. In such a crisis, cannot the Arts assist us? Surely my brothers of the Royal Academy might be regarded and relied on as our natural and most proper helpers in this our difficulty. Waiting to hear from them, I am, Sir, your somewhat anxious and troubled shade,

JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

SIR,—Let a short Bill be brought into the House, and let the matter be settled forthwith. No great amount of money is required. The site is the chief thing, but that surely can be found in one of the new streets, or even on the Embankment. Isn't there a fine vacant place just South of Whitefriars? or is the site of the original Opera House still available? Anyhow a site can be found. Meantime, let Parliament take the matter in hand, and put an end to a palpably "outright scandal." At least so says,

COMMON SENSE.

AT THE ACADEMY BANQUET.

H.R.H.'s speech was a model of brevity, and his allusion to the late FRANK HOLL graceful and touching. Bishop MAGEE began jocosely, but, feeling the eye of Cardinal MANNING upon him, he dropped into seriousness. Admiral HOOD opened fire bravely on "So-called experts," but sank to depths of dullness under the weight of his own big guns. SALISBURY's Merry Markis stated that he knew a party prepared to build a Home for the Houseless National Portraits. The name of the party the Mysterious but Merry Markis was not at liberty to divulge. It couldn't be the Markis's own Party, as the offer came, evidently, from a thorough Liberal. Ere this appears, the name will have transpired, but, at first, most persons thought that it might be WALKER. The only fault in the President's speeches was their perfection. His phrases were most happy, and so were his audience.



MR. PUNCH'S NOTES—IN CORRECT TIME.

TWO CENTENARIES.

[Celebrations of the Centenaries of the Inauguration of WASHINGTON as President of the American Republic, and of the French Revolution, are almost contemporaneous.]

La Liberté loquitur :—

Look on this picture! Yes, I love to look.
WASHINGTON! There's a soul that never shook,
King-scared, or Mob-affrighted, in his free
And unforced loyalty to Liberty.
O si sic omnes! At my altar bend
A thousand foes who ape the guise of friend.
They pose and perorate, my fulsome Franks,
And play preposterous pseudo-Roman pranks,
Are Brutuses *pour rire*, who'd lift the knife
Of revolution against Cæsar's life,
The petty Cæsar of their private hate,
And in my name dishonoured wreck the State.
This man was bold against my foes, but built
As well as razed; was glorious without guilt.
Where are my Washingtons in France to-day?
Liberty's war they level to a fray
Of little spites and low ambitions; plumed
With purchased decorations, they are doomed
To failure and dishonour. How they hiss,
These angry geese of faction, whose chief bliss
Seems mimicking that Roman flock. 'Tis brave!
But, though their cackle stirs, it cannot save.
"A hundred years," they babble, "since it fell,
Tyranny's fortress, Power's private hell,
The infamous Bastille!" A hundred years!
Yon Titan Tower may shake with the wild cheers
Of mustered myriads celebrating—what?
The modern Despotism of Dry-Rot!
The canker of Corruption, and the curse
Of rancorous rivalry work ravage worse
Than that which Revolution's red-dyed hand
Essayed to stay, a century since.

O grand
And pure-soul'd patriot whose picture here
Fronts me with eyes as constant and as clear
As when they faced the King-fooled British host,
I would my Frenchmen—whom I love—could boast
So leal a Leader and so brave a Chief
To take his country's perils, like the sheaf
Of spears that smote brave WINKELRIED of old,
To his own bosom. Hero pure as bold,
Yonder across the loud Atlantic flood
Stands the great work you founded. Lo, 'tis good!
Whilst here? The modern Babel rears its height,
And "brave" BOULANGERS swaggers and—takes flight!
Liberty! Loud lip-service greets me still.
When will my Franks of rhetoric have their fill?
A century of rhapsody and rant
My altar firmly here has failed to plant.
They treat me as a mistress, not a friend.
And fight for my sole favours; to what end?
My love is common as the Sun's warm ray
That round the budding globe leads on the May
In general benediction. WASHINGTON!
On thee in pure unclouded light it shone,
And shall in splendour deck brave France's brow
When she gives me a lover true as thou!

IMPERIAL DEFENCE.

(Forecast of a Week of it—after a great Naval Defeat.)

Monday.—The Channel Fleet having been destroyed by that of the Allies, Major WALKER's system of Coast Defence by "disappearing batteries" is hurriedly extemporised in all directions. The enemies' cruisers commanding the seas cut off the entire food-supply of the United Kingdom.

Tuesday.—Portsmouth, Plymouth, Liverpool, and other exposed commercial centres supplied with big guns, and put in a position of adequate defence. Rumours afloat of an expected scarcity of flour. The fourpenny loaf goes up to two-and-ninence.

Wednesday.—Spirited organisation of land forces continues. The Duke of CAMBRIDGE reviews 300,000 Volunteers of all arms, who are told off, amidst great enthusiasm, to man the Coast Defences of the country. Famine commences. Three well-known Millionnaires buy up all the available tinned meats and chocolate-



THE HUMAN FORM DIVINE!

New Customer. "BY THE WAY, ISN'T YOUR NAME FLAXMAN?"

Tailor. "YES, SIR."

New Customer. "ANY DESCENDANT OF THE GREAT FLAXMAN?"

Tailor. "MOST LIKELY, SIR,—AS ALL OUR FAMILY HAVE BEEN IN THE TAILORING LINE!"

drops, and conceal them in their London coal-cellars. Serious riot in the House of Lords of famished Peers for the possession of a shoulder of mutton brought there by an agricultural Duke on his way home.

Thursday.—Ten million people said to be starving in the North. The LORD MAYOR distributes marmalade to a furious mob on the steps of the Mansion House. The Military Authorities report that though the "disappearing batteries" are well manned, the enemy awaiting the capitulation of the country by famine, declines apparently to attack them. The Volunteers are, however, said to be in fairly good spirits, though hungry; though, having eaten their boots and belts, they are not in danger of any immediate collapse from the general scarcity of provisions.

Friday.—Revolution in London. Gangs of famished roughs in possession of everything. The last omnibus horse taken from its harness and eaten in the Bayswater Road. Members of the War Ministry seized and lynched on separate lamp-posts in Parliament Street. Provisional Government "to make peace on any terms" installed at Whitehall.

Saturday.—Provisional Ministry meet the Allied Admirals at the Nore, and arrange terms of capitulation. England to pay twenty milliards, cede India, Gibraltar, Malta, Canada and all her colonial possessions, agree not to keep a fleet of more than five battle-ships in the future, and resume her place in Europe as an acknowledged third-class Power. Food re-admitted and famine checked, on a *few de joie* to celebrate the peace being fired by the guns of the "disappearing batteries," some of them blow up. General condemnation of Major WALKER's system of "National Defence."

"Let Me Like a Soldier Fall!"

LORD WOLSELEY discusses in *The Fortnightly* the question "Is a Soldier's Life Worth Living?" Our Only General grows quite rhapsodical about the rapturous joy of onset, the "intense, maddening delight," to which intoxicating, if somewhat barbaric, ecstasy he seems to think that human experience furnishes no equal. The "fierce joy" of the Warrior in full fight is the most exquisite of mortal joys. Of course it is often the case that "these violent delights have violent ends." But what of that? The Soldier's life, it would seem, is so particularly well worth living mainly because the Soldier's death is so delightfully worth dying.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, April 29.—Met to-day after Easter Recess. Some doubt at first whether House would be made. Barely forty Members on view when SPEAKER took Chair. But others dropped in. JACKSON, sitting on Treasury Bench, beamed with delight.

"Nothing I like to see so much," he said, "as a small House when we want to get Votes in Committee of Supply. The fewer Members the less speeches, and the more Votes. Fancy we shall clear out Class 3 to-night, especially if SAGE stops quietly at home at Queen Anne's Gate."



Joseph Gillis.

Brow darkened when, presently, SAGE gently entered with copy of Votes under his arm. JOSEPH GILLIS also bustling about in suspicious manner. JOSEPH been occupied so much of late with keeping the Judges straight in Commission work, almost forsaken us. Comes back to-night with the Mace and other Paraphernalia of Parliament. More careful in his dress than formerly. No longer wears that imitation sealskin waistcoat, which, bared to Parliamentary breeze, was wont to curdle the blood of poor FORSTER, and contributed appreciably to grizzling the hair of TREVELYAN. Dressed now in decorous black; only flashes of light about him being the beam of his eagle eye, and the gleam of his great gold watch-chain. As soon as House gets into Committee, SAGE proposes to reduce Salary of CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER by £3000 a-year. GOSCHEN objects. JOSEPH blandly points out to him how desirable it is he should fall in with suggestion. Most persuasive his eloquence; irresistible his argument; impressive the quiet dignity of his manner. GOSCHEN moves uneasily on the Bench, intellect and conscience alike awakened. It seems for a moment almost certain that he will rise; thank JOSEPH GILLIS for pointing out the path of duty; fling down the odd £3000 a-year on the floor of the House where BURKE once hurled the dagger. But emotion only temporary. Sticks to his £5000 intact; and JOEY B., his head drooping, and his heart sad, goes out lamenting the hardness of human heart, and the insensibility of some men to impulses of finer natures.

Business done.—Two Votes taken in Supply after eight hours' talk.

Tuesday Night.—SAM SMITH, fresh back from Monte Carlo, effected more than Grand Old Man has yet been able to accomplish. To-night he defeated the Government! Fight arose around Liquor Traffic in India. SAMUEL moved Resolution condemning fiscal system as tending to foster drinking habits. CAINE seconded Motion. That wily strategist, WILFRID LAWSON, kept in background till engagement proceeded through some hours. Then brought up reserves; things beginning to look alarming. Everyone expected a Count Out. AKERS DOUGLAS couldn't get his men back from dinner. "Shan't be wanted," they said, "SAM SMITH sure to get House Counted Out." But SAMUEL's eloquence prevailed. Held at least thirty Members enthralled. LETHBRIDGE moved Count. No go. Temperance Members, excited with extra cup of tea, rushed in, filled House.

HARCOURT, scenting mischief for Government, hurried back from hasty dinner. Suffered profound disappointment previous night. Had occupied Easter Recess in preparing sparkling speech explosive with impromptu about iniquity of HOME SECRETARY in condoning offence of ANDERSON of Home Office in connection with the Spy, LE CARON. Speech intended to go off in Committee of Supply on Vote for HOME SECRETARY. HARCOURT, believing Vote would not be reached on Monday, still tarried in New Forest, parleying with the primroses, dallying with the daffodils. Vote came up on Monday and passed. Sparkling speech left on his hands. Must get it off sometime, and certainly will. Meantime, consoled himself with making speech on SMITH's Resolution.

Midnight approaching; Division inevitable; House began to fill; AKERS DOUGLAS's scouts out in the highways and byways; vainly attempt to compel Ministerialists to come in and save the Government. DICK TEMPLE—the Taj—put up to distract attention, and by his blandishments win recruits from forces of austere SAMUEL. TEMPLE surpasses himself. Quotes from native poets in proof that

the mythological gods of ancient Ind enjoyed their pint of stout. That ought to have settled matter. GORST for one wild moment hoped it would. But SAMUEL prevailed, Resolution carried by 113 Votes against 103.

This a private enterprise; no special effort made by regular Opposition Whips. But as ARNOLD MORLEY walked out after announcement of figures, with air of sweet resignation on his face, AKERS DOUGLAS looking up, thought he detected something like an aureole encircling his youthful head.

Business done.—Government defeated.

Thursday.—Fresh hitch about Birmingham Election. Bristled with difficulties from first; sent GRANDOLPH into temporary retirement, and covered CHAMBERLAIN with contumely. Now JOHN ALBERT BRIGHT, duly elected, comes to take his seat. Hands in Return to Writ; clerk discovers the person returned is "ALBERT JOHN" BRIGHT.

"Are you ALBERT JOHN BRIGHT?" he asks new Member.

"No. I'm JOHN ALBERT."

"Very well then," says incorruptible clerk, "we can't let you in. Must wait till ALBERT JOHN turns up."

SPEAKER consulted on dilemma; always ready to meet emergencies; suggests that someone shall swear to identity of new Member. WOLMER volunteers; does it with admirable effect. No one imagined how profound was the crisis till they saw the Viscount standing bolt upright with eyes tremulously fixed on SPEAKER, and heard solemn, conviction-compelling tones, in which he said: "I can certify from my



Saint Arnold.

personal knowledge, that the gentleman returned for Central Birmingham, is Mr. JOHN ALBERT BRIGHT."

"Splendidly done!" murmured ANSTRUTHER, standing at Bar, anxiously watching his colleague in the whipping of the Third Party. "WOLMER might, if it comes to the worst, get a living as professional witness. Reminds me of that fellow in *Great Expectations*, doncherknow; forget his name; comes to Jagger's office on Police Court business; ready to go into witness-box and swear to several alternative proposals."

Nothing more to be said after WOLMER sat down. Settled the business right off. Nobody cared a brass farden whether it was "JOHN ALBERT" or "ALBERT JOHN." The son and successor of JOHN BRIGHT took his seat amid a hurricane of Tory cheers. "A strange mad world," said the G. O. M., thinking of far-off days, when JOHN ALBERT's (or is it ALBERT JOHN?) father used to be angrily roared at from same quarter, whilst he stood implacable, relentless, lashing them with pitiless tongue.

JOKEIM growing a little bashful about his Budget. GLADSTONE insists upon applauding it, because, as he says, it establishes principle of graduated taxation on property. No such thing, JOKEIM laboriously explains. But Opposition insists upon being pleased, and as Ministerialists can't very well oppose, Resolutions pass without division. JOKEIM looking grotesquely uncomfortable at his own success. *Business done.*—Budget Resolutions agreed to.

Friday.—SAM SMITH on the war-path again. "Once tasted blood of the Ministry nothing will satisfy him," WILFRID LAWSON says, "but to 'have some more in a moog.'" On Tuesday routed them on Question of Sale of Liquor in India; to-night attacks them on Opium Question in China. Insists upon their stopping the sale of opium. Some difference of opinion as to its effects. SMITH and J. PEASE say it's undermining vitality of Chinese Empire. FARQUHARSON (who once had some practice in medicine), says, on contrary, an occasional small dose highly beneficial. "Why!" he exclaimed, "WILBERFORCE before making one of his speeches in this House



"Dear me! How very interesting."

always took a small opium pill." "Dear me," said E. N. BUXTON, looking in upon assembly he once adorned. "How very interesting. When I was in House often seemed to me that the opium had been distributed among the audience."

Business done.—SAM SMITH repulsed with great slaughter.

THE CHILDREN'S FANCY DRESS BALL AT THE MANSION HOUSE.

ONE of them werry rare peeps into Paradise, as I heard a werry old Genelman call it, but which is ushally called Children's Fancy Dress Balls, took place at the Manshun House on Wensday larst.

Ah! that was sumthink like a site that was! the likes of which was most likely never seen afore or since.

I don't, in coarse, know who slected the various karacters, but whoever did it did it splendidly; and as far as I coud gather from the remarks of the werry thirsty cupples as kep pretty constantly a cumming in for refreshments, the leading cupple, as was most propper, bore off the Bell. I was kep so busy with my own pertickler work that I didn't see the Bell myself, but I have no dowt it was a regler buty. I had the lucky cupple pintoed out to me arterwards, when they cum for sum lemonade, and a nice hansum cupple they was, as any fond Ma cood wish to have. I was told as they represented Lord and Lady Maress

FIZ-ALLWINE—probably french for Champagne—who was the werry fust of their 700 followers. FIZ-ALLWINE's black beard was a reel staggerer, considerin as he couldn't have been more than 14 years old. It shows what warmth and persewerence can do in a short time.

It's strange how reddily even children falls into bad habits, if so be as they happens to fit 'em nicely. I noticed that CHARLES the SECOND was partickler attentif to two or three werry pretty gals, and brort them in to have sum lemonade, and a werry yung Irishman had got his hat terribly nooked about, and I didn't at all wonder at it when I saw the way in which he kept on drinking out of a pint whisky bottel as he carried in his pocket. But such is life, weather it bees werry old kings or werry yung common counsilmen. We didn't have no CHING CHANG, the great Chinese Giant as we had wunco, but we had a much greater Gent in the sillybrated Kernel GOORO, I think is his name, who, I am told, can bottle up any little speech or little song as you chooses to sing or speak to him, and can bring it out again years arterwards and when you are thowsands of miles away, and repeat it to your estonished friends! I herd him say that one of our grate Poets resited one of his best poems into the magic box, but broke down in the middle, and shouted tout, "I'm jiggered if I can remember another word" and, strange to say, the wonderful box said the werry same thing, to the grate emusement of everybuddy.

I was much shokt to see so many of the little deers a suffring so sadly. Sum of the werry yungest on 'em wore specktales on their poor little noses, while one little chap of about six had grown quite gray with cares and trubbles, I spose, but his Mar didn't seem to care nothink about it. I was jest a leetle estonished to see how the numerus Nuns and Sisters of Charity danced away, and a little surprised at the curious dresses as sum of the Ladies wore. Sum had large sheets of Callioo at the backs of their heds, and others had their Ats all on one side, as if about to fall off, but they didn't seem to know it. It was nearly one, hay hem, before I sort my nupshal couch arter a fatiging but most xciting heavening. ROBERT.

THE OVERTURE.

"SOUND the trumpets, beat the drums," for the opening of the Opera, May 15, at Covent Garden. DRURIOLANUS is first in the field, with his gallant musical band, among whom is Lord CHARLES BEERSFORD, whose professional knowledge will be invaluable in a revival of *L'Africaine* when the entire Operatic Company must be at Sea. Also there is Mr. H. CHAPLIN, who will show them how to clash the cymbals together in a bi-metallic manner, and all the other distinguished *dramatis personæ* who were on the Italian Organising Committee last year, and whom Mr. Punch had the pleasure of congratulating on their success.

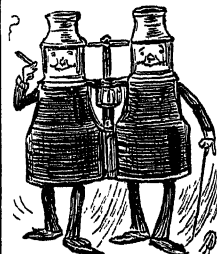
"A PUZZLED PHILOSOPHER" sends us this query:—If "All the world's a stage," where's the audience? The gods? Are we always, then, doing what Sir JAMES HANNEN warned Mr. ATTORNEY against—that is, "playing to the gallery?"

"LADY-GUIDES" will, no doubt, become popular, in spite of the danger of their being described by their feminine enemies as "Miss-leaders."

PLAY-TIME.

At One-Tree Hill, Haymarket, and at the 'Ave-a-New Burlesque Theatre.

THERE is *Wealth* at the Haymarket, but "no money in it" I should say. The entire piece in four Acts might be boiled down into a "recital" for Mr. BEERBOHM TREE. Among the men in the piece there is no other part worth mentioning as a character, except that of a little modern masher cad, capitally played, though here and there exaggerated beyond the requirements of the Stage, by Mr. WEEDON GROSSMITH. Had this part been developed and contrasted with Mr. TREE's, and the play been re-named *The Miser and the Masher*, it might have achieved a triumph, and little Percy Palfreyman, in Mr. WEEDON GROSSMITH's hands, might in its own line have repeated the wonderful success of *Lord Dundreary*. When his Lordship commenced, that



part was very little bigger than this of Percy Palfreyman, but it suited SOTHERN; he developed it, and it made him. The piece split up; JEFFERSON going his way with his version as the original hero of the piece, *The American Cousin*, himself, and SOTHERN going off in another direction with his version, which to all intents was *Lord Dundreary*, and the rest, even though Mr. BUCKSTONE played *Asa Trenchard*, nowhere.

If Mr. HENRY AUTHOR JONES has not a soul above investing his *Wealth* so as to bring him in something like fifty per cent., he should take this hint, reduce *Ruddock* by one-half, and develop little Palfreyman. To do this, he needn't lop and prune the Tree of One-Tree-Hill,—which appellation the Haymarket Management is striving to earn for its theatre,—but, when the run is over, he can re-write the piece, so that its best friends and worst enemies won't know it again.

The play begins well; the First Act is the best. The dialogue—always excepting the dialogue solos à la *Daddy Hardacre* and *Les Cloches de Corneville*—is terse and natural enough in every situation, with bright patches here and there, as in the simple Robertsonian love-scene in the Last Act, well played by Mr. EDMUND MAURICE and Miss NORREYS, who is, thank goodness, a trifle less obtrusively ingenuous than usual, and not having too much to do, or any nonsensical theatrical sentimentalism to utter, she plays simply, prettily, and effectively.

The other parts are as colourless as Mr. BROOKFIELD's face, who appears as the bad young man with the villainous whiskers. I have heard of a "beetle-browed man," but to Mr. BROOKFIELD must belong the credit of introducing to the stage "the Black-beetle-whiskered Young Willin'." How could he ever expect *Miss Edith* to love him with such weird things on his cheeks?

Mr. KEMBLE, as the doctor, has another sort of whisker, so well put on as to present the appearance of a parasitical growth, and though at first inclined to carp at them, I actually found them growing on me as the play proceeded, until at last, when finally there was no rivalry from the wicked whiskers—Mr. BROOKFIELD having taken himself off, and probably his whiskers, too—they exercised a fascination over me which certainly distracted my attention from the details of *Matthew Ruddock's* moribunderings. *Matthew Ruddock* died quietly about 11 p.m. the night I was there. A happy release!

Launcelot the Lovely, the Avenue Burlesque, has got some funny notions in it, if you only exercise a little patience. The Stonehenge Scene in Act the Second for a practical stage-joke is the best. ARTHUR ROBERTS has one good song, a parody on the plantation song "Who's that a callin' so sweet?" which he sings in his most humorous style. The duet between Mlle. VANONI and A. ROBERTS is not as good as the "Tzig-a-Tzig" in *Nadgy*, and he has not a single chance equal to that in the *Opéra Bouffe* which preceded *Nadgy*, I forget its name, in which he played that inimitable scene of the Bar-masher with PHYLIS BROUGHTON, as the fascinating Bar-maiden. *Launcelot* of Camelot is a Rummy lot, and if he was a little awkward at starting, he may yet be running six months hence and come in a winner by a head. Whose head? Well either the Author's or the ARTHUR'S. JACK-IN-THE-BOX.

P.S.—Mem. To go and see the *Balloon* at the Strand. I hear it is "going up" nightly, as a balloon ought to do. It is under good management, consisting of a first-rate aeronaut, CHARLES WIND'ERM, and one DUCK, who evidently is not a goose. Being an experienced Manager—it is the Duck who took care of *Our Boys*—he is probably an old bird not to be caught with chaff.

In Globo.

First Globe Trotter (a Mansfieldian). I like his *Richard the Third*. He seems to get, as the French say, "into the skin of the character." *Second Globe Trotter*. Ah! pity he's going away in the hot weather, just when the skin has a chance of acting better.



HAPPY THOUGHT.

Angelina. "YOU SEEM DEPRESSED, DARLING. HAVE YOU HAD A PLEASANT DINNER?"

Edwin. "OH, PRETTY WELL. BOSSE WAS IN THE CHAIR, OF COURSE. HE PRAISED EVERYBODY'S WORK THIS YEAR, EXCEPT MINE!"

Angelina. "OH, I'M SO GLAD! AT LAST HE IS BEGINNING TO LOOK UPON YOU AS A RIVAL—AND HIS ONLY ONE!"

"SUGAR!"

DOCTOR DE WORMS,
Your learned terms,
And your plausible medical patter
On potion and pill
(When a fellow feels ill
And hardly knows what is the matter),
Sound all very fine, Sir; but palate and nose,
Not the ear, are the organs to judge of a dose.

"Sweet, and so nice!
Take my advice;
Bolt it, and nothing will trouble you!"—
What is the drug?
You smile and look smug,
Excellent Doctor DE W.
Not the least *souppçon* of medicine in it?
This from a *medico*? Pray wait a minute!

What do you want?
Professional cant,
And clatter of terms esoteric,
Bravely arrayed,
Form the true stock-in-trade
Too often of Sawbones and Cleric.
But JOHNNY'S a lad who will not, without
struggle,
Succumb to the quack's mere professional
juggle.

Come! No humbug, Sir!
There is a drug, Sir,
JOHNNY has tested aforetime.
That was no cure!
No, to be sure,
Doctor DE WORMS, not in *your* time.

Not since the days when BOB PEEL caved in
quite
To the young brace of medicos, CORDEN and
BRIGHT.

"Much you have learned.
That drug is turned
Out of the Pharmacopœia."—
Humph! That may be.
JOHNNY, you see,
Harbours a sort of idea,
Not by his Counsellor wholly unshared,
Some Doctors would bring back that drug—
if they dared!

Yes, you disclaim
Any such game,
Worthy alone of a new *Dulcamara*.
What you propose
Is a different dose,
Sweet as Molasses, not bitter as Marah.
Well, dear DE WORMS, JOHNNY faithful may
find you.
But—*what's that you've got in the bottle
behind you?*

Is it a boon
You have piled in that spoon?
Nauseous drugs in such wise they ad-
minister.
Prescription is neat,
You say, and all sweet. [sinister.
JOHNNY suspects something nasty and
Saccharine's just what a lad can enjoy;
But "Is it *all* Sugar?" cries JOHNNY. 'Cute
boy!

A "REFJECTED" ADDRESS.—Olympia.

FLOWERS VICE FEATHERS.

"Feathers have generally gone out, in so far as
the all-absorbing question of hats and bonnets is
concerned. Flora has returned to us."—*Daily
Telegraph*.

WHEN lovely woman stooped to folly,
And piled bird-plumes upon her head,
She no doubt fancied she looked jolly;
But filled the woodland choirs with dread.

Punch loves a lark, a thrush, a linnet;
He also loves the whole fair sex;
But woman's hat, with feathers in it,
His spirit never fails to vex.

Bird-slaughter thrills him with a passion
Almost too terrible for words;
For in this sense, in spite of fashion,
Fine feathers do *not* make fine birds.

But flowers in the female bonnet
Conciliate the kind old chap;
Ah! little dears, depend upon it,
This is a feather—in your cap!

IN MEMORIAM ROSIE.—POOR CARL ROSA!
Only forty-seven! He did his best and
worked his hardest for the cause of Opera in
England, and he died just as the value of his
efforts was about to be publicly recognised,
and at the very time when there is a greater
likelihood of the dream of his life, the esta-
blishment of a permanent Opera House in
London, being accomplished than there has
been at any time within the last quarter of
a century.

MR PUNCH'S PRIVATE VIEW OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY 1889.



VISITORS.

General Remarks.—"What sort of Academy is it this year?" Well, it is remarkable for the absence of sensationalism, and of COPE, R.A., for the reduction of HERBERT, R.A., to his lowest denomination

of one little gem, and for the presence of much good work by young 'uns fresh from a new school.

There are several good pictures on the Burlington House Line, at which, like so many pleasant stations, you will stop; but there is not one of sufficient sensational importance to have its own private single rail. There are some pictures within easy reach that ought to have policemen on duty to protect them; and there are others so judiciously hung as to be quite above criticism and out of harm's way. To the powerful influence of Mr. J. C. HORSLEY, R.A., may be traced—if tracing is permitted—the number of unadorned female figures, all of them of course representing models of propriety. ALMA TADEMA is *très à-marche* as usual. Mr. W. Q. ORCHARDSON, R.A., paints with a jaundiced eye, and his Nose Show this year is wonderful. He has painted "The Young Duke," and there can be no doubt about the quality. Didn't DISRAELI write "The Young Duke"? If so, this may account for the yellow primrose tone pervading the picture, and

the *damnosus hereditas*. Truer, perhaps, to say "saffron" than primrose, and "Saffron" is the badge of all our (Mr. ORCHARDSON'S) tribe."

Sir JOHN MILLAIS' Landscapes will take not a few people by surprise. The portraits of the two fishers, the fish out of water, and the wherry funny boat on the bank of Murthly Water, are in this great Artist's best manner, when in his merriest and murthliest mood. SOLOMON shows his power, but not his judgment. The Show is also notable for Mayors in red gowns, and for portraits of illustrious nobodies. OULLESS's *Colonel North* will win golden opinions, and ought to insure his getting a commission from the Colonel for a northern picture. Professor HERKOMER has kindly filled the interior of the Charter House Chapel with recognisably well-to-do personages who certainly have no right to be deriving any support as Pensioners; and the handsome, jolly-looking, elderly gentleman, who is going round with the hat, ought to be ashamed of himself, the beggar! Perhaps

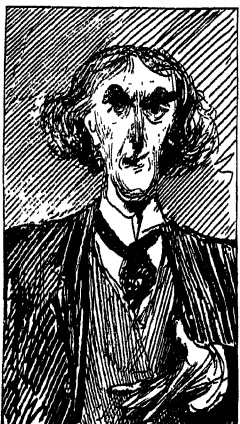
the Professor means, in this powerful picture, to expose and denounce some hitherto unsuspected abuse of the Charter-House funds.

Loving art for its own sake, we deeply regret the absence of any work by Mr. COPE, R.A. But absence makes the heart grow fonder, and there are some Academicians and non-Academicians to whom many of us would become passionately attached on the same terms.

And now, so that you may present an appropriate appearance, put yourself into a proper frame, —mental, not necessarily ornamental frame. All sticks and umbrellas abandon ye who enter here! Much as usual,—"No Change," given above, you'll get it below.



No. 300. "Head it is!" Quite a toss-up by Sir Frederick Leighton, P.R.A.



No 638. Hedly Irvil wi' such a bal cold il is 'ead. "The ead ald flout of is offedil!" —by Bister Sargelt.



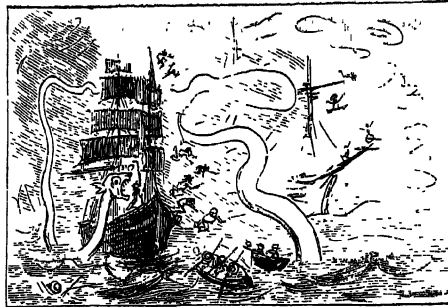
No. 558. Sunday in the Academy Chapel. Going round with the hat for the very poor Artists' Benevolent Fund. Fine collection.



No. 495. "The Pope he leads a happy life." "Hubert (Herkomer), I think." —Shakespeare.



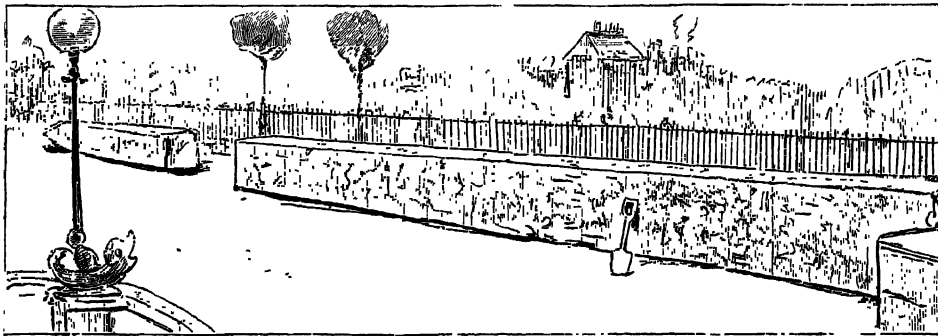
No. 313. Alma-Tadema. Selling off. The back shop.
No reasonable offer refused.



No. 81. The Wyllic Sea Serpent.



No. 559. Moving incident in the



No. 242. Cleopatra's Needle blown down and utilised by Sir John Millais, R.A., Bart.



No. 535. (A) After taking Schmalz-wasser,
dear!



No. 419. Mrs. Ricketts,
Troubled by crickets,
or blackbeetles, ex-
claims, as she poses, "I
do wish the Artist would
have his Studio swept!
They'll be all over my
Pettie-coat of paint.
Oh, the Pettie of it!"



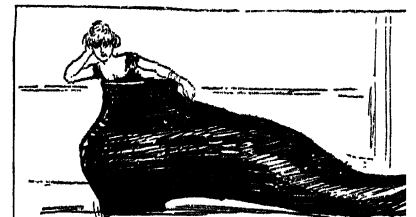
No. 231. Splitting up the Camp of the Unionists.



No. 25. "Just come from
the Sybil-service Stores.
Can't get any of these
wall-papers to suit.
Want something new
and unclassical, but
must be governed by
President."



No. 243. Beaks and beakers. Model family
(Mr.)



No. 180. "There was a young woman she lived
shoe!" A-gordon to the old nursery rhyme

No. 35. One of the "Unemployed;" or, An Idyl Moment. Her undressed salad days. "I might have brought out the scissors to trim my nails on my idyl hands."

No. 38. "How many fingers do I hold up?" A Ritualist studying a work on ceremonial, to see how to give a blessing. Notice the right hand, with which he is unconsciously illustrating his idea.

No. 39. "On board the Yacht *Sylphide*." Vide "More Happy Thoughts." "Poor little Me!" After this, Mr. Armitage, R.A., will be Mr. Navytage, R.N.

No. 50. Hard Water, Moore or less.

No. 67. Scene from the Spanish Armada, painted by S. Lucas, A. By the kind permission of Augustus Diuriolanus Counticouncilarius.



f the late Lord Beaconsfield. Warrented.



No. 136. Becoming quite a Beast.
Painted by a Swan.



Nos. 205 and 204. Mrs. G. (horried). "O Professor Herkomer, O Mr. Val Prinsep, how could you have allowed me to be placed next to such a very improper—Oh!"



No. 620. (B) Arrival of the Doctor, sent by Mrs. Wormand.



"The Nakedness of the Land."—Collected Works of various Lim-ners waiting for the Costumier.



g artist's health. "Saffron" is the badge of all our (son's) tribe."



No. 786. The Economical Housewife. Mrs. Hitchins in the kitchens.—"If you want a thing well done, do it yourself."



No. 760. "Nice Goings On!" Solomon's (want of) Judgment.



No. 564. The Snake-Charmer.



No. 261. The Conjuror's New Trick.

- No. 74. Mirthful Anglers with boat on the bank of Murthly water. N.B. Only funnies allowed on Murthly water, by order of Sir J. E. Millais, Bart., R.A. Notice one wherry funny.
- No. 86. Centipedes. But they really are trees hewn down by Hewitt.
- No. 104. Mr. Edward Terry Comedian, made up as Mr. George Henschel the singer. Painted by a Sarjent who is not a non-commissioned officer.
- No. 107. How to arrange a box of bricks, shown by G. D. Leslie, R.A.
- No. 120. Dorothy Drew drawn. Nice quiet young lady, though signed a Loud'un.
- No. 122. Sisters. "Will he never come?" George Boughton (A) and Sold'un.
- No. 146. Staggered! Send for the Carte to bear off the body.
- No. 151. Lady Eden in her own Garden. A Paradisiacal picture from the gifted brush of Professor Hubert Haircomber. Who but Herkomer could have painted this?



No. 682. Not "In his Father's footsteps," but on his Father's foot. The old gentleman is about to utter "a big big D," but he contrives to S. E. Waller it.



No. 1118. Quite enough to frighten the horses, meeting a Doll-man with two little Jacks-in-the-Boxes



No. 1177. Awful Tragedy. The Wolf at the Door. "Regardless of their doom, the little victims play." O Distempora, O Morris!



No. 763. "I've caught three sprats, neel, a bonnet and a dead dog. What ext?" "Worthy Macbeth!"



No. 613. Noah's Ark Animals, after being cooped up by a Cooper.

No. 163. Highly respectable and decidedly Ernest, looking as Wells as can be expected.

No. 172. Coming out—of an ermine cloak. W. W. Oules, R. A.

No. 191. Trying the piano. "Haas this been tuued?"

No. 201. Colonel Gamble, C.B. "En plein!" He is evidently saying, "My last stake! Shall I risk my chain and badge?" "Commend me to one Hubert"—Herkomer. Is the Professor's Colonel Gamble merely an alias for—

No. 224. Colonel North—Ce share Colonel—whose motto is evidently, at least to judge by his hair and general bearing, "Ruddy, aye Ruddy?" First-rate, Sir Knightate Oul s, R.A.

No. 240. Department. "They tell me," he said, "that I am so like George the Fourth. That is why I always remain in this attitude."

No. 252. The Fl* Catcher. He has "an eager and a nipping air."

No. 265. Somebody's Portrait. "What the Dickens!"—"at all events trying to look like him,"—at least, so thinks to himself, J. C. Horsley, R.A.

No. 294. "Portrait of a Lady." Name and address not given. *Tres chic.*

Costume neat, quite in "Apple-by order."

No. 306. Mrs. Paul Hardy—without the historic quotation from Nelson. But he would be fool-hardy who dared to suggest it. One of the J. E. M.'s.

No. 312. Professor Adams. Of course, companion picture to Lady Eden. By Professor Hubert Jokomer, A.

No. 317. Doing the Dun. Woman at the door (to Dun). "He can't see anyone to-day. He's Faeded away so. Sinking fast." Wife (aside to shamming husband), "I'll tell you when he's gone."

No. 326. Godiva ready to go diving. His-Storey-gal subject.

No. 327. Picture of one Legge.

No. 339 and 346. The Backers. "I'll back my bacon against yours."

No. 364. "Soft and low" in Ticklish Times. "I'll make her start presently," said the young lady to herself, as she sat behind her friend.

No. 368. Astonishment of Peasant at beholding Gigantic Cauliflower.

No. 451. Breeze, blowins and puffins, by that sportsman, Colin Hunter, A.

No. 530. Old Bell-metal Found-dry, by the Wetter-un Mossoo Hairbare.

No. 699. "Just as I was taking a nice quiet bathe, the hounds came in full cry. Most annoying." Scene in Barking Creek. Macbeth. Shakspearian advice to picture-buyers—"Trade and traffic with Macbeth."

SCULPTURE.

No. 2122. A Comic Cardinal.

No. 2165. "Jesse Collings, M.P. bust." The first time we've heard of it. Poor gentleman! What will Mr. Chamberlain do!

No. 2177. Madame Nordica at Covent Garden, by Drury.

No. 2192. "See now! Harry bates his dog."



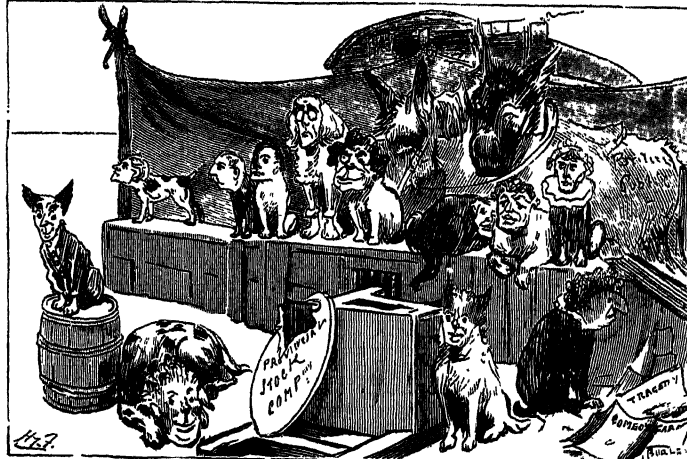
1245. A Midsummer Eve. Not very Good-all.



No. 1102. The Chiropodist. Lady with swollen foot has been trying to operate on herself. Observe the instrument: it is a Hacker.



No. 689. "This is a stupid book! There's nothing in it!"



No. 1171. Strolling Players. Clever Dogs.



No. 1239. The Sphinx in Chancery.



“SUGAR!!”

DR. DE WORMS. “NOW THEN, MASTER JOHNNIE, OPEN YOUR MOUTH AND SHUT YOUR EYES, AND HERE’S A SPOONFUL OF NICE SUGAR FOR YOU!”

JOHNNIE BULL (*suspiciously*). “BUT, I SAY!—IS IT *ALL* SUGAR?”



PLEASURE V. APPETITE.

Uncle Harry. "Now, TOMMY, WHICH AM I TO GIVE YOU?—THE PONY, OR THE CALF?"

Tommy. "OH, I THINK I SHOULD LIKE THE PONY." (*Pause.*) "BUT, UNCLE HARRY?"

Uncle Harry. "WELL, TOMMY?"

Tommy. "I—I'M AWFULLY FOND OF VEAL!"

THE DIARY OF A NOBODY.

March 20.—To-day being the day on which DAISY MUTLAR and Mr. MURRAY POSH are to be married, LUPIN has gone with a friend to spend the day at Gravesend. LUPIN has been much cut-up



over the affair, although he declares that he is glad it is off. I wish he would not go to so many Music Halls, but one dare not say anything to him about it. At the present moment he irritates me by singing all over the house, some nonsense about "What's the matter with GLADSTONE? He's all right! What's the matter with LUPIN? He's all right!" I don't think either of them is. In the evening, GOWING called, and the chief topic of conversation was DAISY'S marriage to MURRAY POSH. I said, "I was glad the matter was at an end, as

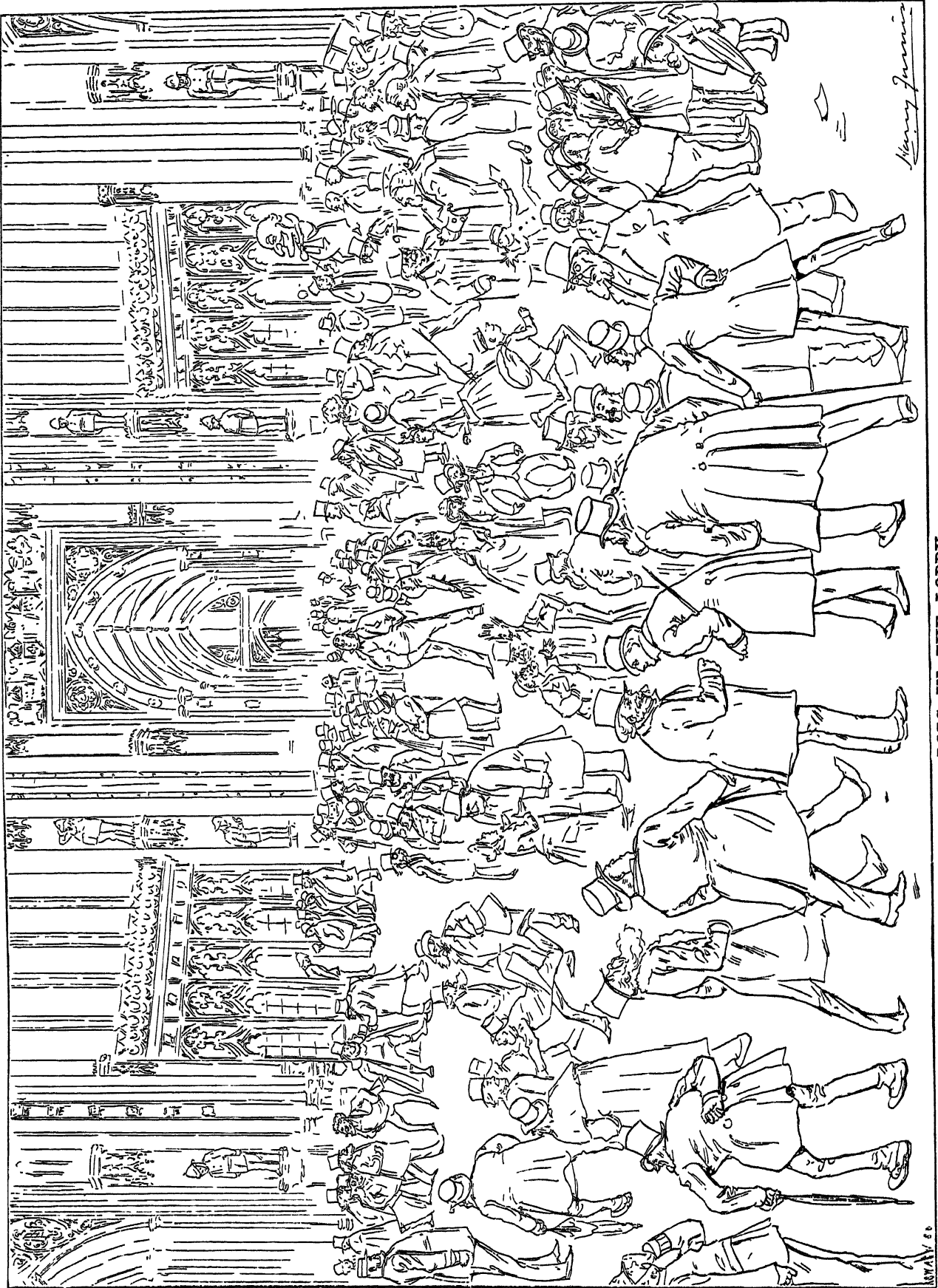
DAISY would only have made a fool of LUPIN." GOWING, with his usual good taste, said, "Oh, Master LUPIN can make a fool of himself without any assistance." CARRIE very properly resented this, and GOWING had sufficient sense to say he was sorry.

March 21.—To-day I shall conclude my diary, for it is one of the happiest days of my life. My great dream of the last few weeks—in fact, of many years—has been realised. This morning came a letter from Mr. PERKUPP, asking me to take LUPIN down to the office with me. I went to LUPIN'S room; poor fellow, he seemed very pale, and said he had a bad headache. He had come back yesterday from Gravesend, where he spent part of the day in a small boat on the water, having been mad enough to neglect to take his overcoat with him. I showed him Mr. PERKUPP'S letter, and he got up as quickly as possible. I begged of him not to put on his fast-coloured clothes and ties, but to dress in something black or quiet-looking. CARRIE was all of a tremble when she read the letter, and all she could keep on saying was, "Oh, I do hope it will be all right." For myself, I could scarcely eat any breakfast. LUPIN came down dressed quietly and looking a perfect gentleman, except that his face was rather yellow. CARRIE, by way of encouragement, said, "You do look nice, LUPIN." LUPIN replied, "Yes, it's a good make-up, isn't it?"

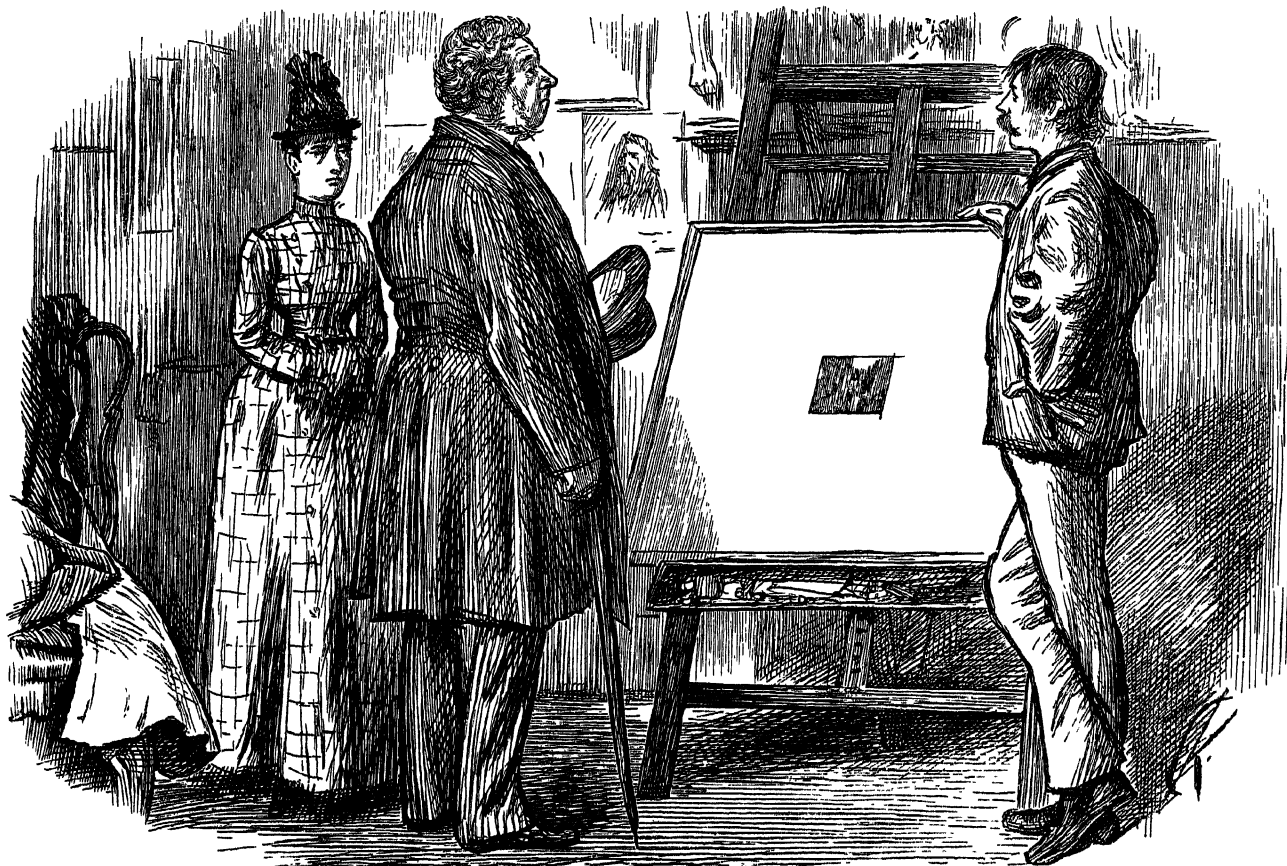
A regular-downright-respectable-funereal-first-class-City-firm-Junior-Clerk." He laughed rather ironically.

In the hall I heard a great noise, and also LUPIN shouting to SARAH to fetch down his old hat. I went into the passage, and found LUPIN in a fury, kicking and smashing a new tall hat. I said, "LUPIN, my boy, what are you doing? How wicked of you! Some poor fellow would be glad to have it." LUPIN replied, "I would not insult any poor fellow by giving it to him." When he had gone outside, I picked up the battered hat and saw inside "POSH'S Patent." Poor LUPIN! I can forgive him. It seemed hours before we reached the office. Mr. PERKUPP sent for LUPIN, who was with him nearly an hour. He returned, as I thought, crestfallen in appearance. I said, "Well, LUPIN, how about Mr. PERKUPP?" LUPIN commenced his song, "What's the matter with PERKUPP? He's all right!" I felt instinctively my boy was engaged. I went to Mr. PERKUPP, but I could not speak. He said, "Well, Mr. POOTER, what is it?" I must have looked a fool, for all I could say was, "Mr. PERKUPP, you are a good man." He laughed at me for a moment and said, "No, Mr. POOTER, you are the good man; and we'll see if we cannot get your son to follow such an excellent example." I said, "Mr. PERKUPP, may I go home? I cannot work any more to-day." My good Master shook my hand warmly, as he nodded his head. It was as much as I could do to prevent myself from crying in the 'bus, in fact, I should have done so had my thoughts not been interrupted by LUPIN, who was having a quarrel with a fat man in the 'bus, whom he accused of taking up too much room. In the evening CARRIE sent round for dear old friend CUMMINGS and his wife, and also to GOWING. We all sat round the fire, and in a bottle of "JACKSON FRERES," which SARAH fetched from the grocers, drank LUPIN'S health. I lay awake for hours, thinking of the future. My boy in the same office as myself—we can go down together by the 'bus, come home together, and who knows but in the course of time he may take great interest in our little home. That he may help me to put a nail in here or a nail in there, or help his dear mother to hang a picture. In the summer he may help us in our little garden with the flowers, and assist us to paint the stands and pots. (By the bye, I must get in some more Enamel paint.) All this I thought over and over again, and a thousand happy thoughts beside. I heard the clock strike four, and soon after fell asleep only to dream of three happy people, LUPIN, dear CARRIE, and myself.

INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS. No. 68.



LOTS IN THE LOBBY.



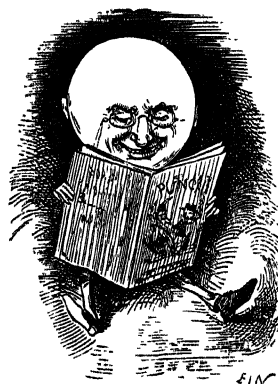
PROPORTIONS.

Buyer. "IN FUTURE, AS MY COLLECTION INCREASES, AND MY WALL-SPACE IS LIMITED, AND PRICE NO OBJECT, PERHAPS YOU WOULD LET ME HAVE A LITTLE MORE 'PICTURE,' AND A LITTLE LESS 'MOUNT'!"

WHAT MR. PUNCH'S MOON SAW.

FOURTEENTH EVENING.

"EARLY one Summer evening last year," said the Moon, "I was looking down on some Public Pleasure Grounds, where a 'Grand Gala and Fête,' as they call it, was going on. The boys from some Training Ship or School had been invited to attend, and had come in their white and blue uniforms, looking so sturdy, and healthy, and happy, as they performed various gymnastic exercises with clubs, dumb-bells, and cutlasses, in the grounds, while their band, who were all boys too, played lively airs. When they were dismissed, the spectators found themselves provided with a rival attraction, though on a smaller scale. Here, too, the performers were quite young and dressed like sailors, but there were only a few of them, and they differed, too, in other respects. For one thing, the second body were not so smart and healthy-looking, nor nearly so well set up as the real sailor-boys; for another, they were commanded—not by grown-



up officers, but by a little person dressed as nearly as possible to resemble your famous Admiral, Lord NELSON. The crowd gathered round, greatly amused, as the miniature commander halted his force. Some would have it that he was a boy, but I thought that a boy would have looked sheepish and awkward dressed up like that, and I was certain from the first that the little Admiral must be a girl.

"I can see her now, in her quaint hat and white wig, her gold-laced coat and white knee-breeches, as she strutted up and down, pretending to take snuff, and inspect the boys drawn up in line through a small spy-glass she carried. She was rather a pretty child, though she would have appeared to more advantage on a

lighted stage than there, for it was still broad daylight, and her face looked pallid and unhealthy under the rouge some one had put on her cheeks.

"But no one could have been happier or more perfectly pleased with herself than she was. Everyone was looking on and openly admiring her gallant bearing, while she paced the path like a quarter-deck, and bullied any boy who had not put his feet at exactly the right angle. The boys, who, like herself, had been engaged in the neighbourhood for the occasion, submitted with sulkily glowering faces, for they felt mortified to be seen being ordered about like that by a mere girl. And I noticed that the pride and self-satisfaction of the small Nelson seemed to increase visibly every instant. The manager—a big, coarse-looking man, with a thick gold chain and a dyed moustache—had come out into the grounds, and she made her way up to his side at once, and began to converse affably and easily, as with an equal, giving him her views, with little explanatory waves of her hand, upon the most suitable place for marshalling her company. She was quite aware that all eyes were upon her, and that even the boys under her authority were secretly impressed with her coolness. The Manager, who happened to be in a good humour just then, addressed her as 'my dear,' and smiled indulgently; perhaps he was amused by her presumption, and the wonderful airs she gave herself. Presently he told her to put her company through their manoeuvres:

"And then—I don't know how it was, whether Nelson lost her head and forgot the proper word of command, or whether the boys turned mutinous and made mistakes on purpose—but everything went wrong somehow; there was nothing but blundering and confusion. The Admiral grew less and less confident, until her face was so red that she no longer needed rouge; the bystanders began to titter and make rude remarks, and the Manager left off smiling.

"At last he called up the incompetent Commander, and publicly rebuked her—so loudly, that everyone could hear what he said. And the poor little Nelson, thoroughly humbled and frightened by his rough sarcasm, hung her head, and burst into tears of very unheroic mortification before the whole company! Then," said the Moon, "I hid my face behind a convenient cloud, for I really could not bear to look on any longer."

COUNTY-COUNCILDOM.

(From the Note-Book of Mr. Punch's Young Man.)

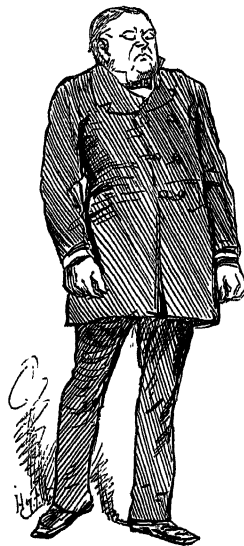
April 30, 1889.—"Mister" ROSEBERRY, since his rating by the *Times* for being away at one of the earliest of the meetings of the



A Cartoon of Raphael. Never before exhibited.

Lord-by-courtesy. For a moment, I fancy I recognise my dear and valued friend CONYBEARE, and am disappointed to discover that his place is supplied (but in all fairness I must add, efficiently supplied) by Lord MONKSWELL. I am rather new to the spot, so cannot swear to everyone. However, I fancy I have seen a gentleman in a red tie who I am told is an architect (or was it a Volunteer?—I forget which) somewhere before. Other faces I recognise as being familiar to me in and about the neighbourhood of the refreshment department at the Law Courts. Another individual is pointed out to me as the sharp marksman of the *Financial News*. The Entire CHARRINGTON is also here ready *à propos* of the Music Halls to bring blushes into the cheeks of young persons unaccustomed to public speaking. He has a willing supporter in Alderman the Reverend FLEMING WILLIAMS, who it is to be hoped will never go to the theatre when SHAKESPEARE'S masterpiece is being performed for fear that he may be induced in recognition of the fitness of things, to play for the rest of his life the *Ghost of Hamlet's Father*. He would make an admirable ghost—I feel sure of it. And I fancy there are many present who would like to see him one. BEALES the Chorus is also in attendance ready to shout "Divide!" or "Vote!" "The originator of the whole affair" is most useful when he confines himself to these utterances. BOTTOMLEY FIRTH, as usual, is combining the activity of the office messenger with the gravity of the country village clerk. ARTHUR ARNOLD and Lieutenant-Colonel HOWARD VINCENT, M.P., commanding the Queen's Westminster Rifle Volunteers, and other persons of lesser note, are also present.

"Mister" ROSEBERRY is quite cheerful as he knocks on the table in front of him. He calls out the various numbers in the *Agenda*, and for some minutes there are cries of "Agreed!" But there is a rock ahead. We come to the Report of the Theatres and Music Halls, and then Mr. FARDELL rises and explains that there is a recommendation and an "alternative." The recommendation is, that the licensing of the Music Halls shall be entrusted to a Committee; and the "alternative" is, that that Committee should report to the Council. Mr. FARDELL sits down, and then Captain VERNEY moves an amendment which is seemingly calculated to cut out Mr. AUGUSTUS HARRIS (absent) from being a member of the Licensing Committee. Then the Entire CHARRINGTON tells some rather *risqué* stories of a Music Hall, wherein seemingly the audience are better pleased with champagne than beer; and "Mister" ROSEBERRY (no doubt in the interest of the Alderspinster CONS) calls him to order. Then comes a battle-royal, for by this time the Chamber is nearly full.



"From this time Firth for evermore."

At length the Chairman rises, and suggests that as the motions and amendments have got into a condition of hopeless confusion, perhaps it would be as well to put certain questions to the Council, and get the sense—"if any," said evidently the Chairman to himself, judging by the twinkle in his eye,—of the meeting upon each of them. This proposal is received with applause, possibly all the heartier because the hour sacred to dinner is rapidly approaching. Then we have votes and divisions, and excursions into the corridor, and all sorts of peculiar countings. On one occasion "Mister" ROSEBERRY appoints a couple of double tellers to get the votes of either party, and discovers, when the totals are ascertained, that three tellers went one way and a solitary teller the other! In fact the meeting partakes of the character of a roaring farce. However, some sort of a decision is at length reached, when someone doubts the legality of the whole proceedings, and asks for counsel's opinion thereon!

And now I have been listening and laughing for nearly three hours, and about an eighth of the suggested work of the sitting has been accomplished, and I calculate that at the present rate of progress the work will not be finished until the small hours of the coming day. So I beat a retreat (imitating the Member for the Western Division of St. Pancras, who, for the moment, is a lost RAPHAEL), and learn on referring to the papers of the next morning, that "after some further business, the meeting adjourned." What that business was, I do not in the least know, and from the silence of the Press, I fancy that the reporters must have equally shared my ignorance.

OUR IN-SUBORDINATES.

[The Paris schoolmasters have "struck work"; TOMMY who is now at Whippingham Academy for Young Gentlemen—hopes the English ones will do the same. This will be his diary, if they do.]

Monday.—Have enjoyed a perfectly delightful day! The first nice one since I came to old SWISHER'S "Academy." SWISHER himself of course can't teach a little bit: he's too much of a muff. So the other Masters (there are three of them) do all that, while SWISHER comes in now and then, and superintends, and inflicts what he calls "corporal punishment"—the old beast!—when he's got nothing better to do. This morning we heard that the three Masters had struck work! SWISHER had gone off to remonstrate with them, and we were left to ourselves. STEERFORTH (he's the captain of our eleven), said it would be good fun to make an effigy of SWISHER, by stuffing a sack full of old copy-books. We did it, and set fire to it out in the playground. *Such larks!* Hope SWISHER and the three Masters won't come back for a jolly long time.

Tuesday.—SWISHER has come back, but is ill "from anxiety," the Matron says. Hurrah! And the three Masters are still out on strike. Never knew before what a jolly thing a strike was. STEERFORTH (who knows about everything), says that SWISHER will have to raise Masters' salaries. Or, if he doesn't do that, he can "look them out." Yes, but if he looks us in, we shan't have any half-holidays! Grub better to-day; STEERFORTH believes SWISHER is frightened. Generally we only get pudding on alternate Thursdays; but to-day we had a jolly one, though it's only Tuesday. Oh, what fun a strike is!

Wednesday.—We've painted most of the school-room pea-green! STEERFORTH bought us the colours and brushes, and then fagged us to dab it all over the walls; but we liked doing it. Then young BLOGGINS, who is such a cure, did a picture of SWISHER with a pipe in his mouth, in vermilion, on the wet paint, and it really isn't half bad. STEERFORTH will get some gunpowder. No lessons again to-day!

Thursday.—STEERFORTH says the three Masters have formed a Trades' Union. Don't know what a Trades' Union is a bit, but if it means that Masters aren't coming back, and that it will be all holidays, I think it's a splendid institution. Had a paper-chase all over SWISHER'S flower-beds. Tried who could throw stones best over the house—only broke four windows. Matron very angry, but we don't mind her. She says old SWISHER is getting better. Sorry to hear it.

Friday.—Masters still away! STEERFORTH tells us what to do with the gunpowder. Puts half a barrel in tool-shed up against house, and then lays a train, which we are to set fire to. He says it's like conspirators, and that "it'll amuse old SWISHER." Funny of STEERFORTH to send his boxes off to station beforehand. Looks as if he were going on strike, too. We all hope not. As we aren't disobey STEERFORTH, we do fire the train. Result not so funny as we expected. Knocks us all down, makes big hole in wall of house, blows tool-shed to smithereens, and brings old SWISHER downstairs with a cane! SWISHER certainly is *much* better—the beast! Never had such a licking before! Bed.

Saturday.—Strike over. Masters back. And STEERFORTH, it seems, was leaving, and has gone away, leaving us to bear brunt of old SWISHER'S anger. We all think STEERFORTH must have been suddenly sent for, or he would never have deserted us in this way. SWISHER and Masters all in bad temper. No holidays next week! SWISHER himself on the strike—with the cane!

THE RESULT OF MUCH CANVASSING.—To be elected R.A.

NOTICE.—Rejected Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will in no case be returned, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. To this rule there will be no exception.

STEAMING AT HIGH PRESSURE.

Being a further Blow-off à la Blowitz.

I AM naturally a modest man, but I am not disposed to underrate my calling of journalist, which, take it as a whole, is about the most exalted position in this world that any man of distinction and intelligence can be called upon to occupy. And I am, *par excellence*, the journalist of journalists. I do not boast of this, I merely state a simple fact, and when I condescend to button-hole an Emperor or distinguished diplomatist, they know well enough which of us two the world regards as honoured by the interview. But let that pass. Suffice it to say that, hearing there was to be a European Congress at Berlin, it struck me it would be a unique feat in journalism to publish the text of the treaty *in extenso* in the columns of the paper I represented the day before it was finally settled by the Congress itself. I saw that this would surprise somebody, and I was right. However, I knew that I had only to will to do it, to carry it out, and, as

a preliminary step, I hurried to St. Petersburg to see the CZAR. Letting myself into the Winter Palace with my own latchkey, I soon found myself in the private apartments, and, entering without knocking, as is my wont, discovered His Majesty seated in his study in his dressing-gown partaking of a light luncheon.

"Come in, Gortz, my boy!" he said, greeting me effusively, and pouring me out a glass of *viski*, and offering me a cigarette. "And what may be your best news? You know your visits are always a most delightful experience to me."

"Quite so," I replied, smiling. "But look here, your Majesty—" And then I detailed the scheme of my proposed journalistic feat in a few well-chosen words to him, and he was all attention.

"Certainly," he said, after listening courteously to what I had to say; "I see exactly what you want, and will unquestionably help you in any way I can. How, by the way, would you like to attend the Congress instead of KORTAKOFF, who can easily have a bad cold? In his clothes, with a little disguise, you could make up like him. Shall I drop him a line?"

"So do, Sir," I replied, slapping the CZAR on the back; "you are a trump. And if there is anything I can do for your Majesty in Central Asia, or Poland, or elsewhere," I added, "you have only got to let me know."

The interview ended after this, and I returned to Berlin with the CZAR's autograph letter sewn for safety into the back of my coat. After this it was all plain sailing. I called on KORTAKOFF and gave him the CZAR's letter. He nodded as he read it. "Very well," he said, "I am quite game. I'll come to your hotel. We will change clothes, and you shall lock me up in your room, every day, till you come back."

So our programme was carried out. I attended the Congress, and though the Turkish Representative, who had met KORTAKOFF at St. Petersburg, stared hard at me, and said I had "grown so fat," he should hardly have known me, yet I managed to pass muster fairly, though I noticed the Chancellor several times had his eye on me. And as matters turned out, I found I had not imposed on him, for after the second sitting, he touched me on the shoulder, and with a significant wink, said, "I say, Prince, a word with you in private."

As soon as he had shut the door of the retiring room to which we had adjourned, he burst out into a loud guffaw, and continued, "Well, Gortz, my boy! what on earth does this mean? You didn't think you could do me, did you? Why, I spotted you, the moment you opened your mouth. Well, what's your little game, eh?"

I explained the situation forthwith to him, and solicited his assistance. He promised me this in the most flattering and complimentary terms. "Well, Gortz, my boy," he said, "if it had been anybody else than you, I don't think I should care to connive at the business, but as you are in yourself such an important European factor, and have got the German Empire, and I may add, I myself, out of so many scrapes,—well, you certainly can count on me to keep my counsel and see you through with it."

And Prince BISMARCK kept his word. And so acting for Russia, I drew up the concluding articles of the Treaty and worded the preamble, which had been sent on to me that very afternoon from Printing House Square, *where it was already set up in type*, and so it came about that I was enabled to publish in the *Times* of Friday, the text of the Treaty that was not definitely settled by the Congress till Saturday, thereby accomplishing a feat in journalism which I apprehend it will take the record some time to beat. I flatter myself, by doing this, I rather astonished the whole civilised world. But as I hinted at the beginning of this article, I am a very remarkable man.



Parson (to Candidate for Sunday School). "HAVE YOU BEEN CHRISTENED, MY BOY?"

Boy. "YESH, SHIR. GOT MARKS IN THREE PLASHES ON MY LEFT ARM!"

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CHEAP BUTCHER'S MEAT.—It was certainly a happy idea of yours to dispense with the Middleman by making that arrangement with the Dorsetshire farmer you mention, to send you up a live bullock to divide with your three friends every fortnight; but the arrival of the beast at your house while you were giving a small dinner-party, coupled with the fact that owing to the refusal of the railway people to call again with it in the morning it had to be left in the front hall and pass the night in your study, must, as you say, have occasioned you considerable inconvenience. There are, of course, several ways of killing the creature, and if you think you can manage it, we should advise you by all means to pole-axe it. Failing this, you had perhaps better fall back on the revolver, or, as you seem rather inclined to it, you might try an overdose of chloroform as you suggest. But you are certainly not bound, as far as we can see, to dispose of the creature yourself. Yes, by all means, place it on the top of a four-wheeler, and take it in turn to the houses of your three friends, and see whether you cannot arrange for its slaughter and division at one or other of their premises. If the worst comes to the worst, you can but show a bold front, pay the cabman and leave it. This may possibly lead to some disagreeables; perhaps, to a summons and some further legal expenses, but still you can satisfy yourself that you have at least got rid of the exorbitant profits realised by your butcher. We shall be glad to hear from you when the whole matter is satisfactorily concluded, and you have settled the bill of your lawyers, how much you reckon that the meat has cost you per pound.

UTILISING A FUNERAL PRIZE.—We are not surprised to hear that you have been at some doubts as to the best way of turning to account the hearse which you mention that you have lately won in a raffle; but we think that your idea of taking the top off, cutting it down, painting it a bright emerald green, and letting it out as a pleasure van, is certainly worthy of consideration. We are only afraid that even after undergoing this gala transformation its shape might still be somewhat suggestive of its previous use, and possibly cast a gloom on a party of thoughtful merry-makers, which would, of course, be a decided drawback to its utilisation for such a purpose. But why not get a pot of ASPINAL'S Red Enamel, give it a coat, and offer it to the Authorities for the conveyance service of the Parcels Post? Your alternative fancy for keeping it as it is, and letting it be quietly known among your friends that in the event of the decease of any of them, you will only be too happy to place it at their disposal, shows a considerate and kindly spirit, but we cannot but think that the offer would be misunderstood and resented. Probably only the eye of an undertaker would detect the vehicle in its new disguise; and the matter, if only regarded in the light of an interesting experiment, certainly seems worth a trial. Send it to your coach-builder's, and have it put in hand at once.



"NOT MUCH, BUT BETTER THAN NOTHING AT ALL."

Britannia (to Vulcan). "HERE'S AN EXTRA FOUR MILLIONS TO GO ON WITH; SO GET TO WORK AT ONCE, AND MIND YOU LET ME HAVE THE VERY BEST IRONCLADS YOU CAN TURN OUT."

Tip to Termagants.

A "SENSE of Humour" is so much bepraised
By critics, that one might suppose it raised
To the high rank of a new Cardinal Virtue.
Well, 'tis a gift that helps and cannot hurt you.
But if you'd cultivate this gift delightful,
You must abandon hate, and cut the spiteful;
For whatsoever angry fools may rumour,
You *can't* be humorous when you're out of humour

NOT SWEET ON IT!—After reading Sir THOMAS'S "slashers" on the Sugar Convention, some of the Ministerialists, it is understood, are inclined to drop that political hot potato, or at any rate, "let it slide." They fear that they may go FARREK and fare worse.

"WHAT THE DICKENS!"—Yes, CHARLES DICKENS reading selections from *the DICKENS'S* works at St. James's Hall. "Like father, like son." Of course you do the first, but to do the second you must go and hear him.

S. G. O.

(Lord Sydney Godolphin Osborne, Died, May 9, Aged 81.)

ANOTHER long-heard voice at last is stilled!
Warm heart, which to all tales of suffering thrilled.
Sound head, which social problems loved to face,
You will be missed from your peculiar place,
Held long ere Bitter Cries found echoes free,
And aid of rhetoric, if not remedy;
When not all men were Socialists, and not
All eyes were open to each bane and blot
Found in the body-politic. E'en then
That sympathetic eye, that potent pen
Were dedicate to service of your kind,
To true benevolence, ardent, yet not blind,
And bettering of the village and the town.
Now, many wandering voices woo renown
As Social Oracles. But *Punch* looks back
With praise upon his honourable track
Of useful days who thirty years ago
Was known, and loved, by him as S. G. O.

THE HARMLESS NECESSARY "CAT."

MR. PUNCH has small sympathy with what he deems the false sentiment which denounces the use of the lash—upon brutes—as brutalising. Means must be adapted to ends. The burglar and the ruffianly wife-beater would seem to have something in common with the immortal lady who didn't mind death but couldn't stand pinching. They don't seem, effectively, to mind the risks of their calling or the prospect of imprisonment, but they "cannot stand" whipping. Whipping, therefore, sharp and painful without being physically injurious, would seem to be a promising deterrent, and, indeed, has proved so, in the opinion of good judges. Now it is complained that the "Cat" is cruel, because it often seriously injures as well as pains. Very well, let that be amended. To lash a brute so violently that you have afterwards to cosset him up in hospital cannot be either true humanity or sound policy. By all means dock the Cat of certain of its nine tails if necessary, and lay on the remainder with valour, but also with discretion, both as regards selection of the spot for their application and the amount and energy of the application itself. Descend ye Nine! or six, or three, as the case may be; but descend, though manfully, yet with measure.



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

Miss Bugge. "OH, BUT MINE IS SUCH A HORRID NAME!"

Young Brown. "AH—A—UM—I'M AFRAID IT'S TOO LATE TO ALTER IT NOW!"

ALL-A-BLOWING!

A SPRING-PLEA FROM THE SUBURBS.

ALL-A-BLOWING! In the May-time there is playtime e'en for toil,
For the breath of Spring sets fancy wild a-wing;
There is something in the Season even stucco scarce can spoil,
The cacophonous street-hawker seems to sing.
All-a-blowing! He is going with his barrow down the street;
There's a flowering shrub tucked under either arm,
And the echoes of his shrill stentorian cry sound almost sweet.
Ay, in May e'en clamorous costers have their charm;
For the morn has brought a sun-burst and the very asphalte smiles
With a radiant recognition of the boon.
There's a glow upon the chimneys, and a glory on the tiles,
Where the cockney sparrows chirp and fight, and "spoon."
Rus in urbe has its meaning on this sunny morn of May,
Though suburban streets are not Arcadian quite.
For the tiniest square of garden dons a verdurous array,
And the roads are vistas green of glowing light.
Over wall and gate and lamp-post bursts the leafy emerald screen.
Of the sycamore, the lilac, and the lime,
Even slums look far less sordid when they show a speck of green,
Not yet dulled to dingy grey by grit and grime.
And the blossoms—ah! the blossoms of the apple and the pear!
Their lovely lavish largess on the town,
Falls like a floral garment, veiling all that's black and bare.
It might wake poetic impulse in a clown.
But to watch it, and to think of the tender white and pink;
Of the purple of the plummy lilac spires.
From the dull suburban window you may thrust your head and drink
Of that fragrance of the Spring which never tires.
All-a-blowing! Pipe up, coster, for your cry is just the voice
Of all Nature, though your hoarseness mars the air.
E'en in Doldrum Street, S.W., the drudges must rejoice,
And sad Cockneys feel some lightening of their care.
The Philistines who dwell in yon Villas coldly "Swell,"
Look more human with May blossoms in their coats.

There's the Season's first white waistcoat! Clear and mellow as
The blackbird fluteth forth his first Spring notes [a bell,

From yon tall acacia-top, he trills on and does not stop
For the chattering lawn-mower which hard by
A baggy-legged old buffer with a head like a grey mop
Is grinding at with slow stolidity.

All-a-blowing! Farther West Art is putting forth her best

At the Burlington, the Grosvenor, and the New;

But in this suburban Gath we have no æsthetic test;

Art-flowers among the Philistines are few.

In Bond Street they are all a-blowing floridly, but here

Labour leaves men little leisure to be floral.

BURNE-JONES in Bethnal Green, so they say, finds fitting sphere,

Here we're mournful and monotonous, though moral.

And the Jerry Builder menaces our little bits of green

And the little bursts of blossom more and more.

The dull mechanic round and the conquering machine

Are the pitiless twin despots of the poor.

Brick-and-mortar prevails; weighed in Capital's cold scales,

Leaves and grass are just the merest waste of space.

Felled trees and dwindling garden-patches tell their own sad tales;

Even Spring-time cannot come in green-robed grace

To a stucco-faced Sahara such as spreads, and spreads, and spreads

O'er the old suburban semi-rural scene.

All a-blowing! Leave us something more than flags, and slates, and

"leads;"

Let sweet Spring in London's outskirts still show green!

A VERY LAME JOKE.—Horse Show at Olympia commences to-day. The name of the place is ominous for a horse show, unless it were going to be an exhibition of lame ones, as the 'bus conductors generally call it out, "All-limp 'ere!"

MUSICAL NOTE.—A more-or-less biblical subject ought not to be parodied. Yet how has *Judith* been treated, and who did it? Seriously, PARRY did; and very well PARRY did it.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday Night, May 6.—CURSE OF CAMBORNE turned up to-night quite unexpected; took me rather aback. "How d'you do?" I said, shaking hands. (Always say, "How d'you do?" and shake hands when I don't know what else to say or do. Used at first to strike me as oddest thing that people among whom I live should, when they meet, each hold out hand, get hold of other fellow's and wag it up and down. Might just as well rub the soles of their feet together—quite as easy after a little practice; or might gently rub backs of their heads. Very odd thing is man). Think of this as I shake hands with the CURSE.



Ashmead.

CURSE seems a little nervous. Try to cheer him up. "Yes, I think they are," I say; "or if not, they will Rouse by-and-by. If you're waking Rouse me early, don't you know. Don't trouble yourself: it's all very well for BALFOUR to say he'll shut you up; but, as we know in the House, that's not easily done."

Quite a lively Debate on affair at Falcarragh. The CURSE took prominent part, making one speech on his feet and several more from his place on Bench. SPEAKER constantly calling him to order; House howled at him; OLD MORALITY once interposed with string of moral reflections designed to show inconvenience of discussing case *sub judice*; House once on the howling tack turned upon O. M. with such startling vigour that he gratefully resumed his seat and said no more. HARCOURT wondered why everybody laughed when he accused BALFOUR of "blustering"; EDWARD CLARKE calls HARCOURT "most insolent"; BALFOUR at bay; the CURSE popping up and down trying to get off another little speech, but always laid by his heels by watchful SPEAKER.

After this scarcely time or inclination left for Debate on Naval Defences Bill. SAGE of Queen Anne's Gate moves rejection; Government getting frightened at attack, sent for ASHMEAD-BARTLETT; ASHMEAD, nobly forgetful of former slights, arrives post haste, breaks the silence of many years, consenting to JOKIM's hard terms that he shall forego a quarter's salary. "Couldn't afford to do it often," says ASHMEAD; "but the Government being, as the MARKISS remarks, impecunious, can't refuse occasionally to fall in with their plans."

Business done.—Debate on Naval Defences Bill.

Tuesday.—Everyone wanting to know who is the mysterious person who has offered to give money for National Portrait Gallery. PLUNKET assailed with questions, but nothing to be got out of him. "Donor," he said, just now in response to persistent questions, "Dono." Various names mentioned. OLD MORALITY at one time



Whizzing past.

favourite; Members looked kindly on him as he sat on the Treasury Bench; just the sort of thing he would do. Then someone remembers that MARKISS, in making announcement at Academy dinner, observed that he had never before heard the name of mysterious benefactor. Couldn't say that of SMITH of course; so OLD MORALITY theory regretfully abandoned. SPENCER BALFOUR declares he knows all about it. Met him just now in the lobby, or rather saw him spinning



past. Curious rotary motion; sort of understudy of a peg-top. Can't imagine how he does it.

"Found him out!" he shouts breathlessly, as he spins past. "It's JOSEPH GILLIS!"

Wonder if this can be true? Not at all improbable. JOSEPH known to be what is called "warm"; probably been a boom in bacon; ham on the hop; markets firm; JOSEPH having out in at low prices gets out at a rise.

"What shall I do with the surplus?" he says, to himself. "Take noble revenge on the Saxon. Nation can't afford to build Portrait Gallery; I'll do it for 'em." That seems reasonable enough. Shall go and look up JOEY B.; see if he's easier to pump than PLUNKET.

Whizzing noise in the distance comes nearer and nearer. It's SPENCER BALFOUR again; been to end of corridor; whizzing more rapidly than ever. Only just catch his assurance as he flies past, "Yes. It's JOSEPH GILLIS!"

Business done.—Naval Defences Bill read Second Time.

Thursday.—House of Lords been wilderness since it met after Recess. Every afternoon solitary and graceful figure seen advancing towards Woolsack; sits there for five or ten minutes; declares one or two Bills advanced a stage; and then, with sweeping stride and inimitable dignity, disappears. This the LORD CHANCELLOR, earning his insufficient £4,000 a year as Speaker of Lords. To-night a sudden change. House filled on both sides. Three rows of Bishops in nice white gowns seated below Ministers.

"Some mischief in contemplation," said WILFRID LAWSON looking in, "Wonder what it is? Bet a bottle of lemonade it's either Land or the Church—Money or Religion. Fancy from presence of the Bishops that the Church is in some manner in danger."

So it was, indirectly. Deceased Wife's Sister Bill on for Second Reading.

"Why BILL?" Lord MEATH asks, gazing at animated scene from space by steps of Throne. "Deceased Wife's Sister JANE MARY, or even SUE I could understand. But Sister BILL seems an anomaly, unless, indeed, she was christened WILHELMINA. Must look into this matter."

Earl PERCY has looked into it, and finds it won't do. This stalwart border knight, this flower of Northumbrian chivalry, this heir to the renown of DOUGLAS's doughty foe at Chevy Chase, moved rejection of Bill. SELBORNE on same side; ARGYLL and PRIMATE—Morality and Piety—bringing up the rear. In vain GRIMTHORPE submitted to merciless dissection the tootling of the massive PERCY; without effect; HERSHELL urged that you can't pick and choose out of Leviticus. If you take one of its edicts as a rule of social order you must take the lot. All in vain; Bishops won the day, Bill being thrown out by a majority of 27 in House of 287 Peers.

Commons spent long night in Committee of Supply. Actually passed a few Votes. Earlier in Sitting W. REMOND attempted to create diversion by mentioning case of King JA-JA. JA-JA, whose descent from early Kings of Connaught can be infallibly traced, now at St. Vincent. Wants to come home; intends to stand for first



"Why Bill?"

vacancy in Irish borough or county. But tyrannical Government keeps heavy hand on him. JA-JA took to his bed, threatened to die. Doctor told off to examine him. Reported His Majesty in excellent health. This is FERGUSON'S version; but W. REDMOND shakes his head in token of dissent. Thinks of moving adjournment in order to call attention to condition of King JA-JA as one of urgent public importance. Finds no encouragement, so subject drops, and House drifts into Committee. *Business done.*—Several Votes in Supply.

Friday.—Another long morning sitting quietly spent in Committee of Supply. Fresh air of originality given to proceedings by obtaining a few Votes. This partly due to concatenation of circumstances that, owing to the class of Votes under discussion, GEORGE JOKEIM was out of the way, and RITCHIE in general charge. For a humorist, a man of bubbling wit, JOKEIM has unfortunate habit of rubbing the hair of heads of his fellow men wrong way. JACKSON, anxious to get business forward, always tries to get JOKEIM asked out to tea when Committee of Supply on. *Business done.*—Supply. ROBERTSON'S Motion, Disfranchising Universities, negatived by 217 Votes against 126.

ON COMMISSION.

May 7, 8, 9, and 10.—While Mr. PARNELL has been in the box the Court has been crowded with a large amount of "rank, beauty, and intellect," and on his disappearance from that coign of vantage the place has resumed its normal appearance. Even the examination



and cross-examination of His Grace the Archbishop of DUBLIN attracted a comparatively small audience. And here I may perhaps give a sketch of the proceedings connected with those latter inquiries in a dramatic form, on the understanding—that what I am about to write is not in the least like the real thing:—

Mr. Reid (after arranging a mass of documents). I believe your Grace is Archbishop of DUBLIN?

His Grace. I am. I was, &c., &c., &c.
[Gives an interesting sketch of his ecclesiastical appointments.]

Mr. Reid. Quite so. Will your Grace be so good as to give the History of Ireland.

His Grace. With pleasure. Irishmen in every part of the world were descended from ADAM, or as we should now call him O'DAM and—

The President (courteously interrupting). Do you not think Mr. REID that we might make this a little shorter?

Mr. Reid (with plaintive politeness). I wish to do my best, my Lord, to carry out the wishes of the Court, although I am anxious to get this matter (which is new matter) on the notes. (Turning to Witness.) Probably your Grace could kindly commence the History of Ireland at a little later date.

His Grace (smiling amiably). Certainly. After the flood NOAH was succeeded by SHEM, HAM, and O'JAPHET.

Mr. Reid (conscious of his nationality, and his duty to his Drumfries constituents). May I suggest (I am told that it is so) that the name of the latter gentleman was MACJAPHET.

His Grace (shakes his head smilingly, but repeats). O'JAPHET. I think you will find I am right—O'JAPHET.

Mr. Reid (partly conceding the point). Well, O'JAPHET or MACJAPHET. Yes, your Grace?

The President (who has consulted with his colleagues, mildly). Really, Mr. REID I do not see that His Grace has any special information—that he could not obtain in common with all men of intelligence and education—on this matter.

Mr. Justice Smith (persuasively). You see, it is not before us as an issue to be tried.

Mr. Reid (distressed but yielding, smiles sorrowfully at the Bench and turns to Witness). Then we will come at once to 1879. As Archbishop of DUBLIN, it was your Grace's duty to know everything?

His Grace. Certainly.

Mr. Reid. Will you be so good as to tell us all you know.

His Grace (searching a black bag and producing documents). The principles of electricity are—

The President (again interrupting more in sorrow than in anger). I have no doubt, that a lecture upon electricity from his Grace, would be of the deepest interest to all of us, but—

Mr. Biggar (suddenly popping up from the well of the Court). May I say a word, my Lord. If this evidence is not received, tell me now why is the evidence of hirelings of the Government received—tell me that now?

The President (to Mr. BIGGAR). Your observation has not assisted the Court, Sir. (Mr. BIGGAR smilingly subsides.) I would add that

unless it can be shown that His Grace has special knowledge of the facts, we do not see how this line of examination can be pursued.

Mr. Reid (in deep distress). I must urge upon your Lordships that this matter is of vital importance to us. I would suggest that we propose multiplying his Grace's evidence.

The President (in a tone of the greatest regret). Alluring as the prospect is to Mr. Justice DAY, and in fact all of us, of having about ten thousand additional witnesses introduced in this matter (possibly inclusive of the POPE, the Archbishop of CANTERBURY, and the Reverend C. H. SPURGEON), we do not quite see our way to acceding to your request.

Mr. Reid (almost in tears). Then, my Lord, I must respectfully ask for an adjournment to reconsider my position.

And certainly the Court did adjourn earlier than usual on Wednesday. On Thursday my ever lively and learned friend, Mr. ARKINSON, cross-examined His Grace, and the rest of the time of the Commission during the week was occupied in hearing some very amusing evidence from parish priests and others whose nationality could not for a moment be doubtful.

And now, before I conclude, I must answer a question that has been put to me by a Correspondent signing himself "ONE WHO HAS SPENT FIFTY SLEEPLESS NIGHTS IN PAINFUL PERPLEXITY." This gentleman asks "how it comes that although Messrs. ARTHUR O'CONNOR and T. HARRINGTON seem both to be Defendants, they also apparently are appearing as Counsel?" To the lay mind no doubt this problem may perhaps be a little confusing. A possible explanation, however, is as simple as A B C. It is my opinion that Mr. T. HARRINGTON appears to represent Mr. ARTHUR O'CONNOR, a gentleman who is very probably specially retained to represent Mr. T. HARRINGTON. I may perhaps be permitted to add, that I feel convinced that, if this be so, the interests of both are quite safe in the hands of either.

Pump-handle Court.

(Signed) A. BRIEFLESS, JUNIOR.

WHAT MR. PUNCH'S MOON SAW.

FIFTEENTH EVENING.

"I WILL tell you another story about a little 'girl,' began the Moon. "She is quite a small girl still, but she has been most carefully brought up, and generally her manners are irreproachable.



The other day, she was taken by her mother to have afternoon tea with a couple of very precise old maiden ladies. I saw her driving to their house, and heard the mother impressing upon her daughter that she must be most particular what she said or did, and it struck me that the little girl was rather offended at being thought to require such instruction. 'It's not quite the first time I've been out to tea, you know, Mummy!' she protested, and probably her mother felt that she might spare herself any further anxiety, for she smiled very proudly and fondly as she patted the child's cheek. A little later, I looked through the windows of the room where they were all at tea—a pretty

old drawing-room, full of old-fashioned furniture and quaint china. The little girl was certainly behaving very nicely: The elder of the two ladies had graciously informed her that she was the first person to hold her in her arms as a baby when she came home from India, and the child had replied, 'But I suppose you were quite young then?'

"After that she said very little, being engaged in calmly enjoying the good things which were pressed upon her, and which had a much more tempting appearance than her ordinary nursery fare. By and by one of the old ladies complimented the proud mother upon her daughter's pretty looks and manners. 'So very kind of you to tell me so,' the mother answered, beaming, 'but indeed, I must say, that my OLIVE has been very carefully'—Here she stopped short with a gasp. She had glanced at her OLIVE as she spoke, and, to her horror, this carefully brought-up little maiden was just then deliberately and demurely pocketing one of the pieces of bread-and-butter! It was a tempting piece of bread-and-butter, cut as thin as a wafer and daintily rolled up, but that was no possible excuse for such a glaring breach of etiquette. 'OLIVE!' the poor mother could only cry, faintly, 'how dreadful of you! . . . She's not at all a greedy child, as a rule. I cannot understand it,' she tried to explain. But OLIVE, who meanwhile had been wrapping up the bread-and-butter in her handkerchief, was perfectly unabashed. 'I'm not greedy now,' she explained, a little haughtily, 'I don't pocket things to eat. That would be very unladylike. I only thought I might take just one piece of this nice bread-and-butter home—as a pattern for my nurse, you know.' And the two old ladies seemed less shocked than might have been expected."



MRS. DUDLEY DE VERE STANLEY-MAINWARING AT HOME—GLOVES.
(SMALL AND EARLY.)

THE NEGLECTED FOUNDLING.

Mr. Punch to Mr. Bull:—

FRIEND BULL, a word with you! My sharpest strictures,
You know, are always moved by hearty loyalty.
Well, at this pleasant time of Spring,—and Pictures,—

When Art and Nature vie in radiant royalty;

When the May blossoms and May Exhibitions
Open in genial rivalry together,
And all men's talk is of the fair conditions
Of broadening Art and of the brightening weather;

When Springtide's "flowery bursts" are emulated

By flowery Sir FREDERICK's oratory,
There's a stern fact or two that should be stated,
Which rather tend to dim the Season's glory.

You look 'complacent, JOHN. I'm bent on shocking

A mood whose sweetness *should* not be unmingled.

My *métier* is not mere cynic mocking,
But can it be your pulses have not tingled
With something more like shame than satisfaction

At Somebody's performance of a duty
Which was your own! A very noble action!
There's nothing on *that* side to mar its beauty.

A citizen's munificence, a modest
And opportunely patriot inspiration!
But its *necessity* strikes one of the oddest
As coming in a proud and long-pursed nation.

Provided for? Yes, handsomely, no doubt of it.

But was not that provision *your* affair, JOHN?

And if successfully you've wriggled out of it,
Is it enough to toss your cap in air, JOHN,
And shout out, "Bravo—Somebody?"?

You're blushing;
I see it, Mr. BULL; it does you credit.
If a sharp word bring forth that manly flushing,

Punch will be very glad that he has said it.
National Art's a nation's true-born child,

JOHN,
Not to be classed amongst Neglected Foundlings.

SALISBURY's smug announcement made me wild, JOHN,

Though it might gratify the sordid groundlings.

Pertinent thoughts these be for you to ponder.
Think in how many modes discreditable

Your garnered opulence, dear JOHN, you squander; [Babel,

But, 'midst belligerent Party's blatant
The still small voice of national Art, and History,

Can't reach your ears—or those of your Exchequer.

Thinking of these things, JOHN, it is a mystery

How your imperial pride keeps up its pecker.
House your own offspring, JOHN! It is your business,

Not to another's hands to be deputed.
You'll see that, if you shake off faction's dizziness,

And purblind stinginess, so little suited
To the inheritor of so great treasures,

The man with such a splendid patrimony.
You are a busy bee! Well, then take measures

To find a proper hive for your Art-honey.

You cannot say, with the *Apothecary*, [JOHN.

Your poverty, but not your will, consents,
Ministries? Well, you know they never vary,

Exchequers do not care for Art's intents,
JOHN.

You must be master here, and your volition
Make visible to Treasuries short-sighted.

No, JOHN; I would not chill the exhibition
Of citizen munificence. Delighted.

To see, and to applaud, good deeds uncourted.
Hope that such instances may not be lonely;

But *would* you see your fair Art-child supported

"By Voluntary Contributions Only"?

PROMOTION AND SPECULATION.

COLONEL NORTH to be General Boom, with
a song, of which the chorus to the well-known
air from *La Grande Duchesse* will be,—

"Et piff paff puff

Et ta ra pa ca poum,

Je suis, moi, le Général Boom Boom!"

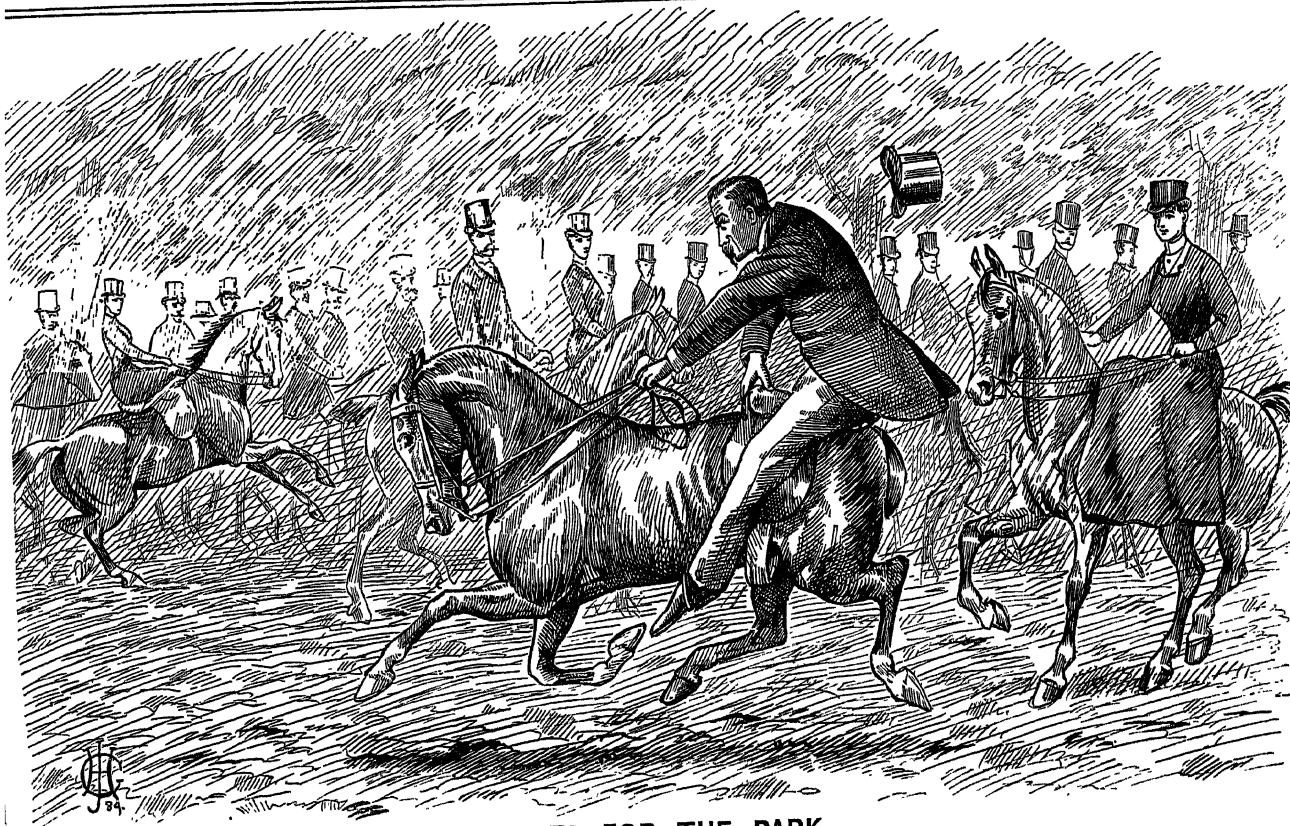
By the way, have the two *General Bouns*
yet met—General BOOM NORTH and General
BOUM BOULANGER? What possibilities such
an alliance suggests, resulting in the inaugu-
ration of the great Boulangist Dynasty, with
the Nitrate Soldier of Fortune as Minister of
Finance. Let us "boo, and boo, and boo"
to BOULANGER, for, as HENRY RUSSELL used
to sing, "There's a good time coming, boys!
—wait a little longer!"—say till October.

NEW WORK ON AN OLD SUBJECT.—Good
book about GALILEO, by Mr. WEGG-PROSSER.
Much praised by the *Athenaeum*. It is all in
prose, though we should have expected
"Wegg" to have occasionally "dropped
into" poetry. The book is to be re-entitled
The Wegg-Prossercution of Galileo.



THE NEGLECTED FOUNDLING.

JOHN BULL. "THANKS TO THIS *VOLUNTARY CONTRIBUTION*, MY DEAR, YOU ARE AT LAST PROVIDED FOR!"
MR. PUNCH. "VERY HANDSOME, MISTER BULL, BUT YOU OUGHT TO HAVE DONE IT YOURSELF LONG AGO!!"



HINTS FOR THE PARK.

IF YOUR HACK IS IN RATHER LIGHT CONDITION, IT'S ADVISABLE TO USE A BREAST-PLATE.

SUBURBAN LOVE-SONG.

The blacks float down with a lazy grace,
Hey, how the twirlle-birds twittler!
And softly settle on hands and face;
And the shards in the rockery glitter.

The boughs are black and the buds are green—
Hey, how the twittler-birds twittler!
And CIRCELY over the trellis-screen
Is bleaching her summer kirtle.

The mustard and cress (can they grow apart—
Those twin-souls, cress and mustard?)
Are springing apace; they have made such a
start
That the pattern is rather fluster'd:

For I made a device in the moist dark mould,
In the shape of A's and S's,
In capital letters, firm and bold,
I sow'd my mustard and cresses.

And I traced a heart and a true-love knot
In a geometrical pattern,
And it seems to have run to I can't tell what,
For Flora has proved a slattern.

Or the sparrows, whose chirpings at daybreak
shrill,
Like the voice of a giant Cicala,
Of most of the letters have had their will,
In a vegetarian gala.

Here comes no nymph where the blue waves
lisp
On the white sands' gleaming level,
Where the sharp light strikes on the laurel
crisp,
And flowers in the cool shade revel.

But the garden shrubs are as fair to me
As pine and arbutus and myrtle
That grow by the shores of the Grecian sea,
Where deathless nightingales twittler.

And the little house, with its *suities* complete,
And the manifold anti-macassar,
And the *châlet* cage, whence he greets the
Meca puella passer— [street—

Are fairer than aught that the sun is above
In the world as much as I've seen of it;
For the little house is the realm of love,
And my sweet little girl is the queen of it.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

The Figaro Exposition (English Edition and therefore why not "Exhibition?") ought to have a valuable collection, judging from the first part just published. The illustrations are charming, and there are several cuts of the Eiffel Tower, the one showing the top-light being curiously effective. The "Second Storey" of the Eiffel is, apparently, a very popular storey, as it is crowded.

The latest number of Messrs. VALERY and ENGEL'S *Our Celebrities*, the autobiography of Professor HUXLEY being unusually sprightly. The likeness of ELLEN TERRY is as unlike any other one of her as she herself is unlike anybody else. I haven't made up my mind to being pleased with it. However, there she is between Professor HUXLEY, who comes first, and HENRY IRVING, who is last, but not least, attending to neither, reading a book, and apparently ignoring the Real on one side and the IDEAL on t'other.

Woman's Suffrage and National Danger, is a work that should have the attention of all those who look forward to a House of Ladies, and long for the time when M.P.'s in petticoats will rule the Nation. The author says:—"Since the time of Adam, when manly wisdom has been put aside to please the weaker vessel, and the stronger has renounced his rights in gentle dalliance with the fair, has aught but disaster and decline ensued?"

The writer of these words, Mr. HEBER L. HART, is a bold man. If any of the more strong-minded of the Weaker Vessels come across him, it would not surprise us to find across him, it would not surprise us to find "the HART bowed down through weight of woe."

No one, whatever may be his political opinions, will fail to thoroughly enjoy *The Green above the Red*, by Mr. C. L. GRAVES. The author has a singular facility for versification. The rollicking humour and lilt of his songs, which was so conspicuous in the *Blarney Ballads*, is a special characteristic of his latest volume. Mr. GRAVES, while his arrow is sharp, never forgets the gay feather that decorates the shaft. The volume contains some admirable pictures by Mr. LINLEY SAMBOURNE, who further lends his aid in the production of a very humorous cover.

A False Scent, hath a pleasant savour. Mrs. ALEXANDER keeps her secret almost up to the last page, and thus the interest is well sustained till the close of the story. What the secret is, it would be scarcely fair to divulge. Cleverly and brightly written say THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS & Co.

FATHER DAMIEN.

The Martyr of Molokai.

GONE from long agony to great reward,
At last, good priest! Humanity should hoard
Such memories as its richest, rarest wealth.
The enemy who crept with loathsome stealth
On thy soul-fortress found no faltering there.
What words avail to praise thee, who couldst
dare [calm,
Death's deadliest sap with long-enduring
And in the midst of horror breathe the balm
Of high heroic sympathy around?
Farewell, great soul; thy grave is holy ground!
He glorified the lazar-house whose breast
Defied the fair Pacific's loathly pest.



No. 75. Pettie-Coatts. "Funny idea," said the elderly lady, *pettie-lantie d'esprit*.



No. 68. Melting Moments. "What a No. 81. Mrs. Bowower. Notice her two Skye-terrier pets.



No. 63. Who cares? "I shan't carry this tray!" she exclaimed, pettishly, and chucked it over.



No. 208. A Young Master-piece, evidently by a very Young Master. Sheep-shooting!



No. 43. A Clear Voice. She sang, and in less than two minutes the room was empty.



No. 58. Shilling Pears. "I don't think this Soap is so good as the more expensive one," she said to herself. "The colour seems coming off on to my left hand." Sir J. E. M.

No. 37. A Voice from the Tombs, heard from the speaking likeness by A. S. Wortley, says, "I'm the sweetest, prettiest little creature, and I do so want to change my name, and give away my hand."



No. 24. Sea Lion caught with a Line. Observe the big float used on this occasion.

No. 61. "Turned out" very well.

No. 78. "The Painter's Wife." Next year, we shall expect companion picture, "The Plumber's Aunt."

No. 132. What Mr. Keeley Halswolle saw when he left his House-boat on the Thames.

No. 171. Waxworks; or, The Stiffened Moustache.

No. 176. "Dawn, Picardy." Well Dawn!

No. 180. Isle of White.

No. 184. Browning done browner than ever.



No. 17. The Marchioness of Granby. "Very rude to remark my poor finger. Manners, Manners!"

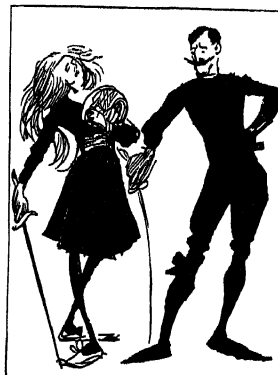


No. 200. Study in Black and White. Not "a Magpie," but a *Perdrix au Shoe*, and she looks Larky.

No. 149. "Handsome is as Hansom does; or, The Disputed Cab-fare." "I never give more," she said, as she turned for the last time to the Cabman, previous to ascending the steps.

No. 206. "How can I read! The book's shamefully printed. There are things crawling about the walls; and then there's that odious *vis-a-vis* of mine at No. 200 is making reflections on me—'through the looking-glass.'"

No. 127. Much good in Goodall, R.A.



Nos. 114 and 169. An Unequal Match. We hope they're not so black as they're painted.



No. 31. Before the Plunge. "Is this the way to take a header?" A Ramsgate's daughter, by a Margate's son.

GROSVENOR GALLERY GEMS.

COUNTY-COUNCILDOM.

(From the Note-Book of Mr. Punch's Young Man.)

May 7.—"Mister" ROSEBERRY as punctual as usual. The first business is the acceptance of a design for a seal for the Council. The one chosen objected to by Mr. MARSLAND, on the score that the idea is "too mediæval," and although the Chairman declares that the central figure in the sketch is supposed to be a working-man of the nineteenth century, this explanation does not seem to remove the "Hon. Councillor's" scruples. By the way, all the members are described as "Hon." which is (as Hon. and Patriotic Councillor BURNS might say) "A cut above what they do in the Vestries." Then a gentleman who I am told is called Mr. UBBARD, raised a short debate upon what he no doubt correctly describes as the "alf-penny rate." It is a most interesting debate, and would indeed be faultless were it not that the rate has ceased to exist. Upon learning this the Council reluctantly (I say "reluctantly," for one of its members—I think it is that amusing rattle, Lord HOBHOUSE—insists, in a supplementary speech, upon slaying the slain) turns its attention to something else. But what a "something else!" The Standing Committee have actually recommended that the Deputy-Chairman shall receive two thousand pounds sterling a year! Every eye is turned towards Mr. BOTTOMLEY FIRTH, whose invariably florid complexion conceals his blushes. The Vice-Chairman, Sir JOHN LUBBOCK, neatly recommends the recommendation suggesting that his colleague combines the clerical industry of the bee with the legal knowledge of the ant—at least, that is the impression Sir JOHN's speech conveys to my mind. Somebody seconds the resolution, and then comes the tug of war. The gallant warrior, whose eloquence, rightly or wrongly, is often called "Rotten," leads the attack. He loves BOTTOMLEY like a brother—but there is nothing strange in this, as every subsequent speaker scarcely with an exception echoes the sentiment—but he does not want him to have a salary. There are a number of "Hon. Councillors" of the same way of thinking. For instance, Alderman ARTHUR ARNOLD does not like the idea at all. The Alderman considers BOTTOMLEY his oldest friend—if I understood him rightly he laid the foundation of Mr. FIRTH's fortune, by introducing him to BEALE the Chorus—what a sweet boon!—but he must not be paid. Then another Alderman objects, no less a person than *the Ghost of Hamlet's Father* as I must call him) the Reverend FLEMING WILLIAMS. The Hon. and Ecclesiastical Councillor looks gayer than he did last week. He wears a buttonhole, and is altogether more cheerful. And this reminds me that there are a number of flowers about, inclusive of a large bunch of white lilies on the Chairman's table, which are no doubt waiting for the moment when "Mister" ROSEBERRY poses as a model for the central figure in a church-window. *The Ghost of Hamlet's Father* on this occasion, reminds me of another Shakspearian character—*Shylock* in a play called *The Merchant of Venice*.

And now there is a diversion. That gallant old warrior Colonel HUGHES (who I assume from his military title, must have the art of war at his fingers' end) complains of "surprise." Why were not the Council told three days in advance that this strange matter

was coming on? How did the Standing Committee come to think of such a clever thing? Such is the brave Colonel's complaint. He is immediately answered by a lawyer (I can fancy how the tough old warrior must fume at the notion of a solicitor correcting an "officer and a gentleman"), Mr. HARRISON, who takes a different view of the subject. Then Captain VERNY (who is every square-inch a sailor as Colonel HUGHES is every cubic-foot a soldier) interposes, and wants to know what has been done in the matter of Counsel's opinion about the proceedings of last week. The Deputy-Chairman springs forward and gives the required information with a courtesy and a promptitude that suggests and pleasantly suggests, "in this style, two thousand a year." But this agreeable demeanour does not convert the Naval Representative of the United Service—he still objects to a salary attached to the office. Then we have a Refreshment contractor, whose name is not familiar to me, and whose remarks are of no great importance, and then the Patriot BURNS rises to represent the working-man. The Hon. Councillor is a member of the Standing Committee, and from my own observation, a friend of the noblest of his colleagues. He speaks with a silvery eloquence that wins all hearts. Every word is pronounced with exquisite purity—no dropping of aspirates, no saying "pied" for "paid," or anything of that sort. Personally, he thinks £1,500 a-year enough, and that BOTTOMLEY should have no more, and cease to be an M.P., but he does not insist on the latter suggestion. He wants, however, Mr. FIRTH to earn his money—on pain of getting the sack. It would be difficult to describe the delightful delicacy with which these proposals are made. I can only murmur, "Exquisite, beautiful, how refined!" And now the matter has been debated for nearly three hours, and we have got no further. Then "Mister" ROSEBERRY interposes, as is his wont, and we have much voting.

In the end, the Deputy-Chairman is given his £2,000 a-year salary, and from a

little anecdote he introduces in returning thanks, adroitly suggests that he intends to keep it until he joins the great majority.

"When I told a great statesman recently lost to us—JOHN BRIGHT," says the ingenuous BOTTOMLEY, "that I had turned my attention to Municipal Reform in London, the great man replied, 'I fancy you will find that you have before you the sole labour of your life!'" I can only say may Mr. FIRTH live long, and may his £2,000 a-year prosper!

May 10.—The Council meets again in Spring Gardens. However, as that genial wag *the Ghost of Hamlet's Father* would observe, "as the Summer has now set in, the less said about the Spring proceedings the better."

RATIONAL DRESS MOVEMENT.—The noble sportsmen visiting Kempton have been actuated by Mr. Sam Weller's motto, "Ease afore elegance," and, following their Royal and sensible leader, have discarded the "Sunday-go-to-meeting" tall hat for the "Go-to-race-meeting" pot hat. The fashion, however, was not adopted last week by GRANDOLPH, who explained to his companion, the Brave BOULANGER, that it was "only those who had a tile off would ever think of putting the pot on." The General smiled, but was unable to appreciate the jest. Having so far disposed of heads in the daytime, will not His Sensible Royal Highness dispense with our tails in the evening? "Off with the tails!"

MR. PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.

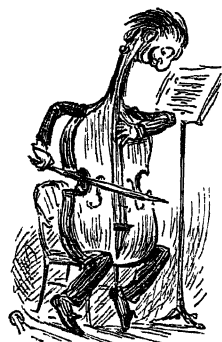


RIGHT HON. ARTHUR GOLFUR, M.P.

As Irish Secretary known to fame,
Golfur, links-eyed, pursues his favourite game.

OUR SPECIAL MUSICAL CRITIC.

THE Great Musical event of the week, has, of course, been the production at the Footleton Festival of the much-talked-of Cantata "Whitsuntide," by Dr. JACQUES STRAUSS CASTLE, by whom it was personally conducted. The hall was crowded

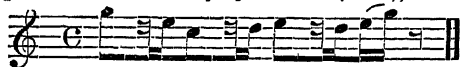


with a highly fashionable, cultivated and critical audience who were enthusiastic in the extreme, and bestowed flattering receptions on the local Lawyer, Medical Man, Town-clerk, and Postmistress, as each entered the hall. Subsequently, during one of the most interesting numbers, the Medical Man was called out; but we ascertained, on good authority, that his unexpected summons had not been previously arranged by him. The audience rose *en masse* when the gifted composer appeared, and Dr. JACQUES STRAUSS CASTLE looked more than gratified at the ovation accorded him. Mr. BANCOLLIDES' poem of *Whitsuntide* is too well-known to need a detailed description here, but the opening stanzas, "Our feet are on our native

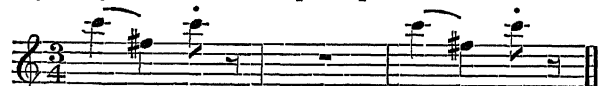
Heath," was most beautifully set, and effectively rendered by the choir. The first great success, however, was the *trio* between the three swains, "Thomas, Richard, and Henry." The chief motif is commenced by Thomas, and is as follows:—



This is responded to immediately by Richard (tenor), in C:—



Henry then joins them with this quaint phrase in three-four time:—

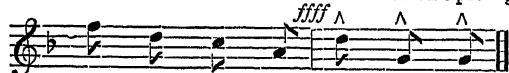


This number became instantly popular with the audience, and there was scarcely a man in the cheap parts of the hall who did not commence whistling the above phrases. The next number was a masterpiece of scoring. It was the grand chorus of *Gay Muleteers*, and we quote the refrain, in the originality of which the gifted composer has surpassed himself:—

Allegro vivace. ppp



If we had steeds that wouldn't pro-gress, Do you



think we'd urge them? Yes! Yes!! Yes!!!

We venture to think, however, that the Composer might have dispensed with the trick of accompanying the final "Yes! Yes!! Yes!!!" with a banging of sticks at the back of the orchestra. Tricks of this sort have been introduced before, but the practice, except in Pantomimes, is not to be commended. The song by Harriet (first Soprano), "Arm in Arm with Henry," received the honour of a double *encore*, and nothing could have been more idyllic than the description of Thomas, Richard, and Henry, decorating their hats with wreaths. The swains and their sweethearts are supposed to witness a strolling performance of effigies. The music that accompanied the performance was marvellously orchestrated. The theme was in C, and the kettledrum tuned purposely to B flat. The effect was quite characteristic.

Piccolo.

Sua.



The final chorus was also excellent. The sweethearts and swains march home in couples, the latter holding a musical instrument in

their hands, with which they accompany their chant, according to the custom of the people. Dr. JACQUES STRAUSS CASTLE, in his orchestration, has quite caught the spirit of this beautiful, homely, German instrument.



BRICKS AND MORTARIFICATION.

RECEIVE a note from my Vestry telling me that, in accordance with the recent "Leaseholds Enfranchisement Act," I can, if I like, acquire the freehold of my dwelling by "serving a notice on my Landlord." What larks! Always wanted to pay my Landlord out, for his rapacity about those fixtures of his when I entered: also for his refusal to whitewash and paper various rooms, a refusal which he coupled with a most ungenerous reference to "the terms of my lease," whereby, it appears, all repairs are thrown on me!

Curious how calmly Landlord has taken my notice about purchasing freehold. Suppose he sees there's no good in protesting. Price to be settled by Official Arbitrator, on basis of so many years' rent.

It is settled. Price seems simply enormous. Arbitrator had to go by rent, and rent absurdly high. Landlord seems to have told Arbitrator that "he couldn't find a better built 'ouse, not if he searched all Lunnun over," and Arbitrator—who *must* be a simpleton—actually believed him!

Result. I *am* a freeholder. Proud position—only, in order to raise money, have robbed myself of all the capital I possessed, and had to execute a mortgage as well. Try to realise how much better it is for my self-respect to be *owner* than merely *tenant*. Try to feel that I've really and truly a *home* now, out of which nobody (Query—except mortgagee?) can turn me. Don't experience as much satisfaction out of these reflections as I ought to.

Day after sale, Landlord calls. Ostensible object, to "see how I'm getting on." Real one is to tell me—as he does, chuckling—what a splendid bargain he has made. Says "he always *did* want to get this 'ere 'ouse off his hands," and now "Parliament's done it for him." Points out to me with fiendish glee all the defects of the building of which I am now the happy possessor. Warns me not to press too heavily against wall of study, or "it may come down with a run." Adds, that whole house is a "shocking bad 'un."

I am surprised at Landlord's cool admission. Ask him if he doesn't feel ashamed at having built such a place. "He didn't build it," he replies. Then isn't he ashamed at having got me to buy it? "Not a bit," he says, cheerfully; I seemed very anxious to get freehold, and as he was anxious to part with it, why should he disappoint me? Why, indeed?

Find, after a month or two, that house is really showing signs of giving way. Patch it up (at considerable expense), and then try to let it. Find myself describing it (just as my old Landlord used to do) as "this desirable and commodious residence." Feel that this is a fib, and that my self-respect is distinctly lowered by it.

Result of Leaseholds Act, as far as I am concerned, simply is that I am turned from the swindlee into the swindler. (Query—Isn't all morality a matter of the circumstances one happens to be in?) Landlord seems to be flourishing—probably with money I was fool enough to pay him for this house. When I meet him in the street, he remarks, jocularly, that "my taking that lease off his hands was a happy release to him!" Find myself weakly asking him for his advice as to best mode of letting the house. To think that I should ever have come to this! Feel that, if mortgagee were to foreclose to-morrow, and turn me out of my freehold, I should be really grateful to him.

TWO GREAT SPORTING QUESTIONS.—Whether Donovan will win the Derby, and whether Derby will with SPORFORTH. Derby desires to play the "Demon" this year, hoping that he will "play the demon" with its opponents.

NOTICE.—Rejected Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will in no case be returned, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. To this rule there will be no exception.



MONOPOLY.

First Stock Exchange Man (reading newspaper). "HULLO! POLICE RAID ON WEST-END GAMBLING CLUBS! AH—QUITE RIGHT—THERE'S TOO MUCH OF THAT SORT OF THING!"

Second S. E. M. "YES, A DEAL TOO MUCH. LOOK HERE. BET YOU SIX TO FOUR THEY GET OFF!" *First S. E. M.* "DONE, WITH YOU!"

INFANT ROSCIL.

BRAVO, HENRICUS IRVINGUS et AUGUSTUS DEURIOLANUS COUNTY-COUNCIL-ARIUS, *homo mirabilis*! Excellent speeches you both made on behalf of the employment of the little bread-winning children in theatres. On the boards is the best Board-school for them. You are quite right, Gentlemen, in saying that the objections to such employment are brought by a number of prejudiced, narrow-minded, well-intentioned persons, who know little or nothing about the matter, and do not take the trouble to learn the facts. Why couldn't the Not-at-Home Secretary have been "At-Home" on this occasion, of which he must surely have had due notice?

Mr. Punch sincerely congratulates Messrs. IRVINGUS and DEURIOLANUS, and their Associates, on this first step in a just cause, and looks forward to the day when good Mrs. FAWCETT and her party will start a Model Theatrical Infant-School Company, to provide education and supervision for the future Roscils, to be entitled "The Fawcett and Katti Lanner Co. (Limited)." But as to urging on Government to any unnecessary interference, *Mr. Punch's* advice to the excellent lady leader of the crusade is, "*Don't Force it!*"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

MARK TWAIN's *Scrap Book*, issued by WALKER & Co., is worth more than its price if only for MARK TWAIN's recommendation of it. He invented it, he says, to lessen the profanity of his unhappy country, as every possessor of a scrap-book was accustomed to swear horribly, like our army in Flanders, whenever he or she couldn't find the paste, or scissors, or gum. Here no gum or paste is required, so that even "by gum!" is unnecessary. It doesn't obviate the use of scissors, though, nor of some method of damping, with an accent on the first syllable, as ARTHUR ROBERTS would say when he found he couldn't fix the scraps; and so, coupled with the publisher's name, there is a good deal of Walker about it. A varied volume is that by Mr. F. A. KNIGHT, entitled *By Leafy Ways*. The writer, who is a student in the school of the late RICHARD JEFFERIES, here collects two dozen or more papers which first appeared in the *Daily News*. We cannot but feel grateful to him for having rescued them and giving them a more permanent position than they could attain in the columns of a popular newspaper. It is cleverly illustrated by Mr. E. T. COMPTON.

BARON DE BOOK WORMS & Co.

MR. PUNCH'S MODEL MUSIC-HALL SONGS.

No. IV.—THE IDYLIC.

THE following example will not be found above the heads of an average audience, while it is constructed to suit the capacities of almost any lady artiste.

SO SHY!

The singer should, if possible, be of mature age, and incline to a comfortable embonpoint. As soon as the bell has given the signal for the orchestra to attack the prelude, she will step upon the stage with that air of being hung on wires, which seems to come from a consciousness of being a favourite of the public.

I'm a dynety little Dysy of the Dingle,

[*Self-praise is a great recommendation—in Music-Hall songs.*

So retiring and so timid and so coy.

If you ask me why so long I have lived single,

I will tell you—'tis because I am so shy.

[*Note the skill with which the rhyme is adapted to meet Arcadian peculiarities of pronunciation.*

Spoken—Yes, I am—really, though you wouldn't think it to look at me, would you? But, for all that,—

Chorus—When I'm spoken to, I wriggle,

Going off into a giggle,

And as red as any peony I blush;

Then turn paler than a lily,

For I'm such a little silly,

That I'm always in a flutter or a flush!

[*After each chorus an elaborate step-dance, expressive of shrinking maidenly modesty.*

I've a cottage far away from other houses,

Which the nybours hardly ever come anough;

When they do, I run and hoide among the rouses,

For I cannot cure myself of being shoy.

Spoken—A great girl like me, too! But there, it's no use trying, for—

Chorus—When I'm spoken to, I wriggle, &c.

Well, the other day I felt my fice was crimson,

Though I stood and fixed my gyze upon the skoy,

For at the gyte was sorey CHORLEY SIMPSON,

And the sight of him's enough to turn me shoy.

Spoken—It's singular, but CHORLEY always has that effect on me.

Chorus—When he speaks to me, I wriggle, &c.

Then said CHORLEY: "My pursuit there's no evyding.

Now I've caught you, I insist on a reploy.

Do you love me? Tell me truly, little myding!"

But how is a girl to answer when she's shoy?

Spoken—For even if the conversation happens to be about nothing particular, it's just the same to me.

Chorus—When I'm spoken to, I wriggle, &c.

There we stood among the loilao and syringas,

More sweet than any Ess. Bouquet you boy;

[*Arcadian for "buy."*

And CHORLEY kept on squeezing of my fingers,

And I couldn't tell him not to, being shoy.

Spoken—For, as I told you before,—

Chorus—When I'm spoken to, I wriggle, &c.

Soon my slender wyste he ventured on embrycing,

While I only heaved a gentle little soy;

Though a scream I would have liked to rise my vice in,

It's so difficult to scream when you are shoy!

Spoken—People have such different ways of listening to proposals. As for me,—

Chorus—When they talk of love, I wriggle, &c.

So very soon to Church we shall be gowing,

While the bells ring out a merry peal of jy.

If obedience you do not hear me vowing,

It will only be because I am so shy.

[*We have brought the rhyme off legitimately at last, it will be observed.*

Spoken—Yes, and when I'm passing down the oil, on CHORLEY's arm, with everybody looking at me,—

Chorus—I am certain I shall wriggle,

And go off into a giggle,

And as red as any peony I'll blush.

Going through the marriage service

Will be sure to mike me nervous,

[*Note the freedom of the rhyme.*

And to put me in a flutter and a flush!

THE OFFER OF THE OLIVE-BRANCH.



"My suggestion that recourse should be had to arbitration, as a means of settling the questions now in dispute between landlords and tenants on a number of estates in Ireland. I have, I must say, almost abandoned hope of my suggestion being adopted by the landlords and their advisers. My effort in the cause of peace has been strongly sustained by those newspapers—such, for instance, as the *Freeman's Journal* and *United Ireland*—which are universally recognised as exponents and advocates of the tenants' claims."—*Archbishop Walsh's Letter to "The Times."*

Is it a time when aught should bid to cease
One honest effort in the cause of Peace?
Is it an hour when journalistic scorn,
Or Party anger should make more forlorn

The fainting hope of the peacemaker? Nay!
Dissension here has had too long a day;
Hate's hideous harvest only never fails.
The scribe who sneers, the partizan who rails,
Help *that*, not Law and Order—the glib cry
Of pedants sour who mock at amity.
Who knows the history? Who will stoop to learn?

Let shallow spouters sedulously turn
The leaves of Ireland's story, and shake off
That fatal readiness to rage and scoff
At acts ungauged, and men misunderstood,
Which checks the growth of all the seeds of good.

Between long raging foes, both hot and blind,
Whom law iniquitous and chance unkind

Conjoined, have alienated, seems to stand,
With friendly mien, and olive-branch in hand,
A messenger of peace. Is it not time
That stern constraint and fiercely furtive crime,
So long resultlessly opposed should cease
To have the field between them? "*Is it peace?*"

Suspicion cries, "or some new shape of guile
Intent to plague this faction-harried Isle?"
So sneers the squint-eyed spirit which inspires

Our rival thoughts and fans our mutual ires.
Is here no opening, if not quite for trust
Entire, for patient trial? Ah! be just

But calmly, carefully considerate too!
While there's one chance that mild-faced
Peace may woo
That angry peasant and that landlord stern
To drop their weapons, snatched in wrath,
and turn
Toward the olive-branch, let those who'd
cope
With hate by justice not abandon hope!

COUNTY-COUNCILDOM.

(From the Note-Book of Mr. Punch's Young Man.)

May 14.—The "Mister of ROSEBERRY" (this is an adaptation of a Scotch title to metropolitan requirements) is in the chair, and ready to begin (with the assistance of Sir JOHN LUBBOCK and the gentleman who has accepted "hundreds," after obtaining thousands) at the stroke of three. There is a pretty full attendance. A good start is made with the *Agenda* until the composition of "the Parks Committee" is reached. "How shall the new members be elected?" The Mister of ROSEBERRY lets it be understood that he doesn't mind "how," so long as subsequently he hears no more about it. "It" standing of course for composition, and not committee. No doubt the Mister is afraid of some one again suggesting that he should superintend the sale of nuts, oranges, and ginger-beer. An hour or so is then spent in pleasant, if not very instructive chatter, and then lists are ordered to be made out, and handed in. When they are collected, a little later, the papers of Councillor FORSTER, Barrister TORR, and last, but not least, Great Military Commander HOWARD VINCENT, are found to be imperfect. The Mister of ROSEBERRY quite chuckles over the fact that three such highly distinguished and intellectual persons should be guilty of an informality.

Then comes the report of the Finance Committee; and it is a relief to some of us to find that its highly respected chairman, Lord LINGEN, is seemingly entirely unconnected with the recent proceedings in connection with the Park Club. As I gaze at him, portfolio in hand, murmuring soft somethings about figures, I feel certain that he shuns *baccarat* as the plague. His explanation (whatever it is) seemingly satisfies every one, save that unbloated aristocrat Earl COMPTON, who, not hearing every word of the fiery eloquence of the noble Lord, occasionally ejaculates "Speak up!"

The customary orators by this time are well to the fore. The Refreshment Contractor from the Law Courts expands in his usual fashion, and then takes some interest in a speech from Mr. BASSETT HOPKINS, possibly because it contains reference to "the Legislature," which latter word, as pronounced, sounds as if it were an *entremet* in the menu of a City dinner. Alderman *The Ghost of Hamlet's Father* (as I really must call him) opposes the retention of an open space (so I understand him) because it may be utilised to enlarge a chapel. This brings up a gentleman in a red tie (his face seems familiar to me, but I cannot say where I have seen him before), who expresses his wish to support the reverend Councillor in carrying out so admirable an object. Mr. AUGUSTUS HARRIS, however, prefers open air to chapel-going in the locality in question (a very squalid one), and says so.

Then we have a long discussion about engineers and doctors. It appears that we have to appoint a chief engineer, and we are greatly exercised in our minds as to whether the coming official shall be allowed (when chosen) to take pupils. This matter is discussed with much earnestness, provoking loud cries of



WHAT OUR ARTIST (THE AWFULLY FUNNY ONE) HAS TO PUT UP WITH.

Brown. "I SAY—LOOK HERE! WHAT THE DEUCE DO YOU MEAN BY CARICATURING MY PICTURE—HAY?" Jones. "YES—CONFOUND YOU!—AND NOT CARICATURING MINE!"

"Hear, hear!" from a part of the Council, and "ear, 'ear!" from the remainder. On the whole, I fancy the "hear, hears" are in the majority. As £1500 is the sum proposed as salary, I am not surprised to find the silvery-tongued BURNS suggesting a reduction of £500. It is always a pleasure to listen to the agreeable voice of this patriot, even when he has nothing particular to say as on the present occasion. Next we choose a Medical Officer of Health, and note, *en passant* that Mr. CLARKE (who is a real live Common Councillor of the City of London) is "guided by the personal appearance of a man as much as by anything else," a remark causing the reflection that he must be delighted when he gazes into a looking-glass. And after our doctor is chosen (after three attempts) we come perhaps to the most exciting incident in the afternoon's entertainment.

During the sitting Miss Alderspinster CONS and Miss COBDEN have been holding quite a little court at which, amongst others, Alderman *The Ghost of Hamlet's Father* has been (so I have noticed) in constant attendance. I find that we are now called upon to consider Mr. FLEMING WILLIAMS' motion for a deputation to the President of the Local Government Board to urge upon the attention of that Right Hon. and greatly favoured Gentleman, the thirst that the London County Council undoubtedly have for the charms of female society. Miss COBDEN, convulses us with laughter, as she asks whether the Chairman, Vice-Chairman, or Deputy-Chairman would undertake the arduous duties of visiting twenty-three baby-farms, *vice* Lady SANDHURST disqualified? Some of us (I think the "ear, 'ears") would like to add this pleasant little exercise to the daily routine of the self-sacrificing (but £2000 a-year-receiving) BOTTOMLEY, but no one ventures to make the proposal. Then, after a forcible but courteous protest from a man of mark, or rather marks, the ladies carry the day by a majority of 26, and we go home after four hours of hard talking (and harder listening) with what appetite we may, to dinner.

And now, having sufficiently "sampled" the proceedings of the London County Council, I close my note-book—for the present.

Up! Up!

THAT great work of Highest possible Art, *La Tour Eiffel*, is the tall attraction in Paris. Eiffel-tower first, Exhibition second. They are all Eiffel mad. "Tall writin'" instead of being termed "high-fallutin'" is now "Eiffelutin'." A *gamin de Paris* who sees a tall lady cries out, "*Tiens! Madame EIFFEL!*" The *Figaro* records that a high note touched by Miss SYBIL SAUNDERSON, the new soprano, was immediately recorded as "*la note Eiffel de l'Opéra Comique.*" *La Tour Eiffel* gives the tone to everything. The Parisians are holding their heads high; the hotel-keepers and shop-keepers are all highly delighted, because the prices are Eiffel-prices; that is, about as high as they can be.

ODE TO FOUR O'CLOCK.

A Drydenish Dithyrambic of the Special Commission. In the form of a Trio.

Vocalists—Sir J-M-S H-NN-N, Mr. J-ST-E D-Y, and Mr. J-ST-E A. L. SM-TH.

["The Court adjourned at Four o'clock."—*Diurnal announcement.*]

O BLESSED Four o'clock!
Thine advent makes e'en Rhad-
manthus gay,
And (Eacus (or D-y)
With Minos SM-TH seem half
inclined to play
At leap-frog, which might
shock
Wigged W-BST-R's more than
Cancellarian dignity.
Our benison upon the sweet be-
nignity
Of him, the something slow but
sure scythe-bearer!
Oh! if the wearer
Of horse-hair and of ermine
Might but determine
The pace of Kronos daily round
the dial
Upon this dread interminable trial,
Old Edax Rerum
(Who is not bound to hear 'em,
These wrangling counsel and witnesses ramb-
ling),
Would have a pace less like a park-hack's
ambling.

From harmony, from party-harmony
This never-ending bore began,
Where Justice underneath a heap
Of jarring questions lies,
And cannot heave her head,
We Three feel well-nigh dead.
Cold cynic questions, and quick hot replies
From R-D and R-SS-LI leap,
And scarce our power obey.
From harmony, from party-harmony,
This lengthy little game began,
From S-L-SB-RY's and G-SCH-N's harmony,
And that of those Dissentients who ran
First from the follies of the Grand Old Man.

What passion cannot Eloquence raise and
quell?
When R-SS-LI perorated well,
His listening "brothers" sat around,
And wonder on their faces fell
Whilst hanging on the silvery sound.
Less than an Oracle there scarce could dwell
In guise of that snuff-taking, legal swell,



Who spake so sweetly and so well.
What passion cannot Eloquence raise and
quell?

But Counsel's harsh clangor
Less certainly charms,
With shrill notes of anger,
And pride up in arms,
The double, double, double beat
Of the hammering fist,
Wake tired ill-temper 'tis hard to resist
When nailed many hours to our seat.

P-GG-TT led W-BST-R a wild-goose chase,
And nigh the Thunder lost its place
Sequacious of that liar;
But lingering weeks of squabbling sadly tire,
Oh, why to Law was wind so lengthy given,
Making our trine judgment-seat appear—
Well—certainly not heaven?

Grand Chorus.

Therefore We Three thankfully praise
The clock-hands as they move,
And for the hour of Four we raise
Our hands in thanks above.

Oh, dearest, most desired hour!
Thou bald-head who dost all devour,
Grateful we are when thou dost knock
Upon our tympanums with pleasant shock,
And bring us once again thrice welcome Four
o'clock!

MOST APPROPRIATE.

NOTHING more natural than that the Lyric Club should branch out into the Lyric Cricket Club, a difficult combination of words to pronounce five times rapidly. The chief amusements at the Lyric commence about midnight, and finish about 3 A.M., when the hours are "small and early," during which time the Lyrical Members are as lively as Crickets chirruping on the hearth. It was therefore almost unnecessary to add "Cricket" to "Lyric," but why not drop "Lyric" altogether? Let the Lyric Theatre enjoy the title all to itself, and let the Lyric Members call themselves "The Cricket Club." *Happy Thought.*—Excellent name for an Up-all-night Club, "The Crickets." Why on Hearth hasn't this been thought of before? Perhaps it has, and we didn't know of it. Very likely.

The Coming County Councillors.

WHEN lovely Woman's made a C. C.,
And finds, too late, that Acts betray,
What is her tip? To take it easy,
And—try again another day!
The L. G. Act, it seems, won't qualify
"Women" to sit as (and on) "men."
But man-made law the Sex will mollify,
And won't she "let us have it" then!

Correspondence.

SIR,—I see the Bishops have been denoun-
cing gambling. Is it on this account that
the Bishop of LINCOLN is had up before the
Archbishop, or only for some private specu-
lations? I confess to being a little mixed,
and only want to know.

Yours, MAX MUDDLER.

HYMEN HYMEN-EE!—Last Thursday Miss
HOPE GLENN married Mr. HEARD, and that
afternoon one handsome mezzo soprano,
although so justly popular at all recent con-
certs and musical festivals, was Heard for
the first time. Fortunate HEARD, not one of
the common herd.

NEAR ENOUGH—FOR HER.—The conversa-
tion turned on the First NAPOLEON. "I can't
remember who his great Minister was," ob-
served Mrs. RAM; "but I know it was a
name suggestive of fox-hunting. Ah! I
recollect—it was TALLYHO!"

PARKS NOBISCUM.

MR. PUNCH is glad to see that, in the *Daily Telegraph*, "E.L." has
once more opened up the old subject of Park Improvement. Mr.
Punch has been harping on much the same string year after year.



Why not kiosques for light refresh-
ment? No necessity for Mr. PLUNKET,
or GEORGE RANGER, or Mr. ROSEBERRY,
if the L. C. C. has got anything to do
with it, to personally superintend the
sale of apples, oranges, ginger-beer,
cakes and ices. Why not a superior
restaurant for cold lunches? We don't
want to take the trees and shrubs from
the Bois de Boulogne, having got some
very fine ones of our own, but we
might take a few leaves out of the
French book. And, beyond this, why
not consider Equestrians as well as Pe-
destrians, and give a ride across the
Park, and another through the beau-
tiful shady avenues of Kensington
Gardens? Was there ever such a
monotonous squirrel-in-the-cage arrangement as "Rotten Row" and
its contributors now? And what is there for Equestrians in Re-
gent's Park? A wretched strip not worth mentioning. As to the
"ride"—Heaven save the mark!—in Birdcage Walk, a "ride" in a
"Walk" may be considered a concession,—instead of being a delight-

ful avenue for a canter, it is occupied by loafing roughs, small chil-
dren, and mischievous gamins de Londres, who make riding dan-
gerous to man, beast, and child. Are there no park-keepers or police
to keep this place in order, and prevent its being a lounge for
obstructive loafers and a playground for little imps who are a terror
to those who (do or don't) ride well.

Mr. Punch addresses himself respectfully to "Mr." ROSEBERRY (if
necessary) to the courteous and common-sensible Mr. PLUNKET, and
to the gallant RANGER GEORGE, and begs E. L. and the *Daily
Telegraph* to go on and hammer, hammer, hammer away in season
and out of season, but especially now when it's in season.

REGINA AD ETONAM.

CARISSIME DOMINE PUNCHIUS,—REGINA nostra venit hic alteram
diem Saturni ultimum deponere lapidem corneram novarum sedi-
ficarum scholasticarum, quid illa sua MAJESTAS Graciosa fecit digni-
tate multa, et nos omnes omnibus nostris cordibus illam cheeravimus.
Visus grandis situs atque bonus, et magna dies Etonensibus. Cum
cantat VIRGILIUS, puto, "Incedit REGINA." Sic illa fecit. Nullum
plus nunc in presentem, sed mitte mihi unum quid pro quod scripsi.
Hurridus sum ad catchere postam.

Vester veritabiliter, "PUER ASCANTUS."

CHARLES DICKENS'S READINGS.—The son of DICKENS is shining
brightly. His pathetic tone is good, but his evident appreciation of
his father's humour is irresistible with an audience which prefers
laughing to crying. It ought to be a successful series.

PIECES WITH HONOURS.

THE funniest thing in the Opera of *Paul Jones* is the back view of Mr. ASHLEY, whose cloak might be utilised for advertising purposes. The music is pleasant, but, at a first visit, not striking; yet this fact may account for its great success, and for the big houses it attracts,



A Reminiscence of "Ashley's."

as every one not caring much for it on once hearing it, but favourably impressed by the acting and the brilliant *mise-en-scène*, would decide to go and hear it again. Once an air "catches on," the fortune of an Opera is made. I should say that *Paul Jones's* fortune has been chiefly made by Miss HUNTINGDON, who is a most refined and unconventional representative of the usual "boy," with whose pert characteristics a long course of extravaganza, burlesque, and *opéra bouffe* has rendered us so familiar. The female portion of the audience at the Prince of Wales's come away Huntingdonians, every one of them. The two comic sailors, Messrs. MONKHOUSE and

ALBERT JAMES, work their

hardest to keep the game alive, and in the Third Act the indefatigable exertions of the undefeated Mr. FRANK WYATT are generously rewarded by an appreciative public. Mr. STANISLAUS, whose name recalls the time when "The Fair Land of Poland," &c., wields the *bâton* with as much vigour as if he were thrashing a Russian oppressor of his country, instead of only beating time. To Miss WADMAN, the Great-grand Nephew of *Uncle Toby* sends his respectful compliments, and thanks her for her singing, but wishes she would

give us a little more acting. "PHYLLIS (BROUGHTON) is my only joy," of course, and I never saw her throw so much spirit into a part. As *Chopinette*, she showed the unfortunate *Bouillabaisse* what she could do with a husband if she once caught him. There are no great dramatic situations in *Paul Jones*, but some good effects. M. PLANQUETTE'S *Les Cloches* is still without a rival, and *Paul Jones* is miles behind *Rip Van Winkle*. How good LESLIE was in that, and how little he has ever done since, except to Arthur-Robertise himself.



J. L. Toole escaping from the Police.

Mr. J. L. TOOLE, of the Tooleries, is a clever advertiser. It is whispered that he put the police up to making their sudden swoop on "the Spooferies" in Maiden Lane and the Park Club farther West, so that their raid should be just in the nick of time (doors open at 7:30—"8 is the 'nick'"') for displaying his hand of *Artful Cards*. Very artful. In this his trump is a trombone, and the honours, in which all share, are easy; but for especial commendation I must mention Miss KATE PHILLIPS, who makes quite a character of the sham Countess, *Madame Asteriski*.

JACK-IN-THE-BOX.

MUSICAL NOTES.



"The Shinner Quartette."



Uncles, Cousins, and Aunts.

"MODUS OPERANDI."

A GREAT night, a brilliant spectacle on and off the stage. The Organising Committee on the alert. Lord CHARLES, not in the least at sea, is ready to dance a hornpipe at a moment's notice in case the *première danseuse* should disappoint them at the last moment; all the committee-men, animated by Lord CHARLES's true British tar spirit "stand by," ready, aye ready to bear a hand, or a couple of hands if need be, and render evening suit and service if called



The King Fisher for Operatic Pearls; or, "The Diversions of Pearly."

upon by AUGUSTUS DEURIOLANUS OPERATICUS COUNTY-COUNCILARIUS, who is at the helm of the operatic ship. Should one of the operatic ship's carpenters, known to the uninitiated as "scene-shifters," be wanting, Earl DE GREY says he will not feel himself degraded by tucking up his shirt-sleeves and nailing the colours to the mast.

"This by his voice should be O. Montagu," as SHAKESPEARE observes, and here he is willing to "give a hand," as requested by *Capulet*, in *Romeo and Juliet*. Sharp chap, SHAKESPEARE. HENRY CHAPLIN, M.P., is at the Box Office ready to give two and fivepence halfpenny and three-eighths of a farthing in change for half-a-crown, just to show the gain which will accrue to the management of Covent Garden by adopting bimetallism. H. V. HIGGINS explains to the three Princesses in the royal box the thrilling story of *I Pescatori di Perle*. HIDALGO DE MURIETTA expresses his willingness to assume a picturesque costume and go on as a brigand if required, while Mr. OPPENHEIM hums Signor D'ANDRADE's music, and holds himself in readiness to take his place in case of any *contretemps*. The National Anthem, by the majority of the Company, brings us all to attention, and reminds us of the first night of the Drury Lane Pantomime. After this, the curtain rises on the Act the First of *I Pescatori di Perle*, composed by the Busy BIZET. DEURIOLANUS, as the *Pêcheur-en-chef de Perles*, has been fishing with success, Miss ELLA RUSSELL, Miss MACINTYRE, Madame SCALCHI, and MARIE ROZE being the net result. What has become of that pretty Norwegian ARNOLDSEN, who sang *Zerlina* so charmingly at Drury Lane?

The pearls worn by ELLA RUSSELL, who was perpetually being veiled and unveiled like a statue, were thrown before this distinguished and appreciative audience. Miss ELLA looked and sang splendidly. Signor D'ANDRADE—an Irishman Italianised, of course, his real name being evidently Mистер DAN DRARDY—did his very best. Signor TALAZAC filled a considerable portion of the stage, but I doubt whether his voice reached to the uttermost parts of the house. The chorus, and the orchestra personally conducted by Signor MANCINELLI, were perfect; so was the *mise-en-scène*. The last scene delighted all the cremationists present, and showed how very easy it is "to make a pile" on the Operatic stage. A misprint in the book of the words gave DAN DRARDY's character to TALAZAC, and *vice versa*, which was rather hard on both of them. The First Act is the best, and the duet with which it closes scored the success of the evening.

LUCKY FIFTH! To get £2000 a-year from the L. C. C! If he also accepts the Chiltern Hundreds, will he give them to a charity?



ÆSTHETICS.

Daughter of the House. "BY THE WAY, MR. SMITH, MAY I HAVE YOUR KIND PERMISSION TO TAKE THIS OFF THE CABINET, AND PUT IT INSIDE? THE MODERN MASCULINE HAT IS SUCH A DEPLORABLY HIDEOUS OBJECT!"

"POOR LITTLE BILL!"

Master WILLIAM SMITH, *loquitor* :—

WELL, of all the orkud, limpity lumpity babbies as ever did bother a nuss, I do declare that this kid of yours is the heaviest, 'ENERY. *Couldn't* be wuss. It flops in the head, and it drags on the arms, and it doubles up in the middle like fun. Now don't stand howling there, 'ENERY, *don't*, but up and tell us wot's to be done. I never did like the looks of it, drat it! it never wasn't a promising kid, But you *wos* so sweet on it; said *you* would carry it easy, 'ENERY, you know you did; And now where are we? A regular fix, and the way out of it I don't quite see, And there you stands a blubbering 'ENERY, a-leaving the beast of a babby to me. Kids of this stock ain't healthy, 'ENERY; you never rears 'em do what you will, Which young Fair-Trade was a blighted babe, and it's just the same with this Little Bill. Look at him, limp and lumpy, 'ENERY, weak in the back, and with weepy eyes; Nobody loves him, and none will nuss him; all hates a hinfant as flops and cries. Bother that blessed old Mother Purtection! Her brats are always such rickety imps. Oh, wot's the use of denying the parentage? It's only she as brings forth such shrimps. Got us to nuss it, you in particular, that is the wust of it, 'ENERY, dear. Artful old image, she's done us neatly; and you're fair flummoxed, and I feels queer.

"Such a *sweet* child, with a temper like sugar, healthy, too, and costs little to keep!"

That's how the bad old baggage beguiled us; and now it is sick, and does nothing but weep.

Sugar, indeed! Wich Wirgin Winegar's much more like it, and not molasses. And as for cheap? Oh, 'ENERY! 'ENERY! we wants to nobble the working classes. And nussing up such rickety babbies as this won't do it, I sadly fear.

It will cost no end for pap and peppermint; in that sense only the babby's *dear*.

"Dear little thing!" says you a snivelling.

I only wish—but that's far too good—

As you could gobble it up on the quiet, as t'other Wolf did Red Riding Hood!

Can't farm it out to some Mrs. BROWNRIFF,

I s'pose? No, 'ENERY, no such luck!

We've got it on our hands, for certain; and you stand helpless, and I'm fair stuck.

Begin to sympathise with HEROD, and think them Spartans were not far wrong.

Oh, 'ENERY, 'ENERY! you as told me that

Little Bill was so sweet and strong!

Wot are we going to do with it, 'ENERY?

Wish you wouldn't stand bellowing there.

I am a reglar Pill Garlic, I am; 'pon my

honour it isn't fair,

If we gave it an over-dose of "cordial," and sent it into a lasting sleep,

Why, *there's the body* to be disposed of, and it's a thing as we cannot keep.

Happy thought! Oh, 'ENERY, 'ENERY! here's

a well in a 'andy spot,

Like what *Lady Audley* dropped her husband

down, and I tell you wot,

I'm tired out, and you ain't no use, and there's nobody looking; wot do you think?

Just a step, a slip, a stumble, close by the well—on the very brink?

When Johnny Green found the cat a nuisance, why, into the well he was prompt to pop it.

Murder poor Little Bill? Why, no; but we *cannot* carry it, so *let's drop it!*

AN EMPRESS'S MASSAGER.—Dr. METZGER, the celebrated doctor whose remedy is the Massage for everything, has taken the Empress of AUSTRIA under his care, and she is recovering her strength and health. The *Observer* recently said of him that the Doctor is so thorough-going a Republican that he wouldn't cross the street for a Sovereign. Nor would our courtliest London doctor; but he would for a guinea. If METZGER succeeds, all the Crowned Heads of Europe will patronise Massage, and Dr. M. will be brought out as a Company, entitled, the Massageries Impériales.

FOREIGN TO OUR HABITS.—The Brave General, like Brer Fox, is "layin' low." This is wise generalship, but he would do well to advise any of his hot-tempered followers not to go about with revolvers in their pockets. When M. KOCHEROFF presented the weapon at M. PILOTELL, why did not the latter, who is a well-known black-and-white artist, draw and defend himself?



“POOR LITTLE BILL!”

MASTER SMITH (to MASTER DE WORMS). “I SIAY, HENERY, WE CAN’T CARRY ’IM ANY FURTHER,—S’POSE WE DROP ’IM!!”



THE STAGGERED STIPENDIARY.

A Police-Court Cantata—Written up to Date.

The Scene represents the interior of a Metropolitan Police Court towards three o'clock in the afternoon. A miscellaneous crowd of Witnesses in adjourned cases, Reporters, Policemen, Attorneys, Officials of the Court, and the general Public, who have been waiting the arrival of the Magistrate, who has not yet come, from ten o'clock in the morning discovered in the last stages of irritable impatience.

As the Curtain rises, they join in the following general Chorus:—

GENERAL CHORUS.

HEAVENS! It is exasperating
Thus to witness Justice scorning
Public comfort! We've been waiting
Quite from ten o'clock this morning.
Now on three it's pretty near,—
Yet his Worship is not here!

WITNESSES.

Yesterday our case adjourning,
To attend at ten he told us;
Now at ten to-day returning,
We discover he has sold us.

OFFICIALS OF THE COURT.

Yes! and possibly to-morrow
Of your case there'll be no clearance;
For, we state the fact with sorrow,
He mayn't put in appearance!

ATTORNEYS.

Yet are we our clients fleecing
Through extended litigations,
And our modest costs increasing
Much against our inclinations.

POLICEMAN.

And the burglar we had brought here,
Having tracked him out and traced him!
Since the Beak, he ain't in Court here,
It's a pity as we chased him!

GENERAL CHORUS.

It's a pity! Yes, and shame, too,
That the public thus should suffer,
If our Beak we gave the name to
We should christen him a "Duffer!"
But Ha! 'tis on the stroke of three.
[The door at the back of the Bench opens,
and discloses The Magistrate.
And lo! he comes. It is! 'Tis he!
[The Magistrate enters pale and trembling,
and staggers in the direction of his official
chair. All manifest great concern.
What's come to him? Ah! who can tell

THE MAGISTRATE (smiling feebly).

I think, my friends, I am not well. [Faints.
[The Chief Clerk and a Chance Medical Man
rush on to the Bench to his assistance.

CHANCE MEDICAL MAN (feeling his pulse).

The cause of this collapse is plain:—
A patent case of over-strain!
Has anybody got some brandy?

THE CHIEF CLERK (producing his flask).

I always have a little handy.
He's been so much like this of late.
[The administrator some to him and he gradually recovers.

THE MAGISTRATE (cantabile).

Where am I?

GENERAL CHORUS (con brio).

Here, at any rate!

And p'raps you'll confidence restore
And say why you've not come before!

THE MAGISTRATE.

Ah! you for explanations call.
"Before"? Ask why I've come at all!
Would'st hear the tale of horror I could tell?

GENERAL CHORUS.

We would! your tale of horror likes us well.

THE MAGISTRATE.

Ballad.

Now when first I accepted this post
I considered myself very lucky,
And I think, and I don't want to boast,
When I tackled my work I felt plucky.
But when five of my colleagues fell ill,
And their work fell to me and one other,
We but feared, when their place we would fill,
That the task would our faculties smother!
And our fear has proved right, for however
you strive,
You can't get out of two the hard work
meant for five!

Take to-day. I've not had any rest,
And have down without halting or stopping
With a feeling of infinite zest
Straight from Southwark to Greenwich and
Wapping.

And though, here at Wandsworth I wait,
And to you for a moment am speaking,
I perceive, as it's now getting late,
I must shortly be Hammersmith seeking.
But it all proves no use, for however you
strive, [meant for five!
You'll not get out of two the hard work
(He rises) and now I think, I must depart.

GENERAL CHORUS (rushing forward).

Our patience surely this has earned:—
And you will hear us ere you start?

[The Magistrate totters feebly towards the
door, and whispers to the Chief Clerk.

THE CHIEF CLERK (confidentially addressing
the Court).

He cannot stay! You're all adjourned!

[The announcement is received with consternation,
on hearing it all rush forward
and join in the following finale:—

GENERAL CHORUS (finale).

Thus, again our case adjourning,
Justice into jest he's turning!
Yet he's helpless if he strive!
For 'tis proved beyond negation,—
Though some pence it saves the nation,—
Two can't do the work of five!

[At the close of the Chorus the back of the
Court opens and reveals the HOME SECRETARY
discovered slyly winking at the
scene, while the Magistrate retires feebly
from the Bench, and is assisted by two
Constables and the Chief Clerk to a four-
wheeled cab, in which he starts for Ham-
mersmith, with a sickly smile, as the
Curtain descends.

New Gallery Guy'd.

No. 260. Obstinate Boy. "Shan't go home if I
don't like."

No. 264. Quartette. So nice for the Lodgers in
the next room.

No. 294. Some Relation of Ellen Terry's.

THE New Prince's Club was opened on
Saturday last. Racquet and Tennis Courts,
Turkish baths, Restauration, and club-rooms.
Ought to be a big success, and likely to falsi-
fy the ancient proverb, "Put not your trust
in Prince's." Very staid persons may not like
to join on account of its being rather a rack-
etty place.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SPORTING DISAPPOINTMENTS.—It was cer-
tainly most annoying to find, that after having
lately invited five London friends to your
"box" in the Highlands for the purpose of
giving them a "fortnight's deer-stalking,"
there was only one stag in the neighbourhood,
old and lame, and blind of one eye, and
so tame that it hobbles up even to strangers,
who call it "Jock," to which name it answers,
and feed it from their hands with cakes and
buns. It is no good trying to "stalk" this
poor old creature, who probably is the pet of
the whole neighbourhood, and would not un-
derstand being shot at in the least, though
you might possibly scare him into a run with
a dynamite cartridge or two. Your idea of
meeting the difficulty in future, by hiring a
South American bison from the Wild Beast
Emporium in the Commercial Road, as a sort
of *pis aller*, is not a bad one, but you must
be careful when the creature is once let loose
from your premises that it does not catch sight
of the railway omnibus horses, for should it
happen to, it would be sure to go for them at
once. With regard to the chances of your
taking a fish in your salmon-run, we should
think that, seeing the chemical works you
mention have turned it sixteen miles both
ways to a bright orange colour, and given it
the consistency of starch, they would certainly
be remote, and we would advise you to recom-
mend your friends not to bring any tackle.
Judging that your opportunities of giving
them any sport whatever are, under the cir-
cumstances, likely to be limited, would it
not be as well to avoid having them down at
all, if you could by any means manage it?
Think this out.

AN UNAPPRECIATED GENIUS.

I'm seen at every Private View,
No *Matinée*'s complete without me,
And people whom I never knew
Talk quite familiarly about me.
With every post the cards pour in,
At every crush my face is seen,
A show-face on a show-body;
And eager paragraphs appear
About my movements all the year,
And yet I'm really Nobody.

The madman of the master's pen
Exulted in his hidden madness;
The homage of my fellow-men
Kindles my soul to kindred gladness.
For Rank, with unexpressive eye,
And vapid Fashion, collar'd high,
And Beauty, in her low body,
Pay ever-growing court to one
Who stands at gaze to watch the fun,
And knows that he is Nobody.

Oh, were I but an actor-wight,
Or minnesinger sentimental,
Or artist in a threadbare plight,
Or ranter burdened by his rental!
The social favours of my lot
Might make a heart of ice wax hot,
A snow-man's in a snow-body;
But I—I simply go my way,
No fame to reap, no bills to pay,
An independent Nobody.

Mysterious Fate! I'm "taken up."
Not even such a lot desiring;
I dine, I dance, I flirt, I sup,
Vires eundo still acquiring.
I know that Fashion's mystic laws
Would frank with equal lack of cause
A rag-doll with a tow body;
Yet, 'mid the "set's" exclusive joys,
The thought my honesty annoys,
That, after all, I'm Nobody!

UN "CARR" D'HEURE IN THE NEW HALLÉRY GALLERY.



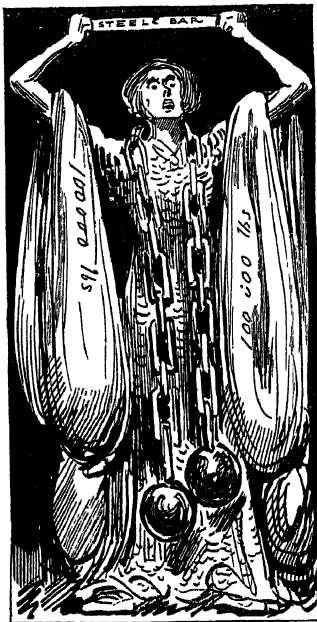
No. 14. Disgusted. Is a Soldier's life worth living? No.



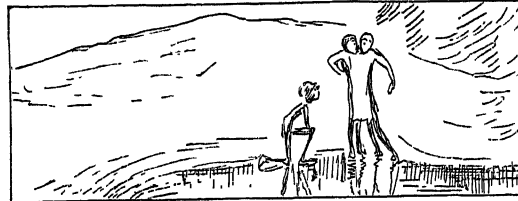
No. 114. Prawn-sticking on highly trained Dolphins.



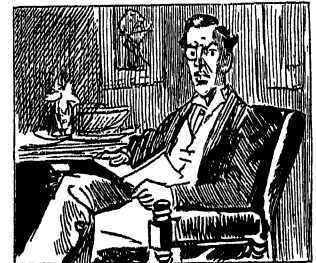
No. 84. The Earl of Stare, reciting, "Is this a dagger that I see before me?" while thinking to himself that his present glass eye feels very uncomfortable.



No. 110. Athletics. Strong Woman performing her *tour de force*.



No. 180. Siamose Twins bathing.



No. 42. "Shall I ask Jesse Collings to dinner or not?"



No. 55. Portrait of a Gentleman who has just thought of such a good Joke. "It seems to become funnier every minute," he says. [Bravo, Herkomer Junior!]



No. 59. "Aw—ya—as—aw—they're turn-over collars; but if I turned them up, Mr. G. wouldn't be in it with me." [Bravissimo, Herkomer Junior!]



No. 151. Pipe-and-Bird's-eye View of "Mr. G. Wills. Portrait of the Artist by himself"—and likely to remain so.



No. 10. Guilty or not Guilty?



No. 26. Portrait of John Tenniel, painted in lobster sauce. Ward next!!



No. 164. Poor dear gentle sufferer! she has got the gout so very badly in her left foot. Send for Sir Merry Andrew Clark, Pretty Dicky Quain, Burney Yeo Ho, and Robinson Roosee!



No. 138. The New Summer Hat. "Very fine and rather too large."

OUR ACITANT-GENERAL'S DIARY.

ASKED down to Oxbridge, to give lecture on "Military Power of England." Gratifying to find this interest in Army among University Dons. Shouldn't have thought it of them. Not quite their line—to know much about my "Line"! Master of Belial (curious title) has invited me, and I know he's a tremendous Liberal. Never mind, *must* have a slap at GLADSTONE. Can't help it, though certainly rather difficult to work it into a military paper. Well received. Splendid old port in Common Room. Should like to bring in something about "old port" into lecture, but difficult in military subject.

Arrive at Sheldonian Theatre (why theatre? Don't like name: nothing theatrical about me) and find room crammed with Crammers, Tutors, Heads of Colleges, Proctors, Bull-Dogs, Professors, Dons and Undergraduates. Also women and citizens. My appearance (in full regimentals, which I've put on to overawe the Professors) seems to create some surprise. An officious Proctor hopes my sword clanking over pavement "won't injure the encaustic tiling."

At a certain point in my discourse, create fresh sensation by "offering my sword to my country." Country doesn't seem to want it just now, as nobody responds. Master of Belial edges his chair away from me nervously. Offer it instead to Vice-Chancellor, a quiet old gentleman who seems afraid of it. Asks me *sotto voce* to "put that nasty thing in the sheath." Shall I resent this as insult to Army, and run Vice-Chancellor through the body? Might do so if I were quite sure my sword wasn't of the patent pliable corkscrew pattern, and that I *could* run it through anything.

Tell audience that "I know more of war than anybody else in England." Don't add (as I might) that I know more about everything than anybody else in England, including history, sociology, law, and politics. Under-

MR. PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.



PARLIAMENTARY ATHLETICS.

THE HONBLE. MEMBER FOR ST. PANCRAS W. SUPPORTING THE WEIGHTS AND MEASURES BILL.

graduate a long way off shouts, "Bunkum!" Fix him with my eye. Undergraduate stares back. Fortunately a Bull-Dog catches sight of him, and seeing that he is out at night without cap and gown, makes for him. Undergraduate leaves hurriedly. Wish I could get something in about "the old port."

Now is my opportunity to give it 'em hot about Home-Rule! Nothing on earth to do with my subject—but here goes! Audience (among whom are a good sprinkling of sturdy Gladstonians) seem surprised. What a lark! Can't, in politeness, go out till I've finished, and they shift about on their seats uneasily, looking warm. Master of Belial pretends to have gone to sleep. Vice-Chancellor really has gone to sleep! End up with rattling peroration about Empire, and sit down amid cordial cheers. Audience seems relieved that it's over. Regret not finding opportunity for jocular allusion to "the old port."

Go back to College with Master of Belial. Curious personage. I ask him how he thinks the lecture has gone; and he replies that the weather at Oxbridge has been rather rainy this Term. Is this the result of knowing too much Greek? Possibly my military remarks really Greek to him; but then, as he's Regius Professor of Language, that ought not to prevent his understanding them. And why did he ask the Military Authority down if he didn't want enlightenment?

Not treated so well when in College as I was before. No old port! Is this because I didn't mention it in lecture? Master asks me, "as a personal favour," to leave my sword in umbrella-stand, and to take off my spurs, as they "may catch in his carpets." When I begin to talk about politics, Master (Query—degraded?) goes off on to Soldiers' drill. Such bad taste. Wish he'd stick to his own subjects—as I always do! Though I wish I hadn't on this occasion, and then I could have lugged in a naval joke about "the old port."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday Night, May 13.—OLD MORALITY in fine form to-night. A great deal expected from him; came up to highest hopes. Opposition Benches crowded. Crisis been reached in career of Sugar Bill: what would the Government do? Would they abandon the Bill, and send the noble Baron to the Clock Tower, or would they stand by both, defy Opposition, and dare the Dissentients to desert them? LYON PLAYFAIR put momentous question. OLD MORALITY lightly approached table, and gazed benignly on eager faces watching him; Grand Old Man, most eager of all, with hand to ear, expectant.

"The Right Hon. Gentleman," said OLD MORALITY, "asks me whether,—in compliance with the promise of the Government of the Eleventh of April, that before the Sixteenth of May the Government would fix a day on which they would propose to proceed with the Second Reading of the Sugar Convention Bill.—I will now state the day fixed. Before answering that question

and we have nothing to conceal from the House, wishing, indeed being desirous, to give all the information in our power, I would like to put a question to the Right Hon. Gentleman himself, whose authority on these matters the House and the Country gladly acknowledge. Does he know why a lump of sugar left at the bottom of the cup is so long in melting? The Right Hon. Gentleman shakes his head. Then, Mr. SPEAKER, I will tell him, believing as I do that there should always be a condition of perfect confidence between the House and Members on whichever side they sit. A lump of sugar left in the bottom of the cup prolongs the process of melting because, as it melts, it makes the tea around it heavier; and, so long as it remains at the bottom, is surrounded by tea fully saturated with sugar, in consequence of which the same portions of liquid will hold no more sugar in solution. That, Sir, is my answer to the Right Hon. Gentleman. I trust it will be satisfactory to him and to his friends, the Government having no other desire than to do their duty to the House, and, I may add, to the Country."

OLD MORALITY resumed his seat; face suffused with crimson tide of conscious virtue; murmured applause from Ministerialists; dead silence on Opposition Benches. LYON PLAYFAIR looked



"In maiden meditation fancy free."

at HARCOURT; HARCOURT folded his arms and looked meditatively at the toe of his boot; SPEAKER about to call on Orders, when Grand Old Man, bursting, as it were, through trance, pointed out that OLD MORALITY had not directly answered the question.

"The Right Hon. Gentleman," said OLD MORALITY, nodding pleasantly at him across the table, "is a little exigent. My remarks are in the recollection of the House. If there is any other information desired I shall be happy to give it. Being on my legs I may perhaps explain how it is that a piece of sugar held in a spoon at the top of our tea melts very rapidly. It comes about (so I have been advised) in the following way:—As the tea becomes sweetened it descends to the bottom of the cup by its own gravity, and fresh portions of unsweetened tea are brought constantly into contact with the sugar till the lump is entirely dissolved. I think I have now stated everything in connection with this interesting question that gentlemen seated in any part of the House can desire. If there is anything more that I could say on the subject I would do it, my only object, and that of my friends, being to keep the House fully informed as far as is compatible with our public duty."

"But the Sugar Bounty Bill?" Grand Old Man gasped. "You haven't mentioned it. Are we definitely to understand that the Government are going on with the Bill?"

"The Right Hon. Gentleman," said O. M., with a slight approach to a frown, "is definitely to understand that which I have stated to the House."

Loud cheers from Ministerialists, amid which G. O. M. subsided, and OLD MORALITY triumphantly brought in Bill to establish Board of Agriculture for Great Britain.

Business done.—Budget Bill read a Second Time. Naval Defence Bill through Committee. OLD MORALITY triumphant all along the line.

Tuesday.—At Evening Sitting, DILLWYN moved Resolution for Disestablishment of Church in Wales. House resuming at Nine, Debate must close at One in the morning. Of four hours allotted for whole debate, BYRON REED, a Yorkshire Member, moving the rejection of Motion, occupied over one fourth part.

"Always the same with Wales," said OSBORNE MORGAN, bitterly. "When the island was parcelled out, we were shoved into a corner, to begin with: been there ever since."

REED's stupendous Lecture (reserved seats one shilling, galleries free, programmes one penny each), rather cast damper over proceedings. Welsh Members in despair; popping up all round, trying to catch SPEAKER's eye. ABRAHAM, of the manly chest, naturally succeeded; gave fillip to proceedings by dropping into Welsh; on the platform is accustomed to vary oratorical attractions by a song; generally introduces, by way of peroration, a stave of "*March of the Men of Harlech*," "the Welsh Doxology," as WILFRID LAWSON calls it. Clearing his throat to-night for a song, when observed SPEAKER's eye sternly fixed upon him. In hurry of moment, lapsed into Welsh. Was replying to REED's statement that year by year the Church in Wales was waxing, and Nonconformity waning.

"*Machynlleth!*" he exclaimed, "*caer-neddann dolwyddellan*—"

"Order! Order!" cried the SPEAKER, evidently under apprehension that Hon. Member was using unparliamentary language. But ABRAHAM's Welsh blood up.

"*Llanymynech!*" he shouted, at the top of his voice, "*digamwy nantfrankon cedom dolbadarn castell-gyfarch, cric*—"

Never saw the SPEAKER so angry.

"I have warned the Hon. Member," he said, interrupting, in his sternest tones, "and if he persists in this line of conduct, I shall have no option in the course I shall be obliged to take."

Friends, gathering round ABRAHAM, pulled him down by coat-tails. RAIKES, with great presence of mind, interposed, commenced his speech, and what might have been awkward scene came to abrupt conclusion.

Business done.—DILLWYN's Motion rejected by 284 against 231.

Thursday.—SAGE of QUEEN ANN'S GATE brought OUR ONLY GENERAL up to Bar. The ONLY ONE has been speaking disrespectfully of Liberal Leaders. Particularly hints that in order to go back to Downing Street they would assist at dismemberment of British Empire. SAGE, who abhors strong language, thinks that going little too far. Drags OUR ONLY in by collar before Head Master STANHOPE. Head Master STANHOPE as severe as he dares. Says he is not able to defend indiscretion. ONLY ONE, digging

knuckles into right eye, and secretly winking left at Colonels below Gangway, whimpers apology.

"I wish," he said, "to withdraw anything I ever said which can give pain to anyone."

"That will do," said STANHOPE, "and now withdraw yourself." ONLY ONE disappeared, and BRADLAUGH came on scene. B. taken British Constitution under his charge; moved Resolution, dissenting from Treasury Minute on Perpetual Pensions.

HANBURY seconds Motion: GRANDOLPH sits and listens; longs to take part in fray, but there's the Marlborough Pension; true it is commuted and out of the way; but someone sure to mention it if they get opportunity; so GRANDOLPH lies low and says nuffin. Grand Old Man, fresher than ever, selects this opportunity of making one of his three speeches. Hour half-past seven; House crowded; just time to rush off and dress for dinner. Dr. CLARK appears on scene; House roared like den of lions with morning meal delayed.

"I wish to move"—says CLARK.

"Divide! Divide!" roars House.

"Sir"—

"Vide! 'vide!'"

"I wish"—

"Vide! 'vide! 'vide!'"

Defender of the Constitution.

After five minutes' struggle CLARK announces his desire to move Amendment, that "all perpetual pensions shall cease with lives of present holders." House mollified by this delicious bull. Scotland beaten Ireland out of the field; Caithness first, Connemara nowhere. CLARK going along beautifully, when BRADLAUGH moves Closure. So House never learned how a pension that is perpetual shall cease at given epoch. *Business done.*—Budget Bill through Committee.

Friday.—HARCOURT had great triumph in House to-day. Have sometimes, perchance, in privacy of these memoranda, jotted down remarks lacking in due appreciation of this eminent man. There are some people, it is well known, who would speak disrespectfully of the Equator. All the more pleased, and ready to acknowledge success. Interposed on Third Reading of Naval Defence Bill; subject hammered away at for weeks; thrice-boiled colewort, a delicate, tasty *entrée*, compared with it. HARCOURT probably not intended to deliver speech. That proved a happy incident; no signs of preparation; no indications of impromptu fragrant with the breath of the New Forest; a good, rattling, bustling speech; blows hit straight out from shoulder; told all round; so exhilarated Opposition, that they couldn't be brought to agree to Third Reading, which stood over.

"If it's the duty of an Opposition to oppose, must say HARCOURT did his work brilliantly to-day," said CHARLIE BRESFORD, the "Sweet little cherub who sits up aloft," to whom HARCOURT had alluded as responsible for Admiralty change of front.

Business done.—Miscellaneous.

Between the Cup and the Lip.

THE Anti-Perpetual-Pensioners' plan Seemed ripe. Yes, the hour had come, and the man! But they found it a sell; and that GOSCHEN was in it. The hour *had* come—and the (Treasury) Minute! That made all the difference. Oh, shame and pity, That a Treasury Minute should swamp a Committee!

THE LIMITS OF TAXATION.—Bereaved relations in reduced circumstances owing to the loss of a bread-winner, and those who sympathise with them in their distress, very naturally complain of the additions lately made to the "Death Duties." Those imposts, however, can never be raised too high for people who don't pay them. There is no fear—and no hope—that the taxation of death will ever be raised high enough to prove prohibitive. No amount of duty can deter anybody from dying.

ON COMMISSION.

May 21, 22, 23, and 24.—This may be called the Great O'BRIEN week, as the distinguished Irish journalist to whom I have referred has occupied the witness-box for nearly the whole period. And here let me say, that if my language has become a little more flowery than usual, it is due to the necessity, the desperate necessity, of having had to listen to the talented editor of *United Ireland* for a terrible—I had almost said a fatally-terrible number of hours. But there have been others who have shared with me the pleasant and yet all-but-entirely-distinctly-dead—certainly fatal labour. On Thursday, the bright star of Hawarden, that like the sweet soft secret voice of conscience rides through the thunder-clouds with an axe in his hand, an eagle's glance in his clarion-toned eyes, and the noble aspiration for the good of the Emerald Isle of the Sea, the land of the brave and the free, in his heart of hearts, was present. Mr. O'BRIEN has been so eloquent in denouncing the wrongs of Ireland, that Sir CHARLES RUSSELL and Mr. LOCKWOOD have evidently been touched to the quick, and as for Mr. GEORGE LEWIS (who has sat beside the eminent Counsel to whom I have just referred), it appeared to me, that it was all that experienced lawyer could do to restrain from a burst of passionate weeping. But here, as the occasion seems to lend itself to treatment in a dramatic form, I take the opportunity of subjoining a slight sketch, which I need scarcely say, is as unlike the real thing as it is possible to be. And I distinctly declare that no one who has been in Court will venture to doubt the assertion.

"The Court then adjourned."

Court full. Three Commissioners all awake. Distinguished personages in various quarters—some with opera-glasses, others with luncheon baskets. Counsel for defence gradually recovering from extreme agitation caused by a recent description of the wrongs of Ireland. MESSRS. MURPHY and ATKINSON busy collecting proofs. ATTORNEY-GENERAL rises to cross-examine. The Attorney-General (lifting seat and leaning on back of desk of Junior Bar). I think you have just said it is one o'clock?

Witness (in a low tone). If you allow me, I will explain. It is my decided and eternally expressed impression, that were the material products of a metaphysical atmosphere to be placed in juxtaposition (in a louder tone as he warms to his subject) to the rents of a self-governed country, the result would be unquestionably chaos!

The A.-G. (looking sideways at someone in the jury-box, absently). I must repeat my question. I think, you have said it is one o'clock?

Mr. Lockwood (interposing). Really the Witness ought to be allowed to explain?

A.-G. (addressing the Court in a distressed but dignified tone). I think I have put a plain question, and am not in fault. (Mr. Lockwood throws an appealing glance to their Lordships, suggestive of a desire to say more, much more, which is only restrained by the haunting dread of seeing himself too frequently reported in the newspapers). I really must ask for a plain answer. (Puckering up his face into wrinkles, and looking earnestly at Witness). You said it is one o'clock?

Witness (at bay). Well, well, well! I may have said it! But I must explain the circumstances under which I said it.

A.-G. (continuing examination). Was it one o'clock?

Witness (excitedly). I ask if this is fair! (Emphatically). I have no sort of wish, or kind of wish, or description of wish to conceal anything. But when I admit that I said it was one o'clock, I wish to draw a distinction between one o'clock and 12'45.

A.-G. (looking with half-closed eyes). Do you approve of 12'45?

Witness (rising abruptly from his chair, and speaking with great excitement). No, a thousand times No! I say—and I do not wish to detract one iota from the circumstantial necessity of a tyrant-composed delegation of artistic sensibilities—that it is the right of a free nation to peruse the persecutions of an alien dynasty, and thus cut itself off from the desperately dangerous chains of a wretched combination of acrimonious atoms! I do not know if this view of the subject is (with great force) right in law—but it appears to me (in a lower tone) to be entirely in accordance with the highest and most noble dictates of (lowering his voice to a whisper) superhuman domestic economy!

A.-G. But you admit that you said it was one o'clock?

Witness (putting his hand to his head). I really do not know—it may have been.

A.-G. But I must press you upon this matter (holding up his hand to silence Mr. MURPHY, who is venturing upon a suggestion). Do you not know, Sir—Yes or No—that it was one o'clock?

Witness (starting to his feet). I say that your question is not fair. I say that when the rifle is in the hand of the desperado, the patient fowler listens to the frightfully horrible music of the horn of the hunter with dismay!

A.-G. (pursing his brows). But surely—

Mr. Lockwood (interrupting). I really must ask that the Witness may explain himself in his own fashion. (The ATTORNEY-GENERAL and Mr. ATKINSON consult together, while Witness heaves an audible sigh). I am the last person in the world, my Lords, to put myself unduly forward, but—

The President. I think that the question should be answered.

[Mr. LOCKWOOD respectfully subsides, and devotes several minutes of earnest study to the completion of a half-finished caricature.

A.-G. (with weary satisfaction at having overcome preliminary difficulties). And now, Sir, will you please say whether you declared it was one o'clock?

Witness (after a short pause for consideration). Yes, I did. (Interrupting the ATTORNEY-GENERAL, who is about to put another question.) But allow me to say, that you must remember all the terribly horrible circumstances of the distinctly desperate case. Let me give an example. (With intense determination.) Yes, I will give an example! When JULIUS CÆSAR first invaded England, it is said that he asked for some oysters, and BOADICEA, who was then in revolt—

A.-G. (plaintively appealing to the Bench). Surely, my Lords, this is foreign to this issue?

The President (mildly). Well, it is a little far afield, but perhaps I may say—

[Accidentally glances at clock, which points to half-past one. His Lordship pauses, and joyfully calls the attention of his Brethren to the welcome fact. The Three Commissioners rise. General movement, and exeunt nearly everyone to lunch.

And as this seems a suitable point for breaking off in my Note, I drop my pen, and seek a refresher myself.

Pump-handle Court. (Signed) A. BRIEFLESS, JUNIOR.

"WAIT FOR THE WAGGON!"

OH, who would not ride in a nice Caravan?
For a holiday outing this surely's the plan!
There's a boldness about it, a dash, and a novelty,
Which really should make us the travelling hovel try.
Like the snail, you will carry your house where you go,
And your progress may also be snailishly slow;
What matter? For thus you obtain ample leisure
To observe either Nature or Man at your pleasure.
You need not depend on a landlady's lodgings,
Or diurnally note her financial dodgings;
Then you are not confined to a single vicinity,
But can choose just the places with which you've affinity.
You can see the sun rise—if the rain is not falling—
And you'll know the delights of a Waggon-man's calling.
At night-time, when tired, how pleasant 'twill be
To unharness, and feed, and rub down your Gee-gee!
If asleep, you enjoy quite a rollicking feeling
When the rain has come in through a crack in the ceiling.
Though the van-man, if hungry, it certainly riles
To hear there's no shop within twenty-five miles.
You can cook for yourself—handle kettle and pan;
Oh, who would not invest in a nice Caravan?

WELL THOUGHT OUT.—Mr. CAPPER in conjunction with Mr. RUTLAND have recently been giving an entertainment, of which the former has certainly contributed the most amusing and interesting portion. Mr. CAPPER undertakes to discover a murder which only exists in the imagination of the would-be murderer. This he accomplishes very successfully. It seems, therefore, almost a pity that this accomplished gentleman is not attached to Scotland Yard, where his services in the Criminal Investigation Department appear to be needed, and might be of considerable value. If he was successful in finding out the perpetrator of the Whitechapel atrocities, everybody would take off their hats and "cap" CAPPER.

MUSICAL NOTES.



Seen your Sara's 'Earty? (Signor Sarasate!)



"Bird's Morning Concert."

SANDY TAKES THE FLOOR!

A Song of the Scotch Local Government Bill. (Some way after Sir Walter Scott.)



PIBROCH of DONNEL DHU,
Piper of pipers,
Wake thy wild voice anew,
Scare Saxon vipers!
Come away! come away!
Hark to the summons!
Come in your war-array
Into the Commons!

Come with the swagger
Of ARGYLE the cocky.
The war-pipe will stagger
The Unionists rocky.
Work chanter and reed,
Like that marvellous man,
MACPHAIRSON CLONGLOCKETTY
ANGUS M'CLAN!

Leave untended the "links"
For the Commons' wild welter;
The SPEAKER e'en shrinks,
As you go it a pelter.
As the great Mace you near,
Your form enlarges,
Suggestive of fighting-gear,
Broadswords and targes.

SANDY now takes the floor,
Faith, and he fills it.
"Progress" shall be no more
Unless he wills it.
Out, patient JOHN, and out
Far the belated!
Scots for their turn about
O'er long have waited.

Phengh! How St. Stephen's
shakes

At the pipes' humming!
Fresh frae the Land o' Cakes
SANDY is coming.

Drones and bag do not lag;
Groaners and screamers,
Go it! High waves the flag,
Wide fly the streamers!

Here is no stolid BULL,
Pig-in-poke taking;
Here's no Hibernian dull,
Shindy awaking.
He'll make BALFOUR look blue,
Tories he'll scatter.

Pibroch of DONNEL DU!
That's what's the matter!

Play up, my piper bold!
SANDY, ye'll try 'em,
When this wild tune you hold,
"De die in diem."

Woe's them, if they should shirk,
Or shape shams hollow!
Wild work with blade and dirk
Pibrochs may follow.

Come as Scotch feet come, when
Dancing is forward;
Come, as the chieftains come, when
Golf-streams flow nor'ward.
Faster come, faster come,
Faster and faster!
Show Tory benches dumb,
SANDY's their master.

Fast they come, fast they come,
See how they gather!
Twangle-twee! tootle-tum!
House smacks of heather.
Cast your plaids, draw your
blades!

Scots are a graun' set.
Pibroch of what's-its-name.
Sound for the onset!

PURELY PERSONAL—AN EVENING OUT;

Or, the Latest Development of Good Taste as understood by the "Society"
Gossip-monger.

MRS. FIZZLETON SKIPPINGS' much-talked-of dance came off with immense *éclat* at her spacious and commodious mansion in Battersea Fields yesterday evening, and everything, from the strip of carpet unrolled at the front door, to the tripe-and-onions—a perfect dream, served at the sideboard at supper with the champagne, Jossion & Co.'s *Cuvée Réserve Grand Vin*, 1889, 23s. the dozen—was as perfect as the most exacting guests of the ever-provident and economically-minded hostess who furnished the entertainment could possibly have desired. In an alcove on the half-landing a delightful rustic effect had been attempted, with the aid of three pots of *mignonette* and a dimly smoking petroleum lamp; but it was not till the drawing-room was reached, and the ear caught the strains of the inspiring dance-music furnished by the harp and cornet, whose services had been secured for the entire evening, regardless of expense, from the public-house round the corner, that the princely though judicious character of the whole entertainment could be fully appreciated.

As might have been expected, none but the very smartest people were present. Among the earliest arrivals was Lady STUFFLESVY, strikingly attired in a ditch-coloured *peignoir*, supported by her husband, who had on a hired dress suit, and wore a magnificent button-hole of second-hand Orchids, and her five elderly but sprightly daughters, who, in their pretty emerald-green *directoire* frocks, trimmed with *ruches* of sacking of *charbonne de terre au naturel*, created quite a sensation, and were much stared at. Mrs. MACHOOZLE, in a *redingote* of rich orange brocade, cut square and looped in front with *asperges en branche*, with a single Spanish onion on the shoulder, who brought a plain little niece with her in pepper and salt, also created much astonishment. Lady POPPINS looked magnificent in a brand new wig, and was severely mobbed.

Commerce was adequately represented by Mrs. OMULLIGAN SLICKERS, the wife of the well-known Millionaire Pork King, who simply blazed with imitation jewellery; her tiara, necklace, corsage, and stomacher so glistening with inferior Birmingham paste, that she was followed by an eager crowd, and had eventually to be roped off in a corner of the back drawing-room by the host himself, amidst the ill-suppressed sneers of the inquisitive on-lookers. Count ROOSTRE, the noted Dutch *savant*, who came in a faded second-hand Windsor uniform, created much diversion by its evident misfit, and was fairly halloed round the room, while the Countess, in a plum-coloured *Pompadour*, relieved with a *ruching* of mashed tomatoes *chiffonné*, with large bunches of variegated double hollyhock over a *bouillonné* skirt of rich amber bed-curtain, was admitted on all hands to be one of the sensations of the evening.

The Cotillon was perhaps the most characteristic feature of the entertainment. The presents, which consisted of cooked hats for the gentlemen, and fans for the ladies, made of back numbers of various newspapers, created at first some little disappointment; but great *verve* and go were suddenly thrown into the proceedings, owing to the greengrocer, who had come to wait, but had helped himself somewhat plentifully to the champagne on the sly, forcing his way into the drawing-room, and, seizing upon Lady POPPINS, insisting on joining in the final *galop* with her. Some little confusion was caused in the departure, owing to the gas having been suddenly cut off at the main by the Company for arrears; but, with the assistance of a few local policemen, the guests were eventually got safely out of the premises, and the general verdict seemed to be that Mrs. FIZZLETON SKIPPINGS had provided her numerous friends with a unique and remarkable entertainment.



REACTION.

Indignant Citizen (who had expected great things of the London County Council after the extinction of the Metropolitan Board of Works and the abolition of the Wine and Coal Dues,—receives an application for Rates, amounting to 2s. 8½d. in the pound). "D—! D—! D—! D—! D—! D—!"

TO THE NEW AMERICAN MINISTER.

"This is not my first visit to England, so I know my way about some."—
Mr. Robert G. Lincoln.

LOWELL and PHELPS were two splendid men,
Whom Mr. PHILIP honoured with pencil and pen:
To part with them was not too pleasant to think on,
But here's a new link with COLUMBIA in LINCOLN!
Welcome! Were't but for the sake of your father.
Know your way round about England, Sir? Rather!
And where you do not, trust friend Punch to instruct you;
He goes everywhere, and will gladly conduct you.
Your health in a bumper from Punch and the nation,
And long may you stay at the U. S. Legation!

PUFFS BY THE TRADE WINDS.—Where is the "PEARS' Soap Beauty" Show, for which Mr. HOWARD PAUL was so busily collecting specimens some months ago? Is it that "there be none of Beauty's daughters" who will come forward? *À propos* of PEARS, this is an age of Centenaries. Is RIMMEL's old enough to celebrate his scentenary? Also PIESSE with Honour?

Solatium.

MR. BOTTOMLEY FIRTH stirs Conservative mirth
By taking a snug and well-paid little berth;
But he knows that his critics will tire of the jeer
Before he will tire of Two Thousand a Year.
Though they do try to prove—what a sad waste of breath—
That in this instance berth means (political) death.

* EH, MR. GOSCHEN?—A fruitful and—as yet—untapped source of revenue might be found in putting a stiff tariff on poetical licences. Ask ex-Lord Mayor J. T. SULLIVAN, the Irish Tyrtaeus.

PIECES WITH HONOURS.

WHAT *Doris* will be after it has run a few hundred nights it would be rash to predict, but probably a tremendous, overpowering success. It goes uncommonly well at present, thanks to the singers, especially Messrs. BEN DAVIES and HAYDEN COFFIN, whose personal popularity is invaluable to the Opera. The women are not strong, except Miss ALICE BARNETT, the Eiffel Tower lady, with very little to do, but that little is capitally done. The First Act is decidedly good; the plot so far being interesting, (and the situations dramatic, or humorous, as the case may be. Mr. ARTHUR WILLIAMS, too, is funny, and, in fact, the First Act has so much "go" in it—including a charming song, admirably sung by Mr. BEN DAVIES—that the other two Acts have a hard time of it, and appear to be eked out with ballet and spectacle. How it happened that so witty a playwright as Mr. STEPHENSON came to grief in the story and the dialogue, probably only the author himself can explain.



Barnett Payne; or, Une Vraie Madame Eiffel taking Master Ben Davies and Miss Annie Albu out for a walk.

Mr. ALFRED CELLIER's music here and there is pretty enough, but why enter into competition with Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN by introducing a Chorus in the costume of *The Yeomen of the Guard* at the Savoy, of which the only *raison d'être* ought to be its originality, but which really is a copy, conscious or unconscious, of the composer's own Wooden-legged Pensioners' Chorus in the *Sultan of Moeha*, which was invented, as far as I recollect, to show that the Old Men's Chorus in *Faust*, and the Conspirators' Chorus in *Madame Angot* were not to have it all their own way. The Beefeaters' Chorus goes for nothing, and deservedly so. I hear that all sorts of permutations, combinations and alterations have been made since I saw it, and are even now in process of rehearsal. If Mr. HAYDEN COFFIN and Mr. BEN DAVIES had each another good popular song, I have little doubt but that the run of *Doris* would rival that of *Dorothy*.

The *mise-en-scène* reflects the greatest credit on the Stage Manager, Mr. CHARLES HARRIS, the Scene-painters, CRAVEN, TELBIN and RYAN, the Costumiers, and the artful Designer, M. LUCIEN BESCHE. What a first-rate Comic Opera might be constructed out of *Paul Jones* and *Doris* amalgamated, with Miss HUNTINGDON and the Ladies of the Prince of Wales's, and retaining the services of Messrs. BEN DAVIES and HAYDEN COFFIN. ARTHUR WILLIAMS should be retained on the premises, and be bound over to keep the piece in the bills by being originally droll without imitating the other ARTHUR whose surname is ROBERTS. Among the public, the ladies admire Miss HUNTINGDON at the Prince of Wales's, and CELLIER's music at the Lyric.

After all, there is money in *Wealth* at the Haymarket. The rule nowadays seems to be that a first-night failure indicates a long run. If this is due to alterations made in consequence of judicious criticism, then criticism fulfils a most useful function. So Mr. BANCROFT, the Manager in retreat, is going to reappear in the striking part of the *Abbé* in the *Dead Heart*, whenever Mr. IRVING revives this old play at the Lyceum. *Abbé* thought!

Mr. WYNDEHAM should seize the opportunity offered by this sudden tropical weather to give extra publicity to *Still Waters*, which paradoxically are "still running." He might advertise "still waters iced." The Criterion is quite the theatre for a thirsty soul, as there is plenty of excellent BEER throughout the piece. Lots of other pieces have been recently brought out. But none of them with honours, except perhaps *Angelina*. The London Theatres ought to do well, as there is no big Exhibition to distract the public.

INSURANCE AND IRONY.—From evidence given to the House of Commons Committee on the working of the Friendly Society's Act, it appears that all the Coroners in England concur in condemning the system of Infant Life Insurance. Significant unanimity! Wouldn't the insurance of children's lives be in most cases more properly denominated death insurance?

ROBERT ON RATES.

WELL, I does my werry best to understand the whole matter, but it's all in wain, but there's one pint as I does understand, and that is, that year by year and amost munth by munth my rates seems for to be increasing at sitch a rate as fully justifies their rayther peculiar name. I'm told as how as a good deal of it is hoing to the change of government from the old Bored of Works with their Cole Dues and their Wine Dues, to the New County Counsel with their no Cole and Wine Dues and their perfectly staggering Rate of 2 and 8 pence three farthings in their pound. Well, now, I've bin a calculating it out on a Slate, till it's amost covered with figgers, and I finds as my Dues on Wine, witch I'm told it was only a farthing a gallon, didn't cost me a single penny, and my Dues on Coles, which it was thirteen pence a Tun, cost me exactly 2 and tuppence a-year, while my hincreased Rates is just about ten shillings, so I at wunce, and without no hezzitation, shall wote for going back to the hold system and paying my farthing a gallon on all the wines as I buys, not on the wine as I drink, not by no means, for that woud be quite another pair of Shoes.



And then jist see what hairs the new Collecckters gives thereselves. Mine called last week and I was hout, so in course I oodn't pay him, so he calls again to-day, and leaves word as he shan't call not no more! Werry kind I think it of him, till I learns as he'll have me up before the Magistrate if I don't pay dreckly! And the lordly Gent is only at home twice a week, and then only for a few ours.

What a blooming lot of Rates there is to be sure! First, there's the Poor Rate, not so werry poor neither, as it cums to 8½d. in the pound for harf a year. Nex there's the County Counsel Rate, and that's 6d. in the pound; then cums the Police Rate, and that's 2½d.; and then cums the Rate jist for lighting the Public Lamps, and a penny in the pound seems a good deal (for that werry small matter; then cums a rate for the old Bored of Works, and that's 3d. Then bang goes 4½d. for looking after the Streets, and another 4½d. for the School Bored, and then a penny for repairing the Sewers, and another penny for the xpcenses of the Westry, includin, I suppose, a nice little Westry Dinner now and then, and for that I most suttently don't blame 'em; not a bit of it, speshally if they acts libberally to the Waiter, poor Feller!

I wonders what the good of Rates is. One ginerally xpces in a free country to git sumthink for whatever money one has to pay, but what do I git here? It's werry diffrent in the case of Taxes. Wen I pays a Nincum Tax I pays it willingly, coz I gets a nincum for it. The same with the Ouse Tax—I has a ouse for it; and the same with the Property Tax—it gives me a nice little property; so I don't mind paying 'em. But what do I git for my Rates? Litorally nothink; and so I naterally pays 'em with a grumbel. As to the odacious County Counsel, as meets in a place as doesn't belong to 'em, and is in sitch a wonderful hurry to make new Rates that they won't even stop till we've had time for to pay the old ones, so that we're acshally asked to pay the two lots at the same time altogether at once, why, if they'd only kindly wait till we've all had the hopper-toonity of telling 'em what we thinks of their wonderful hurry, they might lern sumthink as they woodn't like, so praps that's the reason why they won't.

It's all the fault of having werry rich men to make the Rates. What does a man with twenty or thirty thousand a year, or even with only two thowsand a year, care about Rates? Why, nothink. He doesn't know, and praps doesn't care, what the amount is, and little knows how a poor Waiter is sumtimes troubled to raise the money, speshally wen he's had a bad week or two, a waiting on a speshally shabby lot of stingy diners-out. We gets rayther more than usual of this kind of gent during the May Meetings, as they're called, for, strange to say, however singler it may seem, wot peeples calls wice is werry much more libberal than wot peeples calls wirtue. This is a suckemstance as is werry trying to us Waiters, as it reelly makes us, wen pertickler stumped up, and has our Rates to pay, greatly prefer the cumpany of such jolly gents as frequents Richmond or Grinnidge with their fare partners, to those werry much solumer and seriouser gents as has bin a spending the afternoon at Hexeter All.

Upon the whole I finishes by saying, as Rates is a conundrum as I don't quite hunderstand.

ROBERT.

"I DON'T profess to be much of a theologian," observed the DEAN of BROADCHURCH, "but when you ask me how the Church of England proves her belief in eternity, I should say by the practice of appointing 'Perpetual Curates.'"

BRAVO, POTTER!

[Bishop POTTER, of New York, in his Centennial Sermon commented on "the infinite swagger of American speech and manner, which mistook bigness for greatness, and sadly confounded gain and godliness."]

You reckon, Brother JONATHAN, that you can lick Creation;
You put on what in this old town's denominated "side";
You're certain in your inmost heart each antiquated nation
Of Europe looks with envy o'er the vast Atlantic tide.

You're quite the biggest thing on earth, you'd like to see a bigger;
You count your mighty millionnaires by dozens at a time;
The first thing that you ask about a man is "What's his figger?"
And nothing except poverty is counted as a crime.

GEORGE WASHINGTON was great and good, and not for him the Caucus,
The blatant carpet-bagger and the democratic boss;
The partisans who howl for place with voices loud and raucous,
And try to grab their profit, though it be their country's loss.

Then purity of principle was held the State's sheet-anchor,
We never heard of lobbying, of dodges, or of "rings";
Political corruption now has spread, a hideous canker,
Where'er the eagle that you boast has waved his mighty wings.

The swagger, says the Bishop, of your speech and of your manner,
Takes bigness to be greatness, confounds gain and godliness;
So let us have a single reef in that star-spangled banner,
And let Columbia put on a less obtrusive dress.

'MODUS OPERANDI.'

Monday.—House brilliant again. Their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of WALES present to hear *Faust*. Miss MCINTYRE looks the *McMargherita*, or Scotch-German MAGGIE, to perfection. She gives quite a "How-happy-could-I-be-with-heather" air (this is not sung, though, as GOUNOD might object) to the Opera. What was *Margaret's* surname? If she hadn't one, she couldn't



Big Mephistopheles and his Little Victims.

have changed it to *Faust*, even if she had been asked, which, except in decorous poet WILLS's play, she never was. MAGGIE MCINTYRE's rendering of the Jewel Song, and her un-acting edition of *Faust's* victim, just as delightful as it was last season. The little boy with the long Russian name, WINOGRADOFF, was mistaken by those who were not *au fait* with the Opera for SCALCHI as *Siebel*. There is a family resemblance when regarded from a back row of the stalls without using an opera-glass. But his name should be in keeping with his stature. Let him either be "WINO" or "GRADOFF," but not both together. "In *Wino Veritas*," so I'll stick to this abbreviated form, as he is a true singer, nothing false about him, I won't say nothing bass, as there must be always something low in a baritone. Of the Death Scene, *Valentine's* great chance, WINO did not make the most. But he will come out stronger next time, and DEURIOLANUS was quite justified in taking WINO for his *Valentine*. If on a tree in the Signor CASTEL (short for CASTELMARRY, another long name) as a burly *Mephistopheles*, would give less of his time and attention to striking attitudes for a photograph, his performance would be more fiendishly satisfactory. To my mind he plays the deuce with *Mephistopheles*, which is quite different from being the very devil. His laugh, too, has in it more of the heartiness of the practical joker than the cynicism of the demon. The new *Faust*,

The Cap of Mephistopheles as reflected on a tree in the Lime-light Walk.

M. MONTARIOL, sang charmingly, but ought to have been more ardent with such a MAGGIE to inspire him. Clever little Madame BAUERMEISTER always makes *Mariha* a merry and attractive little dame, who, on this occasion, fully appreciated the humour of trotting about arm-in-arm with the portly *Mephistopheles*. Everything else perfect; the Old Men's Chorus so especially good as well-nigh to revive the ancient enthusiasm.

Tuesday.—MARIE ROZE as *Carmen*. She can look, act, and sing it, and to do the two first of these is a good two-thirds of the battle. Never better than to-night. The simple MAGGIE MCINTYRE an admirable contrast to her as the peasant maid, who tries to reclaim



Marie Roze has set her face against the presentation-of-extravagant-bouquets system.

the enamoured "bould soger boy." F. DAN DRARDY MAJOR, who plays the *Toreador*, with which I was content O as usual, has brought his brother up to town for the season, and so DAN DRARDY MI. played *José*, and did it uncommonly well. Another good performance: the first week starts admirably. Organising Committee beaming.

Thursday.—*Traviata*. Splendid House. ELLA RUSSELL in great form, almost too great form for the consumptive heroine of the opera, yet at times reminding me of an amplified SARA BERNHARDT in her acting. DAN DRARDY MAJOR excellent as the "stern parent," and Signor TALAZAC appeared as his stout substantial son, a kind of Italian version of the impressionable *Josh Sedley* in *Vanity Fair* flattered by fascinating ELLA BECKI SHARPINI, who at one time seemed to me to be going to give a new turn to the old story by "mashing" flabby and impressionable *Alfredo's* good-looking and decidedly well-preserved parent. To-night I see that ALBANI is to appear on the same night that the Colonel announces the opening of the Hopposition. But DEURIOLANUS is first in the Garden. Melting moments for TALLER-ZAC, but he sang sweetly, though not powerfully; and touching was it to witness ELLA's deep affection for him. A big night for ELLA and DAN.

Saturday.—Another splendid audience. Performance of *Aida* more than satisfactory. "The Two DANCERS" (who must not be confused with "The Two MACS," also very clever artists, but quite in a different line) again taking a turn. Madame SCALCHI as good as ever in the character of the Egyptian Queen, but perhaps a trifle too white for a countrywoman of CLEOPATRA. Signor MIRANDA as "*Il Ré*," no doubt to keep his consort in countenance, also more than fair. Madame VALDA rather heavy for *Aida*, but still most effective. The *mise-en-scène*, of course, splendid,—but this was to be expected under the rule of DEURIOLANUS. Standards in the triumphal procession in the Second Act full of quiet humour, but absolutely historically correct. Egyptians always partial to weird waggery. Instance in this very Opera, where *Radames* is locked in a cellar, and left to his fate, to the music of harps and the dancing of fan-bearers. Before and behind the Curtain equally brilliant. The week ends as it began with every prospect of a successful season. It is admitted on all sides that Covent Garden has not looked so much like its old self for years.

THE NEW ART BART.

HERE's to Sir Sculptor BOEHM—
I was going to write a Poem,
And having tried the Sacred
Nine,
I find I scarce can write a line!
The QUEEN, Sir B., I understand,
Has given you an extra Hand—
The Baronet's—('tis on the shield,

Or coat, or ground, or something
"field"—
Those on this subject who lack
knowledge
Can simply ask the Heralds'
College);
But any way this Hand, my Bart,
Does honour to your Head and
Art.



A VENIAL TRESPASS.

Squire Bluenose. "NOW THEN, SIR! CAN'T YOU READ? DIDN'T YOU OBSERVE THAT THIS ROAD IS PRIVATE?"
 Edwin. "A—M—YES! TO TELL YOU THE HONEST TRUTH, THAT'S EXACTLY WHY WE CAME HERE!"

A DIFFICULTY SOLVED.

A Historical Parallel. (From Paddy's Point of View.)

OCH! shure, a laygend ould historians ye 'll find tellin',
 Of the year twelve eighty-four, after they'd slain LLEWELLYN,
 Of the thrick that EDWARD LONGSHANKS the Welshmen played, in
 state, on.

(If ye know your *Poly-Olbion*, ye 'll find it tould by DRAYTON.)

"Through every part of Wales he to the Nobles sent,
 That they unto his Court should come incontinent,
 Of things that much concern'd the country to debate;
 But now behold the power of unavoided fate!"

When thus unto his will he filly them had won,
 At her expected hour the Queen brought forth a son—
 Young EDWARD, born in Wales, and of Caernarvon called.

Thus by the English craft the Brïons were enthralled."
 Faix, bhoys, I see it now—that smart gossoon, King EDWARD,
 All in his royal arrums and ermine going bedward,
 And bringing forth the babe, all native claims thus squelching,
 And, lifting it on hoigh, the Welshers nately welshing.

Well, history, they say, repates itself. By jabers!
 Thim Saxons would sarve us as once they did our naybours.
 In hopes O'MULLIGANS, FITZPATRICKS, and McHAFFIES

Will take their cradle-thrick as mildly as thim TAFFYS.
 Hillaloo! The Prince of WHALES has gumption, and I 'll vinture he
 Remembers that we're not now in the Thirteenth Century.

Clane out the Castle? Yes! Wid that scheme we'll not wrastle;
 But, BULL, don't substitute a brand-new *Blarney* Castle!
 Black CROMWELL burned the ould one, as Father PROUT informs us;

But though we PATS brave hate, a little love soon warms us.
 The Sassenachs seem findin' the way to Erin's heart, bhoys,
 They won't find it so long when once they make a start, bhoys.

But though we relish blarney, we can't abide sheer bunkum,
 Our hopes full oft have risen, but Party spite soon sunk 'em
 In doubt's black bog again. The Castle gang demolish?

The Lord Liffentan sack, and his ould post abolish?
 Och shure, it seems too good! We'd gladly give free lodging
 To Prince or Royal Duke—if there's no artful dodging!

Sly LONGSHANKS long ago wid Cambria played a game—
 What if—say BATTENBERG—should contemplate the same?
 PAT, give him a fair chance, will prove himself right loyal;
 But—ye can't heal ould wounds with mere soft soap—though Royal!

TO WHOM IT CONCERNS.

(Little Suggestive Comedy of the day.)

SCENE.—A Fashionable West-End drawing-room. The hostess
 being anxious to provide for the "entertainment" of her guests
 in a remarkable manner, has secured the services of a noted
 Popular Foreign Entertainer.

Popular Foreign Entertainer (concluding a risky recitation, of
 a highly spiced character). Et Sapristi! Houp-là!—Voilà la fin
 de Madame La Duchesse!

First English Miss (in raptures). Oh, isn't it delightful?

Second English Miss. It's quite too lovely!

Third English Miss. So awfully funny too!

Fourth English Miss. Oh! it's perfectly killing! Did you under-
 stand it all?

First, Second, and Third English Misses (in chorus). Oh, every
 word of it!

[But they didn't, of course. Had they, they would have hid their
 diminished heads for very shame at being suspected of taking in
 the meaning of even a single sentence. So Mr. Punch, who
 looks on at the above, shakes his head, and asks those who do
 understand it, whether they think they are quite right in pro-
 viding their defenceless guests with "Entertainment" of this sort.]

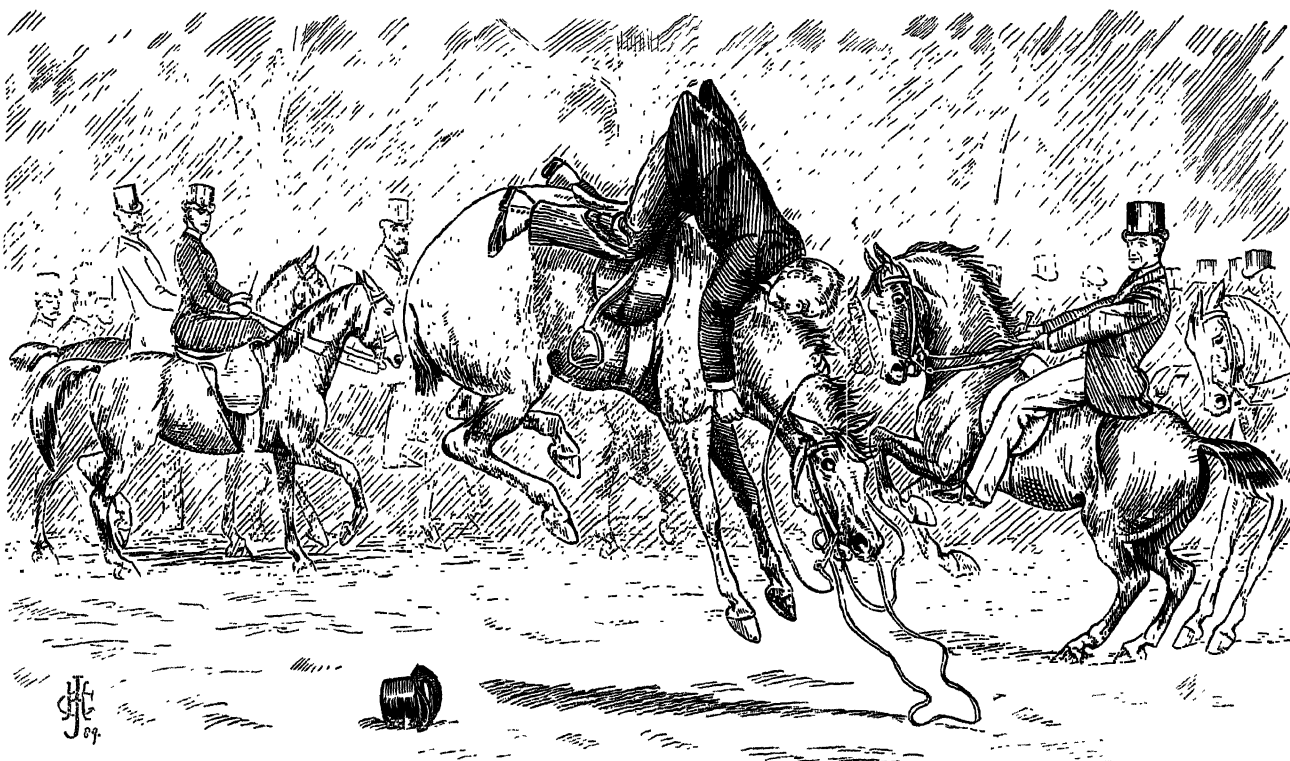
TROPICAL WEATHER.—Muzzle the dogs by all means, but what is
 to be done with the hatters? Does the proverb, "Mad as a hatter,"
 exist in any country besides our own? Perhaps Mr. JOSEPH KNIGHT
 of *Notes and Queries* will help us to solve the difficulty.

A VERY MUCH OVER-RATED PLACE.—London, under the County
 Council.



A DIFFICULTY SOLVED.

PRINCE HENRY OF BATTENBERG PRESENTING THE FUTURE VICEROY TO THE LOYAL PEOPLE OF IRELAND—SUGGESTED AS AN HISTORICAL PARALLEL.



HIS BARGAIN.

LITTLE JONES PICKED UP A WONDERFULLY SMART HACK, FOR AN ABSURDLY LOW PRICE, AT A RECENT AUCTION. THIS IS HIS FIRST APPEARANCE IN THE PARK. HE NOW LEARNS THE ANIMAL FORMERLY BELONGED TO BUFFALO BILL'S CIRCUS.

THE (COUNTY COUNCIL) PARADISE AND THE (LIBERAL) PERI.

A Moore-ish Legend modernised.

At three a Peri at the gate
Of Eden stood disconsolate;
And as she listened to the springs
Of talk within in torrents flowing,
And caught the light upon her wings
Through the half-opened portal glowing,
She sighed to think her subject race
Should e'er have lost that glorious place.
"How happy," exclaimed this outcast fair,
"Are the many male members who wrangle
there,
'Midst flowers (of speech) that freely fall;
Though I of the School Board now am free,
And parochial portals open for me,
The County Council were worth them all!
Though sweet an 'At Home' graced by
Gladstone oration,
Of the Women's Liberal Federation,
In the Grosvenor or the Memorial Hall;
Though dear are the platforms your sweet
tones haunt,
Mrs. OSCAR WILDE, Mrs. ORMESTON CHANT,
Let the Earl of MEATH make it clear—I
can't—
How the County Council outshines them
It is very hard that the Dames who intrigue
For that Tory Aidenn, the Primrose League,
Are praised and petted by Prince and Peer,
Whilst I'm forbidden free entrance here.
Backstairs influence well may gain
The *entrée* to loftiest Habitation;
But here I linger and long in vain
For a seat within, which to attain
Is the goal of she-Liberals' emulation.
'Tis the goal which my womanly heart was
fixt on;
I hoped by the aid of suburban Brixton,
With male monopoly proudly to cope;

And now an outcast I sadly stand,
Foiled by that bogey, the Law of the Land,
Driven to despair by false (BERESFORD)
HOPE!

If only I'd stray on the Primrose Path
(As many Partisan Peri hath)
Society's scorn, and the *Saturday's* wrath
Might be diverted from my poor head;
But now, my mad and unmodish crimes
Are mocked by the *Post* and denounced by
the *Times*,
And ostracism's my daily dread.
Mean race of men, your monopolist spirit
Still, still would hold our sex in thrall!
Some show of freedom we now inherit,
But the trail of 'Subjection' is over them
all!"

The smooth-faced Angel who was keeping
The C. C. doors beheld her weeping;
And, as he nearer drew, and listened
To her sad song, a tear-drop glistened
Within his eyelids, like the spray
From patriot fountains, when 'tis pearl'd
On Beakey's blossom, which—Tories say—
Blows nowhere but in Primrose-World.

"Nymph of a fair but luckless line!"
ROSEBERY said—"one hope is thine.
'Tis written in the Book of Fate,
The Peri yet may be admitted
Who brings unto this C. C. gate
The Earl of MEATH'S Bill—passed!
You're pitied
E'en by the Tories. When you win,
I shall be proud to let you in!"

ANTI-TOWER-OF-BABEL BILL. — Mr.
Punch wishes every success to Mr. WHIT-
MORE'S Bill for restricting the height of folly
in building. May Parliament be inspired by
its ancient lights of wisdom, and the Bill
soon become an Act.

SHAKSPEARIAN.

WHAT the dear children—who of course are
educated up to the *Hamlet* standard—say to
hard-hearted mothers when they hear Dr.
BARNARDO has made an offer,—"*BARNARDO!*
Ma' sell us!" If they're very dear children,
they are likely to be too much for Dr. BAR-
NARDO. We suppose we've not heard the
last about the "*Barnardo Homes*." "*Homes*"
is a nice word. If Mr. MATTHEWS were any-
thing but the Not-at-Homes-Secretary, he
would look into the matter at once.

FIRST-RATE;

Or, Ten of One and Half-a-dozen of the Other.

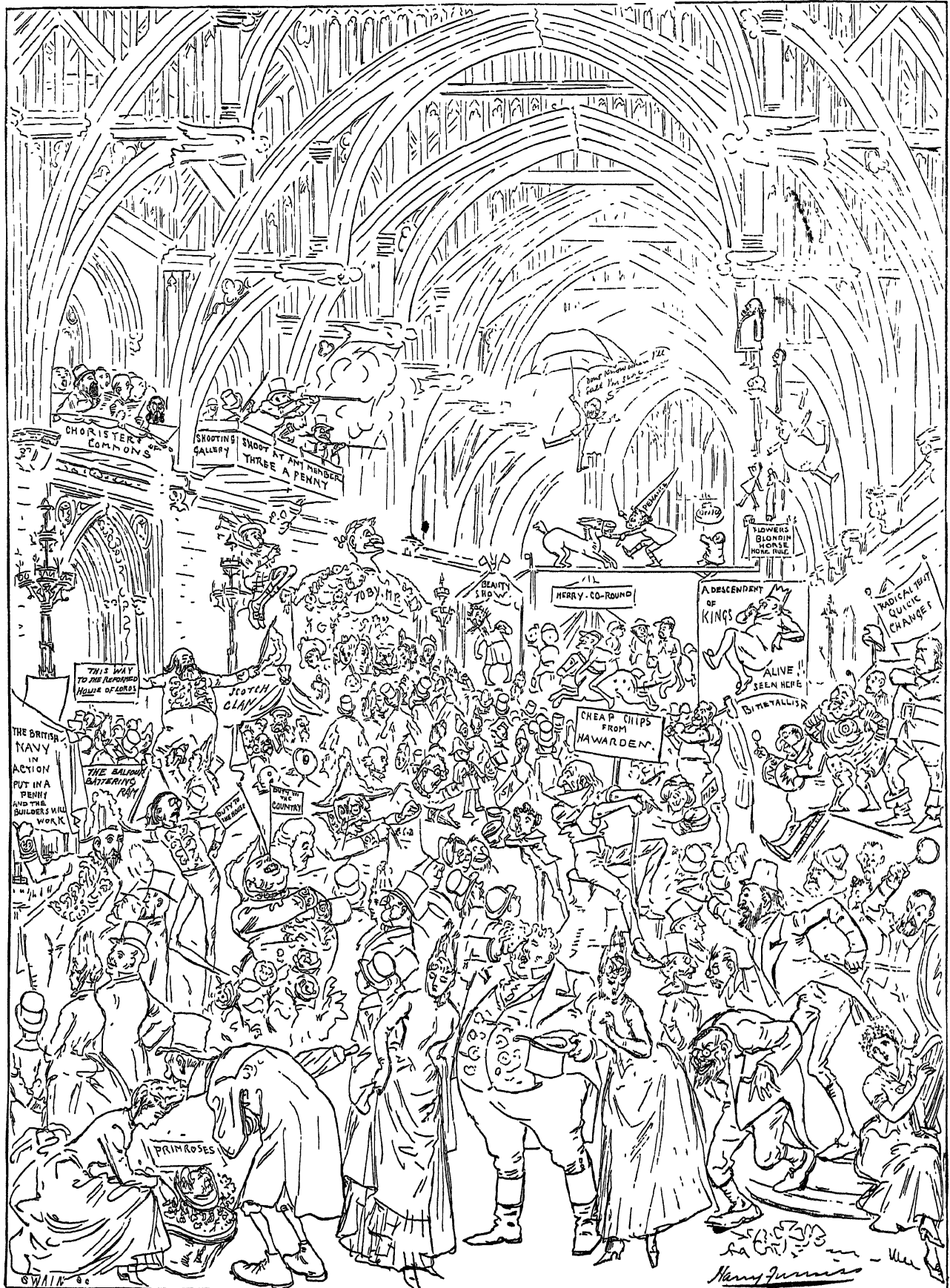
IN Parliament young Mr. LAWSON—
Learned in facts as in Greek PORSON—
Assures us that our L. C. C.
Keeps watchful eye on L. S. D.
But, with much vigour, Mr. BAUMANN
Leaps from his seat, exclaiming, "*How, Man,*
Can you make statements rash and heady,
When up the rates have gone already
By fivepence in the blessed suv'rin?"
Then Mr. LAWSON, on recov'rin'
From this remark, says, with effusion,
"*It's all an optical illusion!*
Over ten months the '*Precept*' ranges,
And thus the half-year's rate deranges."
Whereto sneers BAUMANN, "*At this rate*
We shall regret the 'Perks' its fate."

Moral.

Even if our rates are now abating,
There seems to be increase of rating!

EPIGRAMMATIC. — A cynical Tragedian
writes thus:—"At the Haymarket Theatre
only one stage-direction is necessary for any
scene in any play, and that is, '*Centre, a Tree.*'"

INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS. No. 69.



The Fancy Fair Season. Why not have a Parliamentary One in Westminster Hall?

A BALLAD OF SALAD.

I CANNOT eat the red, red rose,
I cannot eat the white;
In vain the long laburnum glows,
Vain the camellia's waxen snows,
The lily's cream of light.

The lilac's clustered chalices
Proffer their bounty sweet
In vain! Though very good for
bees,
Man, with unstinted yearning sees,
Admires, but cannot eat.

Give me the lettuce that has cool'd
Its heart in the rich earth,
Till every joyous leaf is school'd
To crisply-crinkled mirth.

Give me the mustard and the cress,
Whose glistening stalklets stand
As silver-white as nymphs by
night
Upon the moonlit strand;

The winking radish, round and red,
That like a ruby shines;
And the faint blessing, onion-shed,
Whene'er LUCULLUS dines.

The wayward endive's curling
head,
Cool cucumber sliced small,
And let the imperial beet-root
spread
Her purple over all.

Though shrinking poets still prefer
The common floral fashions,
With buds and blossoms hymn
their Her,
These vegetable loves would stir
A flint-heart's mineral passions!

"A WHITE LIE."—Mr. GRUNDY's latest piece is the best he has ever written!

MR. PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.



"THE WOLFF AT THE DOOR."

[SIR DRUMMOND has returned from Persia.]

OUTSIDE THE GLOBE.

Warm Admirer. MANSFIELD is going to take off *Richard the Third*.

Less Warm Ditto. "Going to"! Why, he's been doing it for the last two or three months.

Warm Admirer. I mean he is going to withdraw *Richard* from the *Globe*—

Less Warm One (interrupting). And RICHARD M. will be himself again. Yes—proceed, sweet warbler.

Warm Admirer (continuing). Because, as the *Observer* observed, "he finds the heat too trying." Yet it was a success.

Less Warm One. Clearly it isn't a frost, or else he might advertise the *Globe* as "the coolest theatre in London." Is it the rise of temperature that has affected RICHARD's theatrical thermometer, and which shows that the place has become too hot to hold him?

JOKER'S DIARY.—(Note By Joe Miller, Junior, for July.—SEAH coming. Must look up all my old wheezes about *Shah* and *chat*. *Shah* and *P'shah*! Riddle about *Char-à-banc*. Another about *Char-i-vari*, *Char-cutier*, &c. Work these up and get good names to them. Can dine out for a week.

FOREIGN AND DRAMATIC.—Berlin. In the evening of the reception of King HUMBERT by the German Emperor and Empress, there was "a family state dinner of 140 covers." What a nice little family party! "Pernicious Snug," as Mr. Folair remarked to *Nicholas Nickleby*.

WHAT THEY'RE DOING WITH HIM.

THE VERY LATEST CANARDS.

We hear that the Directors of the General Omnibus Company have notified to the General their unanimous resolution to give him a lift, whenever he may desire to avail himself of that means of locomotion, in any of their vehicles, free of charge. On this having been intimated to the General, he is said to have expressed much satisfaction at the proposal.

The General, we understand, yesterday morning accorded an interview to several influential Music Hall Proprietors, anxious to secure his services as a feature in the programme of their respective entertainments. The terms of each varied in some slight particulars, but the leading idea of all seemed to be the appearance of the General in one or more costumes, with or without a comic song, but, if possible, with a grotesque dance, or some other striking gymnastic feat performed to the accompaniment of a taking refrain. On the nature of their respective propositions being explained to him, the General manifested an evident interest, and after expressing himself as much gratified at their offers, intimated that he would leave the question of their acceptance in the hands of his "Committee."

It is understood that the General has been offered, and has accepted, the Presidency at the Annual Dinner to be held at Wapping on the 19th proximo, in Aid of the Decayed Bathing-women's Grandmothers' Association.

It is reported that a well known Caterer for Public Amusement has in contemplation proposing to the General an extended provincial tour, on advantageous terms, with a first-class Travelling Circus, the General to contribute to the performance a comic scene with a highly-trained elephant, from whose back he would eventually be expected to jump through three paper moons, coloured respectively blue, white, and red, as indicative of the National Flag of France. It is contemplated that when the scheme is fully explained to the General he will entertain it with every expression of gratification.

We hear that this morning an influential deputation from Westbourne Grove called on the General for the purpose of securing his

presence at a "small and early" organised in the neighbourhood with a view to introducing him to "the nobility and gentry" of Bayswater. On the object of their visit being made clear to him, the General who smiled most graciously at the deputation, expressed his gratification at the honour they proposed to pay him, and intimated that he would leave the matter in the hands of his "Committee."

It is rumoured that on the 9th, 17th, and 23rd prox., respectively, the General will open the Cabmen's Shelter at Hackney, lay the foundation stone of the new Cemetery at Tooting, and preside at the Inauguration of the Bazaar in aid of the Funds of the Consumptive Pastrycooks' Orphan Asylum at Houndsditch. It is also further stated that not only on these days, but on all others, the General's time is already fully taken up with prospective engagements. On this having been pointed out to him, the General is said to have contemplated the circumstance with every manifestation of the very liveliest satisfaction.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday Night, May 20.—The NOBLE BARON had little surprise in store for Opposition to-night. Comforted themselves with conviction that Sugar Convention dead, and only awaiting convenient opportunity for burial. But NOBLE BARON comes up smiling, with an All-a-blowin'-and-a-growin' air. Convention been signed by seven out of the eight great Bounty-giving Powers, he observes; accepted in principle by eighth; and Her Majesty's Government fully alive to importance of maintaining it.

"Quite a resurrection party," says WILFRID LAWSON. Never suspected the NOBLE BARON of such fund of quiet humour; fancy LYON PLAYFAIR put him up to this; got a tremendous convincing speech ready to move Rejection of Bill on Second Reading; if Bill's dropped, what's to become of speech? But if the BARON can be lured on to stand by his Bill, PLAYFAIR will get off his oration. "There are wheels within wheels," as the little boy said when he fell into the works of the windmill.

Debate on Naval Defence Bill set in with accustomed severity. Thought it was all settled on Second Reading; broke out again in Committee; now begins again on Third Reading. Members who could not catch SPEAKER's eye on earlier stages, now grab at it. Members stand it well enough till half-past seven; after that, patience breaks down. ILLINGWORTH, rising at twenty minutes to Eight to continue talk, uproar burst forth in deafening shouts for Division. AIRD moved Closure; SPEAKER took no notice.

"Yet he must have 'AIRD him," said CHARLIE BERESFORD, who had made his speech, and was getting hungry.

WILFRID LAWSON followed ILLINGWORTH; heartrending groans from famished Members; LAWSON talked on. Eight o'clock struck; ten minutes past; dinner spoiled in three hundred desolate homes. Howls increase; WILFRID immovable.

"They'll only drink wine and cherry brandy," he said, "if I let 'em off. Better stop here few minutes longer."

Quarter past eight; division called; ten minutes later three hundred hungry men racing downstairs, and Palace Yard resonant with the tramp of the sympathetic cab-horse and the roll of the wheels of the hurrying brougham.

Business done.—House "kept in" over dinner-hour. Third Reading of Naval Defence Bill carried by 183 votes against 101.

Tuesday.—Buzzing round Sugar Convention again; HARCOURT quite in high spirits. Looked up lot of questions he was going to ask, when what now appears to have been premature announcement of demise made; fires them off at Treasury Bench. GLADSTONE backs him up. HICKS-BEACH throws himself into breach; stands fire for ten minutes. Didn't make very much of him; hasn't the unique, benevolent simplicity of OLD MORALITY, off which objurgations, reproach, and abuse run as harmlessly as water off duck's back.

"The worst of OLD MORALITY is," HARCOURT says, "that one gets so little for one's pains. Blows that would pulverise another man haven't slightest effect on his imperturbable ingenuousness. It's like doubling up your fists and hammering a feather-bed. Feather-bed shaken up, and two minutes later presents precisely same placid, benevolent, inviting appearance as it did before you wore yourself out upon it."

Less of the feather-bed about HICKS-BEACH at question time; but result not much more satisfactory to assailant. "I must beg for an answer from some member of the Government," HARCOURT blusters.

"The answer of the Government is," said MICHAEL-ANGELO BEACH, "that we do not consider it consistent with our duty and the interests of the public service to give the Right Hon. Gentleman the information he wants."

HARCOURT persisted; GLADSTONE pounded away; MICHAEL-ANGELO, leaning confidentially on the box, fired his last shot. "I must decline," he said "to answer hypothetical questions." HARCOURT not having any other kind ready at moment, performance terminated.

Later, JOSEPH GILLIS appeared on scene, a rare delight in these days. National Debt Bill on for Third Reading. HARCOURT up again, dropping big tears over GOSCHEN's unfaithfulness to memory and principles of STAFFORD NORTHCOTE. Destroyed two great works of his financial life—Cheap Sugar, and Scheme for Rejection of National Debt. HARCOURT could scarcely control his emotion. Others joined in. JOKEIM, temporarily laying aside cap-and-bells, earnestly pleaded his innocence. Then JOSEPH GILLIS appeared with outstretched hand that instantly stilled tumult of controversy, and left him the centre of a listening Senate. If you'd given your mind to it, might have heard a pin drop, as JOEY B., with gaze sternly fixed on prostrated CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER, chanted forth his notes of regret, attuned more to sorrow than anger, that there should be a Government capable within the space of fifteen years of having twice attacked financial principles of his late Right Hon. friend, Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE.

HARCOURT had said these very things, and had, indeed, the advantage of uttering them first. But JOSEPH GILLIS, unconsciously imitating sweep of HARCOURT's arm as he delivered with HARCOURTIAN ponderosity the very sentiments he had heard delivered a couple of hours earlier, was much more effective than the original. JOKEIM, listening to HARCOURT, from time to time scornfully smiled and defiantly shook his head. But when JOEY B. delivered same lofty

sentiments, expounded identical principles of financial purity, JOKEIM's guilty head sank on his alarmed breast, he folded his trembling arms, and vainly tried to shut out with closed eyelids the spectacle of the terrible accuser. *Business done.*—Budget Bill agreed to.

Wednesday.—London Coal Dues under discussion. PEASE wants to abolish them. Press heavily upon the poor. FOWLER (Alderman) shows, on contrary, that prosperity of London is derived entirely from regular exaction of Coal Dues. To this source is due Holborn Viaduct, Thames Embankment, Polytechnic, Tower of London, and Underground Sewage. If old Charters of London are to be abolished, then New Zealander better at once apply to COOK's agent for ticket for London Bridge. FIRTH, urged by momentous subject to unusual flights of eloquence, expresses desire that ancient Charters of London may "remain in the womb of the past." BAUMANN makes clever speech in moving rejection of Bill; but RITCHIE runs amuck at Dues. OLD MORALITY proposes compromise, and Bill read a Second Time by 264 votes against 104.

Thursday.—Scotland's turn at last. Ireland we have always with us; England gets an opportunity occasionally; Gallant Little Wales had evening and morning sitting in succession last week. Now SANDY takes the floor; all the blue bonnets are over the border; Westminster echoing with Scotch "All a-blowin' and a-growin'." accent; the wail of the pibroch heard in distant corridor; haggis figures prominently in menu in dining-room. JACOBY, arrayed in lightest summer suit, perambulates lobby. Smiles beamingly at all Scotch Members.

"We'll hae a gude diversion the night, I'm thinkin', Dr. FARR-QUHARRISON," he said, just now to Member for West Aberdeen.

That not his usual way of speaking; but JACOBY a born Whip. Knows how to get at the heart of a man. Only with greatest difficulty his colleague, PHILIP STANHOPE, prevented his coming down to-night in kilt.

"It would fetch them," he said; "I'm sure Scotch very susceptible on national matters. Would like a little delicate attention like the kilts."

STANHOPE said, No; thought they'd better not try it yet. JACOBY, not permitted to don Highland garb, put on what he believed to be Scottish accent; whistled "*Scots wha hae*" as GEORGE CAMPBELL passed him; asked BUCHANAN to lend him copy of "*Meg Merrilees*," which he believes is one of SCOTT's novels. Wonderfully enthusiastic man in his new vocation!

Business done.—Debate on Scotch Local Government Bill.

Friday Night.—A melancholy day. At morning sitting, Scotch Local Government Bill; in the evening, PICKERSGILL on Penal Sentences. Prevailing dullness momentarily varied by interesting story told by MATTHEWS, of How They Went to the Prize Fight at Moseley. Seems "Fancy" had themselves packed up in covered furniture-van. Police placidly watched ponderous vehicles passing along highway; never suspected anything, though on *qui vive* to stop fight. When furniture-van—"Taking-all-Risks"—arrived at selected spot, unpacked, and "the furniture" went at it undisturbed. *Business done.*—Much talk.

It is the fashion, as a matter of business, for the Managers of seaside Hotels to telegraph up to town, daily, informing intending visitors of the state of the weather, *chez eux*. One sends up "Dull morning, warm. Glass steady." Glad to hear it—it's better than "Dull morning, dry. Hand shaky."



Michael-Angelo.



The new Whip.



SPECIAL COMMISSIONERS FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD.

President. "SMITH, OUR NOBLE SELVES! QUITE RIGHT TO ADJOURN FOR THE DERBY, DAY!"

ON COMMISSION.

May 28, 29, 30, and 31.—The feature of the week has been the examination and cross-examination of Mr. BIGGAR. Of course, it would be very wrong to comment upon the evidence of the distinguished humorist in question, but I must be permitted to say, that there were many present who expected a scene, when he was called, something like the following:—

Counsel (rising and referring to his brief). Mr. BIGGAR, I think you are a politician?

Witness (rubbing his head). Bedad, Sorr, that am I, as the pig said when he turned himself into bacon! [Roars of laughter.]

Counsel (quietly amused). Never mind the pig for the moment, Mr. BIGGAR.

Witness (quaintly). But begorrah, Sorr, if I don't mind the pig, the pig won't mind me! [Renewed laughter.]

Counsel (biting his lip). How long have you been in the House of Commons?

Witness. The House of Commons, is it? (*Stroking his nose with his forefinger.*) Shure it became the House of un-Commons when I jined it! [Further laughter.]

Counsel (suppressing a smile). Pray be serious, Mr. BIGGAR.

Witness. Serious is it! Look at that, now! How will I be serious? (*With a merry twinkle in his eye.*) Do ye take me for an ould blind fiddler, who can't rade because it's too dark for him to say! &c., &c., &c. [General merriment.]

I must admit that certainly Mr. BIGGAR did not give his evidence in a manner closely resembling the above. On the other hand, I should be exceedingly loth to assert that his cross-examination was at all like the following:—

Counsel (rising deferentially). I think, Mr. BIGGAR, you have devoted many years of your life to public affairs?

[*Every one in Court on the alert for something witty in reply.*]

Witness (gravely). Certainly.

Counsel. I do not wish to unduly press you, but can you give me any idea of how many years have been thus devoted?

[*The Public smilingly expectant for a bon-mot of unusual brilliancy.*]

Witness (solemnly). I cannot say.

Counsel. May we take it that you have been engaged in public affairs for some twenty years or so?

[*Audience on the qui vive for the best thing heard during this century.*]

Witness (with a sigh). I believe so.

Counsel. I am sure you will credit me, Mr. BIGGAR, when I say that I have no intention of fixing you to dates; but may I take it that those twenty years may be said to extend from 1869 to 1889?

[*General anticipation of something waggish beyond parallel.*]

Witness (wearily). Probably, &c., &c., &c. [General somnolence.]

A less important incident of the week was the appearance of Mr. ARTHUR O'CONNOR (late of the War Office, and now a member of the British Bar) without his wig. On Friday, the Court adjourned until the 18th of June, on the understanding (which, however, was not expressed in terms) that, if necessary, there should be a purely informal interim meeting of both sides on the 5th—at Epsom. (*Signed*) A. BRIEFLESS, JUNIOR.

Pump-handle Court.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

A Mystery of Queen Anne's Gate, by RICHARD ARKWRIGHT, is a good story in two volumes, for which the author must be praised, as he might have spun it out into three. It would have been better in one volume, as though the story is interesting and the excitement well sustained, yet you can skip handfuls of it at a time—plenty of skipping exercise, and you can give yourself any amount

of rope—and get through the novel easily within a three hours' railway journey. "Alone I did it!"

"EN BON PRINCE."

WRITES our Prince to HOWARD VINCENT:—

"I prefer to think you inn'cent
Of the mess at the Parade
Of the gallant Fire Brigade,

"When the crowd would have been cleared
Had you never interfered,
And the Medals would have been
Graciously bestowed, I ween.

"I forgive and I forget,
But, Unt-'Oward VINCENT, let
That unlucky Saturday,—
'Twas the twenty-fifth of May,—
In your mems be marked, *en noir*,
'Medal and Muddle.' *Au revoir!*"

PETITES BOUCHÉES DE BUSHEY.

"A good play needs no Bushey."

"Off with bonnets! Hat-tention!"

"Light modern Comic Opera I do not despise, as is proved by my engagement of *Dorothy—DENE.*"

FANCY IMPRESSIONIST PORTRAIT.

(By Don Lunatico Inky Rendo)



Professor Hair-Comber of Bushey.

"If Miss D. D. makes a great success here, I shall engage her permanently and call this the Deanery."

"JOHN SMITH, I've heard that name before."

"I compose these little things in my Idyl moments."

"I am going to compose an ode to the County in which I dwell.

I shall call it *Herts, mein Herts!*"

"Hope to give this performance in the Hall of my College, All Souls' Oxford. '*Bene natus*,' I've always enjoyed excellent health. Was born well, and hope to continue so—'*Bene vestitus*,' everyone will come in evening dress; no bonnets or hats, '*Moderate doctus*!'—Mustn't know too much about it. Don't like self-sufficient critics.

H.H., A.R.A., B.A., Oxon.

"MODUS OPERANDI."

(The Covent Garden Government and Her Majesty's Opposition.)

Tuesday, May 28.—How plucky of BORRO to have written *Mefistofele*, after GOUNOD had made such a success with *Faust*. It was almost as if *Mefistofele* were tempting the gifted Composer into a *Mefisto-failure*. If so, *Mephistopheles* was done, not for the first time, and done remarkably well. The impressive prologue was



Mad Maggie frightens Funny Little Faust.

magnificently rendered, Signor NOVARA taking Signor CASTELMANY'S part at short notice, which made "no vara great difference" as Miss MCINTYRE observed in her best Scotch McAccent. Why call her "Mademoiselle" in the bills? Aiblins (whatever that may be), but she's a puir and bonnie Scotch lassie, and nae French. She looked charming as BORRO'S *Marguerite*, who is much more of a genuine *ingénue* than is GOUNOD'S girl, and sang superbly. I shall welcome the time when she can rely entirely upon herself, and act her part without keeping one eye on Signor MANCINELLI to see if it's all right. I dare say MANCINELLI likes it: I should, if I were in his place,—and, by the way, if I were in his place, what a row there'd be in the orchestra! Of course, the old musical hands in the orchestra sympathise with her, and yet must wish that she should be out of their leading-strings. Even when she goes as mad as a hatter—as a Straw-hatter—(is this anywhere near the solution as to the origin of this proverbial simile?)—her rule seems to be, "Keep my eye on my MANCINELLI, and my MANCINELLI will pull me through." Madame SCALCHI, is a jovial *Marta*, far too wicked for *Mephistopheles*, who objects to being *Marta*'d in *Martarimony*. Sly humour of BORRO in introducing a little bit of WAGNER, well-played and sung by Signor RINALDINI in true Warbling Wag'ner style, in the First Act. How good that German dance is! It haunts me for days afterwards, and what a contrast is its peasant-like clumsiness to the graceful classical movement of the Grecian Ladies in the Troy Town Act, where the warbling Wag'ner reappears as *Nereus*—just like him—and *Marta* comes out in classical drapery as a lady of the name of *Pantalès* (who was she when she was at home?) who does her best to play nothing on an old harp with damp strings—not a true harp, but a lyre—and sings a charming duet with HELEN MCGREGOR; no, I should say HELEN MCINTYRE of Troy, our sweet *Belle Hélène*, from whom OFFENBACH—again memories expect the song of "O Belle Venus, quel plaisir trouves-tu?" "Ah, SCHNEIDER, how you vas!" as RIP VAN JEFFERSON WINKLE used to say. The Opera is not a light one, but it was made heavy by the "waits" between the Acts; especially the Troy Wait. The Broken Scene raised the enthusiasm of the house, and would have restored the spirits—it was full of them—of even the most Broken-hearted Manager, which DRUKIOLANUS most decidedly isn't.

Thursday.—An eventful evening for the Cosmopolitan Organising Opera Committee. Irish Tenor with Scotch name was to have played on Italian Opera Stage in German Opera *Lohengrin*. Rather mixed. But poor Signor BARTONI MAC-ARONI GUCKINI unfortunately sprained his ankle, and it didn't come off. By "it," I mean the event. Rather than disappoint the brilliant house assembled to meet him, Signor M'GUCKIN would have been only too pleased to have come on as *Lohengrin* in a Bath-chair drawn by swans, and sung with all the fervour and sweetness of which he is capable. The Organising Committee all for the idea—such a novelty. DRUKIOLANUS decided against it. "Bad precedent," said the astute Manager, "for Tenor to come on in Bath-chair." So DAN DRARDY, Junior, took the part at short notice, and acquitted himself as well as the short notice would permit. Audience, following the excellent

example of punctuality set by Their Royal Highnesses, came in early, and stopped till the wobbling property pigeon, a very easy shot for any marksman with half an eye for a penn'orth at the cocoa-nuts, had descended, and all was over with the wicked *Ortrude*, who is perpetually interfering between the Wedding Knight and Madame NORDICA, looking and singing charmingly as Miss Somebody *Elsa*, without



Il Cavaliere Bartoni Mac-aroni Guckini as a Knight of the Bath-chair.

even saying, "Beg pardon, hope I don't do ought rude." Hardly recognised Madame NORDICA in new fair-haired wig, and evidently she looked much taller than last season. Evidently grown rapidly in public opinion. Puir Scotch Lassie MAGGIE MCINTYRE, in a state of Scotch lassie-tude, reclined in the Stalls, and was clearly surprised at finding herself on the wrong side of the Curtain. Mr. HENRY CHAPLIN was radiant after his successful bimetallic deputation, and insisted on explaining to DRUKIOLANUS the theory of bimetallicism. DRUKIOLANUS, equal to the occasion, comprehended it in a twinkling. "I see," he said, "bicycle thing on two wheels; 'biped,' creature on two peds: bimetallicism evidently means doubling the prices. Won't do, my boy; won't do. Ta ta!" The MAHDI—FÜRSCHE-MADI, I should say—in great force as *Ortrude*. Opera magnificently put on the stage; everything first-rate except the property-moulting wobbling pigeon, and the sooner he is put into a property-pie, and seen no more, the better for the finish of *Lohengrin*. Orchestra conducted by MANTALINI,—no, MANCINELLI,—superb. *Vive l'Opéra!*



Saturday.—*Rentrée* of Madame ALBANI. Everybody enraptured. But why the Story of ALFRED and the Cakes, called *La Traviata*? *Alfred*, in this case, could hardly be called ALFRED the Great, and Madame ALBANI had doubtless something to contend against in Signor TALAZAC'S curious idea of a lover's passion, and Signor COTOEN'S quaint conception of paternal pathos. But, despite these drawbacks, what a triumph was hers, and how well did *Violetta* deserve the huge bouquets of roses and lilies, orchids and iris, which were presented to her at the close of the First and Second Acts respectively! A brilliant House apparently had eyes and ears for *Violetta* alone, though it certainly did not let her alone when her liquid trills and lovely piano passages fairly brought it down. *Alfred* the Little sang his part in the duet in the Last Act with some sweetness and effect; and Signor COTOEN'S powerful voice would probably please more if his peculiar facial play and manual movements did not quite so strongly convey the idea that he was playing alternately at Dumb Crambo and Forfeits.

Her Majesty's Opposition.—The Session commenced with the *Barbiere*, possibly in the hope that that Opera might save, or rather shave, it from disaster. Signor PADILLA (certainly one of the best *Figaros* of modern times) gives it most valuable support. But as a solitary swallow does not make a summer, a singular celebrity (especially when of the male sex) does not always create a season's success. Fortunately the *Rosina*, Madame GARGANO, and the *Almaviva* of Signor VICINI (who appeared vicariously for someone else), are equally good. From the appearance of the House generally, I fancy that Her Majesty's Opposition is not unlikely to secure what may be termed "a good working minority."

AFTER the ceremony last Saturday, Prince GEORGE of Wales is in full possession of the Liberty of the City of London. He can do whatever he likes. It is GEORGE without the drag on. This freedom is H.R.H.'s hereditary right; so, as a Citizen, he is "free as the heir."

"SIZING."

"Sizing," is nowadays practised by some of the Lancashire millowners to an extent which is neither fair nor reasonable, and is distinctly calculated to injure the reputation of British Cotton-stuffs in the markets of the world."—*Morning Post*.

THIS shows a state of trade extremely rotten:
To Cotton-doctoring *Punch* cannot cotton.
Even JOHN CHINAMAN is scarce so callow
As to be diddled long by flour and tallow.
Shame, Cotton-spinners? On your own confessing,
"Fraudulent sizing" is not "needful dressing."
What constitutes true "shirtings"? Reason halts
When powdered spar, and deliquescent salts,
Magnesium, and calcium, are meant,
To the extent of seventy-five per cent.
A British patriot does not like to think
Of China clay, plus muriate of zinc,
As making up the major part of sheeting;
Or of starch, Epsom Salts, and soda meeting
In cotton-cloth. Who views with temper placid
A blend of curd-soap and carbolic acid,
French chalk and maize, dextrine and Irish moss,
Meeting in "lining" to the buyers' loss;
Or putrid flour, palm-oil, and British gum
Making of honest "stuff" the merest hum?
Punch must be down upon those Cotton-spinners,
Who against British honour are such sinners;
Conspiring in a way, base as unwise,
To lessen England's greatness by her "size."

ANOTHER Rival to the Grand Hotel at Charing Cross.—
VERDI's Grand *Otello* (O!!) at the Lyceum in July,
started by M. H. L. MAXER ET CIE.

"That Lovely Night in June!"

(The Fourth at Eton.)

THE QUEEN surveyed the boats. "The Monarch" gay
Pursued "the even ten-oar of its way,"
With its own "Sitter," so called, I'll explain,
Because he "stands" a ten-oar for champagne—
At least he should. I'll write, to music choice,
The Monarch Boat-song for a ten-oar voice.
(Signed) BROCAS MR. Laureate, *didit*.



SCIENTIFIC ACCURACY.

"BUT WHY DO YOU WANT TO MARRY HER?"—"BECAUSE I LOVE HER!"
"MY DEAR FELLOW, THAT'S AN EXCUSE—NOT A REASON!"

WHAT MR. PUNCH'S MOON SAW.

SIXTEENTH EVENING.

"I KNOW a young policeman," the Moon told *Mr. Punch*. "He is extremely civil and obliging, but he has not been very long in the force. His beat lies in a highly fashionable and secluded district, and the other evening his services were called into request in a somewhat strange manner. He was going his rounds, and quite enjoying the clasp of his heavy boots on the pavement, when he came upon a gentleman and lady standing in great perplexity by the area railings of one of the houses, which was all dark and shut up. My beams shone clearly on the party: on the constable, who thought it incumbent upon him to remember that he was a policeman and adopt a surface suspicion; on the pretty pale face of the lady, under whose furred cloak could be seen the shimmer of her evening gown; on the gentleman, who was also in evening dress, and who seemed humorously annoyed at something, as he sought vainly in all his pockets. 'This is pleasant, constable!' he said; 'come out without our latch-key!' The young policeman offered to ring and knock for them, but the lady would not hear of it. 'It would frighten darling LILY so,' she said, 'and the poor child has been so feverish all day.' She had such a sweet voice, and her eyes looked so large and so pathetic in my rays, that the young policeman felt himself becoming less official. 'O Policeman,' she said, 'can't you think of anything? Fancy not to be able to get into one's own house!'"



"The policeman reflected for a moment; it was so gratifying to feel that this beautiful lady had such confidence in him that he naturally wished to show that he deserved it. At last he hit upon a

plan. They were painting a house opposite, and the workmen had left their ladders; perhaps, he suggested, if he fetched one, the upper windows might be found to have been left unfastened.

"So the policeman and the gentleman brought the ladder between them, and, curiously enough, the upper window *had* been left unfastened—which showed that the young constable knew something of the world. And presently I saw the gentleman go up and enter through the window, and then the lovely lady, after pressing a half-crown in the policeman's palm, prepared, with graceful timorousness, to ascend. 'What fun it would be,' I heard her say, with a musical little laugh, 'supposing another policeman saw me now and took me for a burglar!' 'No fear o' that, Ma'am,' he answered, gallantly, 'not when I'm at hand.' Then she went up the ladder, higher and higher, till he could only see a dim grey form aloft, and then the window was cautiously closed, and the house was dark and still once more. The young policeman gazed up at it sentimentally; a light shone in the upper room; he pictured the beautiful mother bending over her sick child's cot, and, reverently and tenderly, he removed the ladder which had been hallowed by her feet.

"Suddenly it occurred to me that the couple who lived in that house were quite middle-aged people, and had no child to be feverish. I remembered now, too, that they had left home that very afternoon on a short visit. Could the lady and gentleman have mistaken the house? I think they must have done so, though it took them nearly an hour to find it out, for it was much later when I next saw them both come out by the little garden at the back, when the gentleman helped the lady over the wall into a side street. He had a bag in his hand, which I had not noticed before, and she seemed to be carrying something under her cloak. I fancy they went out that way because they did not like to trouble that obliging young constable a second time, which was a pity, because, as it happened, he was in front of the house at that very moment. His beat had brought him round there a second time, and he could not help stopping to glance up once more at the windows, where there was no longer any light to be seen. I heard him sigh and hum a little snatch of a song, rather out of tune, as he went clumping on his round, for it is quite a mistake to suppose that there is less human nature in policemen than in other people. And this was a very young policeman, too."



MR. PUNCH'S NOTES—IN CORRECT TIME.

"FRIGHTFUL CREATURES."—Heraldry in Parliament. Dedicated to the First Commissioner of Works by Mr. Punch.



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, May 27.—For swiftness, neatness and effectiveness, just rough enough, but not too rough, have heard nothing in Parliament better than PLUNKET's tumbling-over to-night of GEORGE CAMPBELL. CAVENTISH-BENTINCK, that eminent aesthete, brought forward question of the Griffins on the staircase in Westminster Hall, supplemented by question from J. ELLIS. PLUNKET answered with fine gravity, describing how some of the sculptured animals represent heraldic supporters bearing arms of RICHARD II., EDWARD III., and QUEEN VICTORIA, whilst in other parts of the building there are numerous examples of figures and animals on newels of staircases and tops of pedestals "both with and without heraldic meaning." Subject seemed, as PLUNKET said, exhausted by this elaborate reply, when up jumped GEORGE CAMPBELL, always ready to put in word on any question from Camberwell to

Cathay. House now always takes him good-humouredly; roared in simulated indignation. Above the uproar CAMPBELL's voice heard shrilly demanding whether PLUNKET was himself "responsible for permitting these fearful creatures to be put up in Westminster Hall?"

Rather a rude question as it stands; but nothing particular meant; only CAMPBELL's pretty way. PLUNKET came back to table; waited for uproar to subside, then, nodding and smiling pleasantly at Sir GEORGE, said, "I am not responsible for the fearful creatures either in Westminster Hall or in this House."

Bolt went straight home; CAMPBELL wriggled up, nervously nursing his expressive right knee; House roared with delighted laughter; CAMPBELL concluded that, on the whole, had perhaps better not interpose when PLUNKET in the lists.

After this, House prepared itself for another evening with Scotch Members. Adjourned debate on Local Government Bill down as first Order; just when majority of Members were preparing to rush out, and air of resignation stealing over faces of LORD ADVOCATE and RITCHIE, who must needs remain in place, Irish Members burst in; raised debate on Luggacurran Evictions. O'BRIEN's first appearance since release from prison. Once more face to face with BALFOUR. A striking contrast the two men, gaoler and prisoner; the one fair, *débonnaire*, smiling, reclining with languid grace on the Treasury Bench; the other standing upright with clenched fist, set lips, pale face, flashing eyes, hoarse, passionate voice. Shut up for weeks and months, and now all the long-pent stream of wrath dashed downward like a cataract. BALFOUR bore it pretty well. Talk went on to dinner-time; then Division, and Scotch business began.

Business done.—More Scotch debate.

Tuesday.—TIM's back again. Been for some time in Ireland attending to his own business. Now comes to Westminster to look after nation's. No opportunity for not knowing TIM HEALY is in House when he once puts in an appearance. As GEORGE CURZON says, "his voice is heard through rolling drums, that beat to battle where he stands." Gave HOME SECRETARY a genuine start, by suddenly appealing to SPEAKER on matter of order, touching little dinner-party MATTHEWS gave on Saturday. What TIM really wanted was opportunity of publicly hitting out at ROWLAND BLENNERHASSET, whose name cropped up before Special Commission as having subscribed certain sums of money for dispensation by an energetic searcher after truth. BLENNERHASSET, otherwise of retiring disposition, takes no part in public affairs; TIM longing to give him an Oliver for his Rowland. Difficulty how to do it? Chance unconsciously provided by innocent HOME SECRETARY. Gave customary dinner in honour of QUEEN's Birthday; invited among other friends the Judges on Special Commission and BLENNERHASSET. Here was TIM's opportunity. Used it with superb gravity. Called SPEAKER's attention to fact that, in addition to three Judges, one of the guests was Sir ROWLAND BLENNERHASSET, "a person implicated in the PIGOTT forgeries."



Tim's back.

That was what TIM wanted to say. In order to say it, framed question to SPEAKER, as to who had control over House and its precincts? SPEAKER obliged to answer, with equal gravity, that he had no control over gentlemen who came to dinner within precincts of House. TIM much obliged for reply, and business proceeded.

"Wasn't sure at first I could manage it, TONY, dear boy," TIM said, his honest face suffused with satisfaction. "But you see I managed it. Suppose I had got up in my place and said, 'Sir ROWLAND BLENNERHASSET is a person implicated in the PIGOTT forgeries'; there would have been an awful uproar; I should have been out of order; SPEAKER would have been down on me; perhaps I would have been 'named'; and then where would I have been? But, you see, I wrap it up in a question, fire it off accidentally as it were, the boys cheer and the thing's done. Apart from BLENNERHASSET, quite worth while doing to see how frightened MATTHEWS was when I alluded to him. For a bit of real sport, if you know how to manage it, give me the House of Commons."

Business done.—Vote on Account taken.

Thursday.—Since PLUNKET flashed forth his answer to GEORGE CAMPBELL the other night about "fearful creatures" in and out of House, has been a marked tendency on part of Ministers to sparkle at Question Time. HOME SECRETARY tried it to-night with GEORGE CAMPBELL again for subject. It seems that GEORGE, taking his walks abroad, has exclusively enjoyed spectacle of cabs running over citizens. Would appear that, walking down from Southwell

Gardens to Westminster, scarcely a turning at which he did not come upon man, woman, or child under the hoofs of a ruthless cab-horse. Lived in India some time; Juggernaut nothing to it. HOME SECRETARY sits with arms folded, legs crossed, his face suffused with highly cultivated aspect of incredulity.

"Are the police to stand by," CAMPBELL insists, "and see cabs come up and knock persons down without interference or remonstrance? Will the Right Hon. Gentleman take up the subject?"

No human impulse more natural, even in a HOME SECRETARY, than to take up a subject if he accidentally finds it knocked down by a cab at a street corner. But MATTHEWS a lawyer, accustomed to quibbles.

"There is," he replied, "a statute in force. What handle is there, then, for taking up the subject?"

This posed CAMPBELL; not prepared for that way of looking at it. Time might come, if this sort of thing went unchecked, that no father of a family would go out in London streets without first providing himself with a handle by which he might be picked up when knocked down by a cab. That time not yet arrived. HOME SECRETARY, took base advantage; House rudely laughed; CAMPBELL temporarily subsided.

Other answer was from ARTHUR BALFOUR. Questioned as to sale of lands in Ulster by London Companies, he said CHARLES LEWIS had Motion on paper, which referred to subject; when it came on would discuss it.

"But," said CLANCY, "Suppose this Motion never comes on; what does the Right Hon. Gentleman propose to do?"

"When that eventuality occurs," said BALFOUR, "I shall be ready to answer the question."

A pretty answer this, imbued with the spirit of Philosophic Doubt. No one knows whether he quite meant what he said, or whether he accidentally stumbled on this deliciously round-about way of saying he would never answer question. Crowded House sat for a moment puzzled and silent; then there was a titter, ending in a roar of laughter: in which ARTHUR blushing joined.

Business done.—Scotch Local Government Bill read Second Time.

Friday.—Scotch business in the morning, Indian in the evening. The morning and the evening a dull day.

LA VIE À LA ROOSE.

THE art of prolonging life being, of course, a most interesting subject to everybody, Dr. ROBSON ROOSE who is always "up to date," deals with it in the *Fortnightly* for this month—still ably conducted by the open and frank HARRIS (not DREYFOLANUS of that ilk)—and treats his subject as well as he treats his patients, which is saying a great deal, but not too much. Here are some notes arising out of a careful perusal of his article which may be of use to him on a future occasion, should he resume the subject.

1.—*Question.* Are men or women the longer lived? *Answer.* We have all heard of Old PARR, but never of Old Ma. Perhaps one reason is that any allusion to a lady's age is considered impolite.

2.—*Q.* How to prolong life?—*A.* Live above PARR.

3.—*Q.* "Three-score and ten" is "accepted," says Dr. R. R., "pretty generally." Are musicians long-lived?—*A.* Yes, as a rule, because they live after they have completed several scores.

4.—*Q.* Is there any Longevity Association to which we can belong?—*A.* The Eighty Club is the nearest approach to it.

5.—*Q.* Is there anyone now living who was alive four centuries ago?—*A.* Certainly. Four centuries ago were the Middle Ages. A number of middle-aged people still exist. * * This is a fact which, strangely enough, has escaped the Doctor's notice.

6.—*Q.* The Doctor recounts how one old woman, who never washed, but rubbed her face with lard, lived to 106. What rank in life was she?—*A.* We should say she must have been addressed as "*Miladi*."

7.—*Q.* The Doctor is against "tricycling" for old men. Why?—*A.* Doctor is wrong here. For an old man who has completed one cycle, to go on to two cycles and up to three, cannot do him any possible harm. He will be a hale and hearty Tricyclinarian.

8.—*Q.* Dr. PARKER is quoted as recommending rice to old persons because of the starch in it. Would not a diet of nice white ties fresh from the washerwoman's do equally as well?—*A.* Yes. The dish could be included in the vegetarian list, and called white artichokers.

9.—*Q.* Rest is absolutely necessary. Can you suggest a form of diet or exercise, or both, which will economise time by including simultaneous rest?—*A.* Certainly. Go to a fishmonger's and take forty winks. As for exercise; quiet games are good, therefore "Go Nap" as often as possible.

Finally, *Mr. Punch* presents his compliments to Dr. R. R. and repeats *Rip Van Winkle's* salutation, "Here's your health, and your family's, and may you live long and brosher!"



“WON IN

MR. PUNCH. “CONGRATULATE YOU, MY LORD! ‘NAVAL DEFENCE



CANTER!"

AS BOUND TO WIN;—THE OPPOSITION STABLE WASN'T IN IT!!

"WON IN A CANTER!"

A COLLOQUY ON THE COURSE AFTER THE GREAT RACE.

SCENE—*The Derby Course in the vicinity of the Judge's Box. The Derby Winner, "Naval Defence," being led away. Crowd closes in, shouting; Mr. Judge Punch descends to congratulate the Owners of the Successful Horse.*

Crowd. Hooray! Hooray!

Sir W. H-rc-rt. (aside). Ah, shout, brave boys! You'd bellow

As blatantly for any other fellow
Who owned the Winner.

Mr. M-rl-y. (drily). Even for you, Sir WILLIAM!

Sir W. H-rc-rt. Flatter myself in enterprise and skill,
I am

Equal to S-L-SB-RY and his "boy" together.
H-M-LT-N with the crack, and such rare weather,
Couldn't help winning; in a real race
I doubt if he'd contrive to get a place.
But, hang it all, their Stable has such luck.

Lord Gr-nv-ll. Sugar-Loaf cut up badly in the ruck.

Sir W. H-rc-rt. Only their second string! Look at
Lord S.!

His sorrel face melts sweetly at success
So brilliant—and so easy.

Mr. Judge P-nc-h. (to Lord S.). Well, my Lord,

Even a Judge impartial can afford
Congratulations upon such a win.
Naval Defence was certainly well in.
Rather on the small side, perhaps; not quite
The shape and size of one in the first flight
Of equine heroes; still he quite outstrode
Anything that the other jockeys rode;
And romped in every inch a winner.

Lord S-l-sb-ry. Yes!

Yet we were scarcely cocksure of success.
The horse had not filled out as some expected.
Lord CHARLES, for instance, fancied he detected
Weediness and a slight peacocky action,
Nor did I feel the fullest satisfaction
With H-M-LT-N's peculiar style of riding,
Which sometimes checks a horse at its full striding.
He's not an ARCHER, GEORGE,—but no matter!
Fancy this victory is like to shatter
The other Stable's prospects for the season.
What can they do,—unless they trot out Treason?
And he is stale and short of work. Of course
They may possess the great dark Irish horse
They magnify mysteriously. If so,
Let's have him out and see how he can go!

Mr. Judge Punch. Naval Defence, my Lord, was bound
to win,

Although he might not carry all your tin
As you suggest, for in the rival Stable
It is no secret there was nothing able
To vanquish him, or even to extend him,
For this race, anyhow.

Mr. Ch-mb-rl-n. Fortune befriend him!

As we have done, Lord H-RT-NGT-N and I.

Lord S-l-sb-ry. (bowing). Our dual providence!

Mr. Ch-mb-rl-n. (aside). More mockery,

My black-a-vised Coriolanus! Well,
We'll see one day who is the bigger swell.
Anon, perhaps your "dual providence"
"Dual Control" may be.

Mr. G-sch-n. (hugging himself). But for the expense
I rather like this union of Stables.

Our champion anyhow has turned the tables
Upon the Hawarden-cum-Hibernia lot.

GL-DST-NE does look as though he'd caught it hot.

(Which will please JOSEPH.) As for icy P-RN-LL,

His countenance is cheerful as a charnel.

While H-RC-RT like a (burst) captive balloon—

Ha! ha!—seems vastly like descending soon.

Wishes he'd joined us, doubtless.

Lord H-rt-ngt-n. How they roar,

The swarming cads! E'en racing gets a bore,

Now the *hoi polloi* take such interest in it.

Mr. GL-dst-ne. Crowding all round, I see! But wait a

minute!

Sir W. H-rc-rt. A minute?

Mr. GL-dst-ne. Well, a year, or maybe two.

Sir W. H-rc-rt. Oh, years are nothing to a youth like

you;



"Oh no, we never mention her!
Her name is never heard!"

SHE HAD BEEN TO THE STATE BALL—AND HER NAME WAS OMITTED IN EVERY
LIST NEXT MORNING! "IS LIFE WORTH LIVING?"

But I confess that I should like to see
A champion in our stables, my dear G.
Fancy their winning with that three-legged crock!
Whilst JOE, the renegade, can mouth and mock
The bareness of our stalls.

Mr. GL-dst-ne. Ah, you must school
Your soul to patience, WILLIAM mine. Home Rule
Is not so out of it as some suppose;
He'll "come again," to G-SCH-N's shame—and JOE's.

Sir W. H-rc-rt. Evergreen Hopeful!

Mr. M-rl-y. But, by Jove, he's right;

Though "aged," he will beat them out of sight,
These cocky "three year olds," before he's done.

Lord R. Ch-rch-ll. By Jove, the Stable's having lots of fun.

Naval Defence has brought them fame and pelf.

I almost wish I'd backed the brute myself!

Lord C. B-r-gf-rd. What did I tell you, RANDOM? "Back the Favourite!"

Although the Stable did not quite behave aright,

According to my notion. Only fault

I find with them is that they seemed to halt.

The crack was bound to win, if they would run him.

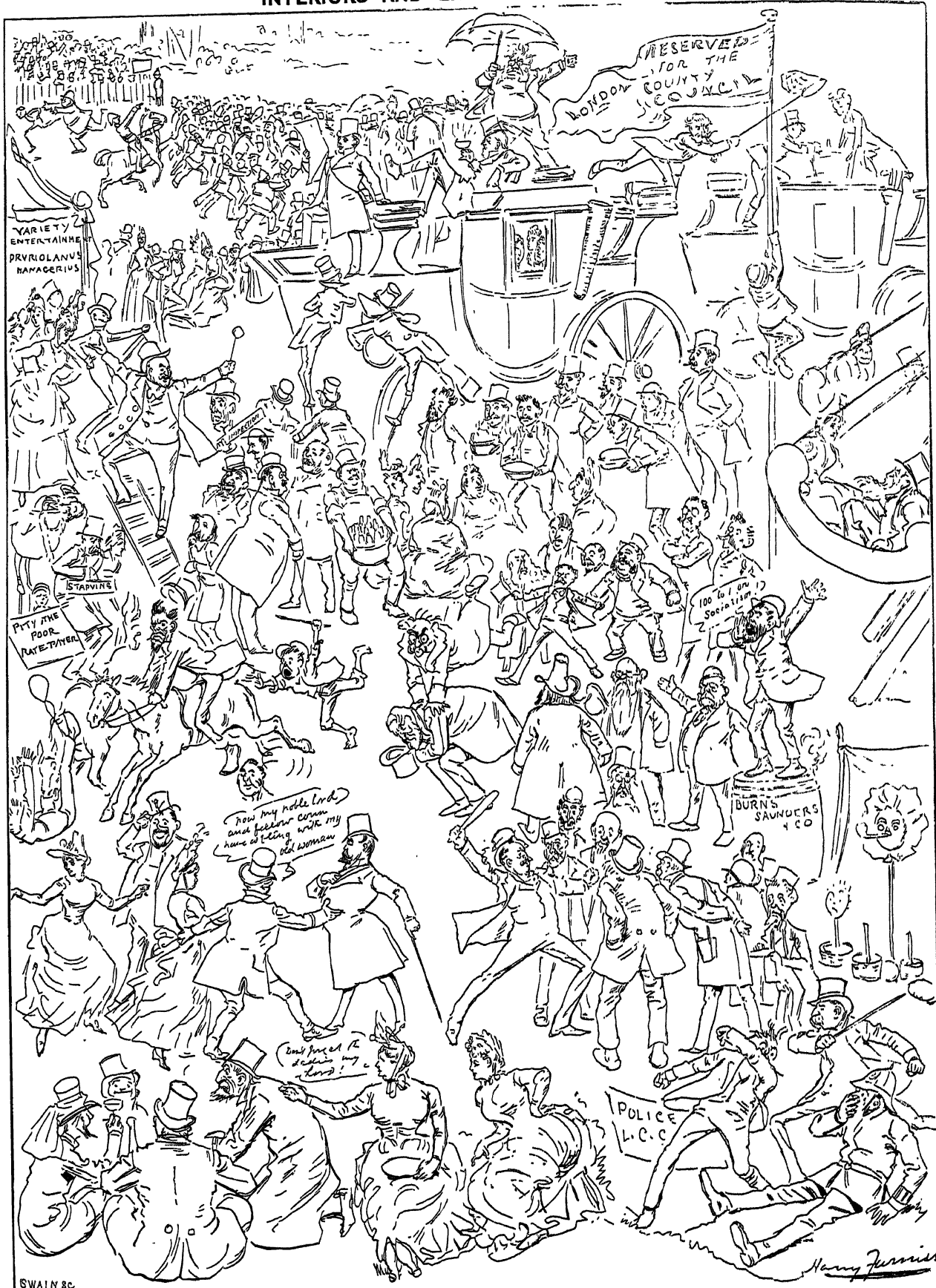
But I maintain they should have had more on him! [Left arguing.

All the Difference.

WHETHER women shall, or shall not, have the Parliamentary Suffrage, is regarded as "a burning question;" whether they should, or should not, have more than threepence for lining a pair of trousers, making nine buttonholes, and sewing on nine buttons, is *not*—save by the poor souls who toil night and day for that pitiful pay. Well, this button business may not be "a burning question"—yet; but it is certainly a "burning shame."

THE ALEXANDRA PALACE.—Is it an Apey thought to have a Monkey Show? Should the London public be disappointed, its monkey would be up, and the Alexandra would suffer. On Sunday, if fine, the Apes might be shown Monkey Island, or, by the kind permission of the noble owner, taken for a treat to Apethorpe.

INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS. No. 70.



MR. ROSEBERY TAKES THE MEMBERS OF THE L.C.C. DOWN TO THE DERBY.



FELINE AMENITIES.

Proud Mother (piqued that her Child's advances meet with no response from Fair Stranger). "WHY, BABY DEAR, THAT'S NOT YOUR GRANDMA!"

ROBERT ON THE DARBY.

AH, there was a time when I looked forrard for the Darby for weeks to come as one of the grandest days of the hole year, and now, strange to say, I'm not a going. And why? Well, for several reasons. In the first place I don't like the downs as I used to. I remember thinking last year that it was about the stickiest place when wet and the dustiest place when dry as 'ever I seed. I don't remember as I used to care much about them little suckumstances years ago, but I spose as we gits more partickler the more older we grows. In the second place,—which by-the-by is generally where my favorit horse finds hisself at the hend of the race—I had sitch a dose of bad luck last year that I was afeard of repeating it. I didn't care about telling my sad tail at the time, coz I finds as one never gits no simpaty on sitch sad ocasions but rayther plenty of charf and plenty of reticule, but as it's now a hole year ago, I plucks up my courage and speaks out like a man.

Well then, I had larst year, thro a sporting frend of mine, the werry stratest of strate tips, and, what's remarkable strange, it come off all rite. I lade no less than one golden suvverain to three on the favorit and another golden suvverain to six on another favorit, and my fust favorit won and the second lost, so I was the appy winner of two pound sterling. So in the pride of my art I took off BROWN to Mr. CARELESS'S Dinner Booth and stood treat to a helegant reparst of cold foul, and am, and sallad, and beer, and thorowly we both enjoyed it, speshally me with my winnins a gingling in my pocket, as it were. We then set off to find my 2 betting-book makers, and there was my winning better in his usual place, and he smiled as he seed me a passing by, and said, "Better luck next time, Sir; you can't allus win." To which I replied in my off-manner, "Oh, suddenly not." Thinking to myself, "Ah, he little nose wot a stroke of luck I've had!"

Presently I cums to my other betting book-maker's place—but "Oh what a site met my view!" as the poet says. There had evidently been some little misunderstandingin, for the hole place was a perfeck reek! On inquiring of a werry remarkabel savage-looking Gent a standing by, what it all meant, he told me the werry startling intelligence that the book-maker with who I had made my large winning-bet having lost a great deal more money than he cood posserbly pay, had been convicted of being a mere swindling Welch-

man, insted of a honest Englishman, as ewerybody had thort him to be, and so had bin chivied off the Course by a angry mob of his customers, who all discovered as they was all rayther large loosers, insted of werry large winners, as they had all fondly hoped as they was! Wot a dishcovery for a poor Waiter, who, after going through all the hagony of the prewious two ours, and all the dredful excitement of the aeshal five minets, finds hisself proclaimed by the Humpire as a prowd winner, and then, when he cums for his farely wun money, insted of receiving back his one golden suvverain as he had laid, and his three golden suvverains as he had won, finds hisself defrauded of all four by a swindling Welshman, and has to seek his disconsolate home a looser of two pounds sterling, insted of a winner of the same respectabel sum. I don't beleve as all Welshmen can be alike in this respect, for it does so happen as my own Mother was wun, and in course she produced me, which is a pritty good proof of what I says, for I am not only pussonally the werry Sole of Honner, but I regards cheating with the werry heels of contempt.

I took care to keep my true story a secret larst year, being rayther ashamed of it, if the plane truth must be spoke; but as the Poet says, "Distance takes the sting from out the view," and my xperience may prove a holesome warning to other Noble Sportsmen, like myself, and then my four lovely golden suvverains will not have been altogether lost in wane; though I suddenly do hope as the werry next xampel will be kindly purwid by sum one jest a leetle more abel to afford that sumwhat xpensive luxury, than a mere umbel Waiter, tho' he does happen for to be a Hed 'un.

It must be a werry nice thing for to be abel to set a good xampel, and to be werry libral to the Pore, and setterer, when you has plenty of money, thowsands and thowsands a year, and don't miss it. It's sumthink like a werry old Gent a being werry virtuous, or a werry ugly old Maid being werry ditto. I remembers when I was at our Parish Skool I used to be often kaned for bad spellin, but then our Caning Master had bin at it all his life, and cood spell amost ewery-think, so how cood he xpect me to spell like him, and the nateral consequens was as I never quite suckseeded in being a remarkabel good speller, tho of coarse I've greatly himproved sence then, and after all I don't kno, so long as peeple knos what you means, as it's of werry much consequents how you spells it.

ROBERT.

POLICE MOTTO.—The "Monro" Doctrine.—"No Cards."

"LE CRICQUETTE."

How he will be played—shortly.

MONSIEUR, *Offices of the Athletic Congress, Paris.*
I am overwhelmed with my gratitude to you and to the generous dignitaries, the Chancellors of your Universities, the Heads of your great Public Seminaries and the Principal of your renowned



Mary-le-bone College Club for the information they have given me concerning "Le Cricquette," your unique National game, and I thank you in the name of my Committee for your present of implements,—*les wickettes, le boule de canon, les gros bois* (the batsman's weapons), *le cuirasse pour les jambes de Longstoppe*, and other necessities for the dangers of the contest that you have so kindly forwarded for our inspection. But most of all are we indebted to you for sending over a 'ome team of your brave professionals to play the match against our Parisian "onze," for you rightly conjectured that by our experience of the formidable game in action, we should be able to judge of its risks and dangers, and after mature investigation be able so to revise and ameliorate the manner of its playing as to bring it into harmony with the taste and feeling of the athletic ambition of the rising generation of our young France.

A Match has taken place as you will see by "Le Score" subjoined, which I enclose for your inspection. It was not without its fruits. It disclosed to us, as you will remark, by referring to "Le Score" very practically the dangerous, and I must add, the murderous capabilities that "Le Cricquette" manifestly possesses. Our Revising Committee has already the matter in hand, and when their report is fully drawn up, I shall have much satisfaction in forwarding it to you. Meantime, I may say, that the substitution of a light large ball of silk, or some other soft material for the deadly "*boule de canon*" as used by your countrymen, has been decided upon as absolutely necessary to deprive the game of barbarism, and harmonise it with the instincts which Modern and Republican France associates with the pursuit of a harmless pastime. *Les wickettes*, as being too small for the Bowlsman to reach them, should be raised to six feet high, and the Umpire, a grave anomaly in a game cherished by a liberty-loving people, should be instantly suppressed. The "overre" too, should consist of sixteen balls. But this and many other matters are under the consideration of the Committee. I now, subjoin "Le Score" I mentioned, a brief perusal of it will show you what excellent grounds the Committee have for making the humanising alterations at which I have hinted.

ALL FRANCE v. AN ENGLISH 'OME-TEAM.

ALL FRANCE.

- M. DE BOISSY (struck with murderous force on the front of his forehead by the *boule de canon*, and obliged to retire), b. JONES-JOHNSON . . . 0
- M. NAUDIN (hit on his fingers, which are pinched blue with the *boule de canon*, and incapacitated), b. JONES-JOHNSON . . . 0
- Le Marquis de CAROUSEL (receives a blow from the *boule de canon* on the front bone of his leg, and is compelled to relinquish the contest), b. JONES-JOHNSON . . . 0
- M. BUSSON (receives a severe contusion of the cheek-bone from the *boule de canon*, which is delivered with murderous intent by a swift "round-and-bowlsman"), b. JONES-JOHNSON . . . 0
- Le General GREX (hits his three *wickettes* into the air, in a daring attempt to stop the *boule de canon* with his batsman's club), b. JONES-JOHNSON . . . 0
- Le Duc de SEPTFACES (has his *pince-nez* shattered to atoms by the *boule de canon*, and, being unable to see, withdraws from the "innings"), b. JONES-JOHNSON . . . 0
- M. CARILLON, M. le Docteur GIRONDE, Le Professeur d'Equitation (all the three being given, in turn, "out, legs in front of the *wickette*," leave the ground to arrange a duel with the Umpire), b. JONES-JOHNSON . . . 0
- M. de MONTMORENCY (on reaching the *wickette* and seeing the terrible approach of the *boule de canon*, has a shivering fit which obliges him to sit down), b. JONES-JOHNSON . . . 0
- M. JOLIBOIS, coming in last, triumphantly avoids the "overre," and is, in consequence, *not out*.

THE ENGLISH 'OME-TEAM.

JONES-JOHNSON, not out	3276
BROWN-SMITH, not out	3055

So the game stood at the end of the fifth day, when, spite all the efforts of "All France," even to the putting on of three "Bowlsmen" at once, it was found impossible to take even one of the "Ome-team" *wickettes*. Yet the contest was maintained by the "Out-side" with

a wonderful heroism and *elan*, for though by degrees, in nobly attempting to stop the flight of the *boule de canon* as it sped on its murderous course, driven by the furious and savage blows of the batsmen in all directions over the field, the fieldsmen, one by one, struck in the arms, legs, head, and back, began to grow feeble under their unceasing blows and contusions, still one and all from the "Long-leg-off" to the indomitable "Longstoppe," faced the dangers of their situation with a proud smile, indicative of the noble calm of an admirable spirit. So, Monsieur, the game, which was not finished, and which, in consequence, the Umpire, with a chivalrous generosity, announced as "drawn," came to its conclusion. You will understand, from the perusal of the above, the direction in which my Committee will be likely to modify the rules of the game, and simplify the apparatus for playing it, so as to give your "Cricquette" a chance of finding itself permanently acclimatised in this country.

Accept, Monsieur, the assurance of my most distinguished consideration.

THE SECRETARY OF THE PARIS ATHLETIC CONGRESS.

COUNTY-COUNCILDOM.

(From the Note-Book of Mr. Punch's Young Man.)

May 27th.—It is with regret that I find myself once more in the Council Chamber, where I have listened to so many dreary debates. I had hoped that I should have been able to give the London County Councillors a long rest. But Fate, represented by that distinguished warrior, Colonel HOWARD VINCENT (late Lieut. Royal Welsh Fusiliers), has decided against it. There is a large assembly present, all more or less politely thirsting for the gallant Colonel-Lieutenant's blood. I regret to say that the hero does not look very heroic. He is dressed in *mufli*, which is unnecessary, as he might have made quite an effective costume out of his (so to speak) Official Wardrobe. Surely he could have found in it a Barrister's wig, a Fusilier's bearskin, a Berkshire Militiaman's sword-belt and sash, a Constable's staff, a Central London Ranger's overalls, a Queen's Westminister pair of gaiters, and the Mess jacket and vest (now, perhaps, a trifle small) of a Sandhurst Cadet. Over this tasty combination-uniform the gallant Colonel-Lieutenant might have worn his badge of the Bath, in addition to the stars proper to a Knight of the Crown of Italy and the German Crown. As it is, the hero, in spite of the extreme intelligence which habitually characterises his highly intellectual features, seems a trifle insignificant. "Mister" ROSEBERRY, whose wrongs are too deep for words—has he not wandered about, looking unsuccessfully for fire-engines, and the Prince and Princess of WALES on the previous Saturday?—coldly calls upon the Colonel-Lieutenant to rise in his place.

Then the hero makes a statement, which clearly proves that he does not know—in spite of his career at Sandhurst, his service in the Royal Welsh Fusiliers, his appointment to the Royal Berkshire Militia, his command in the Rangers and Queen's Westminsters, his call to the Bar, his Directorship of Criminal Investigations, and his entrance to the Paris *Faculté de Droit*—how to occupy ground to keep a space clear for the manoeuvring of troops. Immediately the gallant Colonel-Lieutenant sits down, Sir WALTER DE SOUZA (a gentleman who, according to *Dod*, was knighted in recognition of his charity), moves a vote of censure, which is seconded "with pleasure," by WHITELEY'S Rival, Mr. BARKER. Then, after some eloquence that appropriately may be styled ROTTON, Mr. PROBYN (Captain and chemist) rushes to the assistance of his chief, and explains, in tones of thunder, what happened in his "immediate front." Upon this Mr. BOUTNOIS (practically "the Pride of Marylebone and its Neighbourhood") moves that the Council shall proceed to the next business. A division follows, and the numbers are equal. "Mister" ROSEBERRY is asked to give a casting vote, but possibly remembering a walk through a crowd of roughs with two little children in kilts on either side of him, promptly refuses. Then comes a division, and the Colonel-Lieutenant, by a Majority of five, is "saved—saved—saved" from censure!

Upon this, Earl COMPTON (who I fear the Patriot BURNS would not consider on this occasion quite so unbloated as usual) asks whether the Council intends to apologise to their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of WALES. This is too much for the refined and popular Representative of Battersea and Clapham, who, in silvery accents, intimates his intention, if such a resolution be put, of moving an amendment to it. But "Mister" ROSEBERRY interposes, and declares the incident at an end. It being now decided that the gallant, learned, and Foreign-Knightly Colonel-Lieutenant is not (at any rate for the moment) to be either executed on Tower Hill, or confined in the deepest dungeon beneath the Castle's moat, the proceedings became comparatively uninteresting. So I leave the County Councillors to their own devices (which, by the way, include a design for the Common Seal, which has merited "Mister" ROSEBERRY'S recommendation) until their labours are suspended for a season by the approach of the Whitsuntide Recess.

MR. PUNCH'S MODEL MUSIC-HALL SONGS.

No. V.—THE AMATORY EPISODIC.

THE history of a Singer's latest love—whether fortunate or otherwise—will always command the interest and attention of a Music-Hall audience. Our example, which is founded upon the very best precedents, derives an additional piquancy from the social position of the beloved object. Cultivated readers are requested not to shudder at the rhymes. *Mr. Punch's* Poet does them deliberately and in cold blood, being convinced that without these somewhat daring concords, no ditty would have the slightest chance of satisfying the great ear of the Music-Hall public.

The title of the Song is:—

MASHED BY A MARCHIONESS.

The Singer should come on correctly and tastefully attired in a suit of loud dittoes, a startling tie, and a white "pot" hat—the orthodox costume (on the Music-Hall stage) of a middle-class swain suffering from love-sickness. The air should be of the conventional jog-trot and jingle order, chastened by a sentimental melancholy.

I've lately gone and lost my 'art—and where you'll never guess—
I'm regularly mashed upon a lovely Marchioness!

'Twas at a Fancy Fair we met, inside the Albert 'All;
So affable she smiled at me as I came near her stall!

Chorus—Don't tell me Belgravia is stiff in behaviour!
She'd an Uncle an Earl, and a Dook for her Pa—
Still there was no starchiness in that fair Marchioness,
As she stood at her stall in the Fancy Bazaar!

At titles and distinctions once I'd ignorantly scoff,
As if no bond could be betwixt the Tradesman and the Toff!
I held with those who'd do away with difference in ranks—
But that was all before I met the Marchioness of MANX!

Chorus—Don't tell me Belgravia, &c.

A Home was being started by some kind aristo-crats,
For orphan kittens, born of poor, but well-connected, cats;
And of the swells who planned a *Fête* this object to assist,
The Marchioness of MANX's name stood foremost on the list.

Chorus—Don't tell me Belgravia, &c.

I never saw a smarter hand at serving in a shop,
For every likely customer she caught upon the 'op!
And from the form her Ladyship displayed at that Bazaar,
(*With enthusiasm*)—You might have took your oath she'd been
brought up behind a bar!

Chorus—Don't tell me Belgravia, &c.

In vain I tried to kid her that my purse had been forgot,
She spotted me in 'alf a jiff, and chafed me precious hot!
A sov. for one regalar she gammoned me to spend.

"You really can't refuse," she said, "I've bitten off the end!"

Chorus—Don't tell me Belgravia, &c.

"Do buy my crewel-work," she urged, "it goes across a chair,
You'll find it come in useful, as I see you 'ile your 'air!"
So I 'anded over thirty bob, though not a coiny bloke.

I couldn't tell a Marchioness how nearly I was broke!
Spoken—Though I *did* take the liberty of saying: "Make it fifteen bob, my Lady!" But she said, with such a fascinating look—I can see it yet!—"Oh, I'm sure you're not a 'agging kind of a man," she says, "you haven't the face for it. And think of all them pore fatherless kittings," she says; "think what thirty bob means to them!" says she, glancing up so pitiful and tender under her long eyelashes at me. Ah, the Radicals may talk as they like, but—

Chorus—Don't tell me Belgravia, &c.

A raffle was the next concern I put my rhino in:
The prize a talking parrot, which I didn't want to win.
Then her sister, Lady TANBY, showed a painted milking stool,
And I bought it—though it's not a thing I sit on as a rule.

Spoken—Not but what it was a handsome article in its way, too,—had a snow-scene with a sunset done in oil on it. "It will look lovely in your chambers," says the Marchioness; "it was ever so much admired at Catterwall Castle!" It didn't look so bad in my three-pair back, I must say, though unfortunately the sunset came off on me the very first time I happened to set down on it. Still think of the condescension of painting such a thing at all!

Chorus—Don't tell me Belgravia, &c.

The Marquis kept a-fidgeting and frowning at his wife,
For she talked to me as free as if she'd known me all my life!
I felt that I was in the swim, so wasn't over-awed,
But 'ung about and spent my cash as lavish as a lord!

Spoken—It was worth all the money, I can tell you, to be chatting there across the counter with a real live Marchioness for as long as ever my funds would 'old out. They'd have held out much longer, only the Marchioness made it a rule never to give change—she

couldn't break it, she said, not even for me. I wish I could give you an idea of how she smiled as she made that remark; for the fact is, when an aristocrat *does* unbend—well,—

Chorus—Don't tell me Belgravia, &c.

Next time I meet the Marchioness a-riding in the Row,
I'll ketch her eye and raise my 'at, and up to her I'll go,
(*With sentiment*)—And tell her next my 'art I keep the stump of
She sold me on the 'appy day we 'ad at her Bazaar! [that cigar]

Spoken—And she'll be pleased to see me again, I know! She's not one of your stuck-up sort; don't you make no mistake about it, the aristocracy ain't 'alf as bloated as people imagine who don't *know* 'em. Whenever I hear parties running 'em down, I always say:—

Chorus—Don't tell me Belgravia is stiff in behaviour, &c.

A CASTLE IN SPAIN AT WEST KENSINGTON.

LEAVING the Sunny South, where the chesnut-trees blossom, and the Alhambra, with its thousand lights, bounding brothers and brilliant *signoritas* playing on their gay cigarettes, basks in the



golden land of Leicester El Squaro, I came to West Kensington. I had been asked—*O nommo del tobacco!*—to be present at the inauguration of the Spanish Exhibition. Had I my wish, I would have preferred to have watched *Toreador* as, singing on the boards of a *Theatro el Gusarrisso*, he expressed his Italian *contento*. But, out of a feeling of haughty nationality—for we sons of the due South are as proud as the eagles who peck at our sherry-giving grapes—I thought it my duty to support the great show of the products of my native land. I was greeted at the Welcome Club (an Institution that reminded me not a little of Madrid and Barcelona, combined with a dash of El Dorado, and summits of the merry Pyrenees), and was regaled with some of the dishes of my own dear land. Many of these were accompanied by a vegetable called *El potato*, which I found to be simply excellent. But enough of this. Let me paint a picture of the great Spanish Exhibition—a picture that has never had its equal.

Imagine an enormous Arcade filled with every possible production of Spain. Imagine thousands and thousands of gaily decked booths erected for the sole purpose of exploiting the merits of Spanish Liquorice. Imagine again thousands and thousands of beautiful counters groaning under the weight of a wealth of Spanish onions—onions so good, so strong, that they draw tears from the eyes of myriads of pleasure-seekers! Imagine tambourines, and tomatoes, and olives! Imagine all this, and you still have but the faintest impression of the real contents of the Spanish Exhibition.

Imagine a fleet of Spanish boats, that would create surprise even on the silvery bosom of the gentle Guadalquivir. Imagine an enormous magazine of arms, with blades from Toledo and old armour from the stores of the street known as El Wardour. Imagine once again, pictures of the most startling magnificence. Imagine VANDYCK at his best, and VELASQUEZ at his more than best, to say nothing of PEARLS EL SOAP in the more inspired of his publicity-seeking moments! Imagine all this, and throw in more—such as local colouring and poetic sentiment—and yet you have not *quite* got the Spanish Exhibition!

Imagine a bull-fight. Imagine the Matadors and the gaily-dressed Cavaliers of the Circus. Imagine Spanish music of the most admirable kind, headed by the Bando El Gardo, conducted by Lieutenant DAN EL GODFREYDO. Imagine the original Electric Light discovered by COLUMBUS, ages before gas was invented by GASCO DE GAMA. Imagine a fairy scene of wonderment and delight, with its gay lamps and illuminations, resembling El Vauxhallo de Cremorna.

Imagine every possible distraction—theatres, concerts, cuts from the joint, drinks, dioramas, and earthquakes of Lisbon—and yet you have not imagined everything. Fancy picture galleries miles long, conservatories full of the choicest plants, lakes without equal at Windermere or Switzerland, and mountains that resemble as little Primrose Hill as they do the Alps.

Imagine all this, and much more (or less), and you yet have to imagine the contents of the Spanish Exhibition!

(Signed) DON ONION THE HIDALGO.

SILVER SHEEN.—Last Thursday Sheen was *en fête* for the Silver Wedding of the Comte and Comtesse de PARIS. Many of the visitors were there for the first time, "not in a *pays de connaissance*," observed the witty and venerable Marquis de VIEUX-CALEMBOUR, "for it might as well have been *Un Voyage en Sheen*."



TRUSTWORTHY AUTHORITY.

Host. "MICHAEL, DIDN'T I TELL YOU TO DECANT THE BEST CLARET?"
 Michael. "YOU DID, SORR." Host. "BUT THIS ISN'T THE BEST."
 Michael. "NO, SORR; BUT IT'S THE BEST YOU 'VE GOT!"

PER-VARSITY.]

"Hereafter no Student can matriculate in the University of the Pacific, at San José, California, who uses tobacco in any form."—*Evening Paper.*

'Tis sad the Yankee Undergrad
 Should be debarred his bacov;
 And forced to rank his "Head" a "crank,"
 And all his Tutors cracky;
 Yet that's the dismal case in the
 Pacific Universitee.

The modest cigarette is banned;
 They've quite tabooed cigars;
 And naughty triers of secret briars
 Are sent home to their Ma's;
 They rusticate like mad from the
 Pacific Universitee!

"Cut Cavendish!"—the Dons exclaim.
 "Hav'-ana weeds you mustn't!
 What? 'Nicotine assuage the spleen?'
 Oh, trust us that it doesn't!"
 A real "un-weeded garden," the
 Pacific Universitee!

"Pale students are made pale by pipes,"
 So say San José doctors;
 "All College men to rest by ten
 Must go," chime in the Proctors.
 They go—and smoke in bed in the
 Pacific Universitee!

Of Greek you may know less than ought,
 Latin less than you oughter,
 Be very rude, give "wines," get screwed,
 And then "screw up" up the Porter;
 Smoking's the only "Vice" in the
 Pacific Universitee!

By boycotting the "men's" cigars
 They've made a dreadful 'ash;
 This pedant's joke may "end in smoke,"
 But not in fame—or cash;
 Such is our Birdseye view of the
 Pacific Universitee.]

Oh, English *Alma Matres*, pray
 Don't imitate San José;
 A fragrant weed is good indeed
 When intellects feel dosey.
 There'll be no Undergrads in the
 Pacific Universitee!

LADIES AND LOGIC.

LADY HARDMAN, Hon. Secretary of the Ladies' Grand Council of the Primrose League, speaking at the annual meeting of the Upminster Habitation,—is reported to have said, that "not for the wealth of all the Indies would she consent to enter into public life and political strife." This savours strongly of the "self-denying ordinance." Only one wonders in that case what are the functions of the Primrose League, which, if it does not enter into "political strife," has certainly been undeservedly complimented by Grand-Master SALISBURY, and others. Lady HARDMAN "trusted that the Dames of the Primrose League would never be confused in their minds with those ladies who entered into contested elections and mingled themselves in the strife of Party politics." (*Applause.*) Contested elections! Party politics! Dear, dear, and the world had been supposing that the Primrose League

"TO THE WEST!"

NEW GLADSTONIAN VERSION.

[MR. GLADSTONE, during the Whitsuntide recess, will conduct a political campaign in Devonshire and Cornwall.]

G. O. M. sings:—

To the West, to the West for a Whitsuntide spree,
 Where Devon and Cornwall jut out to the sea,
 Where the tired G. O. M. if he's willing to toil,
 May hope to ingather political spoil.

Where meetings are scarce, where my generous host
 My aid at political fireworks will boast,
 Where the mobs will exult whilst I spout, scorning rest;
 Away, far away, to the land of the West!

To the West, to the West, where my speeches will flow
 Like rivers of words, spreading wide as they go;
 Where Weymouth and Dartmouth shall stir at my call,
 And Torquay and Plymouth keep rolling the ball.

Where the steam-yacht of kind Mrs. ELIOT YORKE,
 The *Garland*, shall waft me away to my work.
 Till Tintagel's truth I shall put to the test;
 Away, far away to the crowds of the West!

To the West, to the West; there are votes to be won,
 There's Home Rule to clear up, lots of work to be done.
 I'll try it, I'll do it; I'll never despair
 Whilst I've breath to orate or a moment to spare.

Poor Pat's independence my labours shall buy,
 Though CHAMBERLAIN swears that the game's all my eye
 Away, boys, away, let us hope for the best,
 And fight for Home Rule in the land of the West!

HAPPY THOUGHT. — Dear Sir, I have been looking about everywhere for an appropriate place where I may set up my Educational Establishment for Boys, in opposition to Dr. SWISH'S Academy at Broughington. I have decided on going North, and settling at Middle Wallop. Please, let all parents know this. Yours, Dr. BIRCH.

Hi! Hi!!—Colonel MAPLESON'S Acting Manager, Mr. HUY, quitted him. Does this mean No Huy prices? The Colonel ought to see his way better now than he did before, with only one HUY to look after everything.

was a Conservative organisation, and that its Dames were remarkably active in canvassing and its kindred duties at election times! Oh, what a surprise! Perhaps, after all, the lady-beloved League, with its 800,000 members, its Habitations, its badges, its Tory flatterers and Radical defamers, is only a great pastoral association for the culture of Primroses!

A little later, however, Lady HARDMAN seems—mark, *Punch* only says *seems*!—to let the political cat out of the Primrose bag. "The League was an educational movement, designed to counteract the inaccuracies—if they liked to use a stronger word she should not object—of the other side." *The other side!* Why that spoils it all. Arcadia vanishes at once, and the Primrose path becomes a party-road instantan. The trail of the Caucus is over it all. "The Knights of the Primrose League had to fight, not with the lance of the olden time, but with the poisoned darts of gross inaccuracies and misrepresentation." This sounds equivocal,—but let that pass. Only is there no "political strife," no party militancy here? What more could a Lady of the naughty Liberal Federation itself do? Alas for the pastoral peacefulness of the Primrosers! The League may be "an educational movement," but hardly in the direction of teaching logic to ladies.

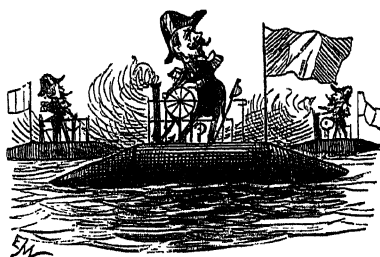
SHAKESPEARE ON THE SUGAR BOUNTIES CONVENTION. — A "certain Convocation of politic Worms."—*Hamlet*, Act IV., Scene 3.

SCARCELY A DUMB ANIMAL.—A "Roarer."

TO CALAIS AND BACK BY PEN AND PENCIL.

MR. PUNCH, THE MOST RESPECTED,

WHEN I told you how I wished to see the beautiful France, to inaugurate the harbour of Calais, you replied, "Do so, BARKINS." When I said I was an exile from a country I love like a mother—



A Menace to "La Perfide Albion."

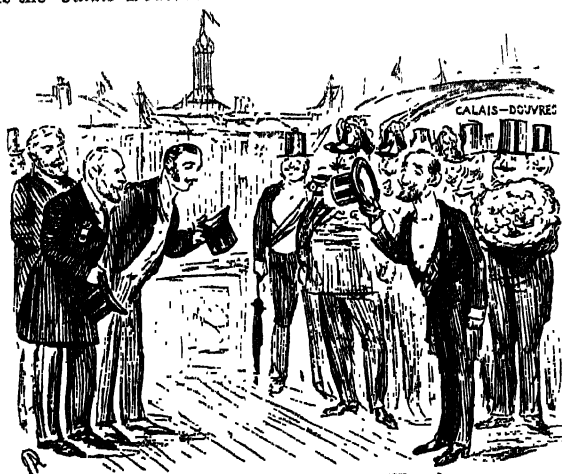
O my female parent!—that were I to return (to music), I should be arrested, and perhaps (oh, horrible!) be expelled! you suggested, "Then why not go in disguise?" It was a grand idea! I love all that is of the theatre! Still I hesitated! I questioned you once again. "What disguise?" Once more you were ready with an answer—"You might go as a Member of the *Punch* Staff." I trembled! How

could I undertake such a task—such a responsibility? You continued—"You will find it easy enough—you are already considered comic."

So I started. I was full of amusing anecdotes (ancient and modern), and wore my best smile. We left the Victoria Station at half-past eight—our train carrying a most distinguished freight. There were high Government officials and authors, but, above all, there were those admirable gentlemen, the Commander-in-Chief of the Continental Traffic, and the Secretary of State for London, Chatham, and Dover Affairs. As we passed the various stations, *en route*, I fancy I noticed the pointsmen tremble with emotion as they recognised us. I motioned to them not to leave their work—to cheer us—as I considered that a display of good-will at such a time, although deeply gratifying, might cause an accident.

On our arrival at Dover, we were conducted, with every sign of rejoicing, to the *Calais-Douvres*. This is the magnificent new steamer of the L. C. & D. R., and worthily replaces its namesake, the wonderful Siamese twin-vessel that, it will be remembered, was always at the service of passengers subject to *mal de mer*—except in rough weather! In rough weather the old *Calais-Douvres* very wisely remained at home. Our voyage was uneventful. Amongst our number on board was a distinguished Member of the House of Peers, who by an oversight had neglected to bring his robes with him (he had even forgotten the box containing his travelling coronet!) and who, consequently elected to keep in the background. I felt, that my countrymen would pardon this noble self-effacement—when they understood that of course Englishmen cannot forget that the loss of Calais caused the gravest regret to an illustrious ancestress of Her present Majesty. The commemoration of the French Revolution cannot be officially recognised, nor can the cession of Calais by England to France!

As the *Calais-Douvres* reached its destination (in admirable time)



The President Visits the Sight of Waterlow.

my heart increased its pulsations. I nearly fainted with emotion as I noticed there was a new buffet. Would it be safe to land? I would risk it! As the Representative of the noblest form of Literature, I was soon eating and drinking all that was of the best. Fearing to be recognised (although my proceedings did not appear to cause surprise) I returned on board shortly after the *déjeuner*, and awaited the visit of the President. But first, we had a procession. It was led by a dispatch-boat occupied by M. CARNOT, and followed by a

second dispatch-boat, then came some torpedo vessels (representing the French Navy) then sample vessels from the Railway Companies. One of the latter—the *Albert Victor* belonging to the S. E. R.—seemed to me to get out of hand and *would* stroke the quay with her paddle-box. I could not see those on board, but felt intuitively that this proceeding *must* have given great delight to Sir EDWARD and his ever genial colleague S' MYLES—I beg pardon, I should say Sir MYLES. As the President passed, there was a little cheering, which sounded to me as if it came from British throats. We watched the procession as it disappeared, and then after an hour's pause we noticed a crowd approaching. It was headed by M. CARNOT. After a careful (and probably exhaustive) inspection of the resources of the new Railway Station, the crowd emerged from a waiting-room, and made for the *Calais-Douvres*. This was the supreme moment of my day! The President (such a President! not even in a cooked hat and on foot!) attended by his Generals (such Generals!—were I at the *Bureau de la Guerre* I would—but stay, I must dissemble), came on board. Sir SYDNEY WATERLOW, the D. C. of the L. C. & D. R., received him. Mr. WILLIAM FORBES bowed. I who speak to you, concealed my face! I smiled grimly as I saw M. CARNOT shudder and grow paler than ever, as he noticed the preparations in some of the cabins for what you call "dirty weather." Ah! this President! he is no sailor! His suite were dressed *de rigueur*—gibus, evening clothes, and an umbrella! He did not recognise me! Then I remembered that I was hidden in the personality of a member of the Staff of *Punch*, and laughed! Who would not laugh at such a sight? The procession—the President, the Generals (such Generals!), the bouquet-bearer (such a bouquet!), the *gentilhomme* in evening dress (such evening dress!)—once more, vanished. I was not known—I was not denounced! I was saved!

In the evening I assisted

at the Banquet. It was

very good. A dream—not

followed by a nightmare!

Is there more to tell? No,

I think not—save to say

that I returned in perfect safety to England. And yet I must add

this: In spite of the necessity of concealing my identity; in spite

of whatever may have been the blandishments of that grand old

farceur, Sir WILFRID LAWSON (who was on board the *Calais-*

Douvres); in spite of the disappointment of not having the

opportunity of choosing a second horse at a circus—I did not return

disguised in liquor! Accept my consideration the most distinguished,

THE BRAVE GENERAL.

[We are a little surprised at the above communication, as we have no recollection of asking any foreigner to represent us at the inauguration of the Calais Harbour. We were under the impression that the gentleman who accepted the post of "Our Special Commissioner" (and whose handwriting, although rather shaky, strangely resembles that of our unknown Correspondent) was British born. It is right to add that we are told, on what seems to us to be good authority, that this individual did not return by the *Calais-Douvres*. It is said that, having attempted to dance (under the inspiration of the moment) the "Pas de Calais" at the Ball following the Banquet, he was promptly removed, and, through the kindness of the Authorities, was subsequently provided, free of expense, with an apartment in that well-known hostelry, the Hôtel de Ville. We still await from him an explanation of what appears to be a mystery.—Ed.]

STABLE COMPANIONS.

ABROAD AND AT HOME.



THE "OAKS" DAY, JUNE 7, 1889.

"ARMING THE KNIGHT."

MODERN CIVIC VERSION.



Mr. Punch loquitur:—

BRAVO, my LORD MAYOR! It's a singular sight
Is this same modern version of "Arming the Knight;"
And JOHN BULL to stump up must be other than slow,
If he wants any portion in *Punch's* Bravo!
A Patriot Volunteer Fund shows the *nous* and
Right feeling of WHITEHEAD, and sure Eighty Thousand,
Or very much more, will be fitly expended
In helping the lads whom so few have befriended
Of late. Bless us all! *Mr. Punch* well remembers
When patriot fire, fresh stirred up from its embers,
Blazed forth at the thought of Invasion. Heigho!
Thirty long years ago! Thirty long years ago!

Has it paled back since then to a pitiful splutter?
The question is one he does *not* like to utter,
But Middle-class shirking, and Upper-class scorn,
Which seem to have grown since the Movement was born,
Official neglect, and the snubbing of snobs,
The huckstering spirit that haughtily robs
Our "Citizen Army" of comfort and scope,
Do stimulate fear, and falsify hope.
"Dogs of War," *Mr. Punch*, in the year 'Fifty-nine,
Called the young Volunteers; *jolly* dogs, who in line
Would face the "French poodles," then given to snarling.
The Rifleman then was Society's darling,
Was petted, and patted, and puffed,
By swells made a chum of, at Wimbledon stuffed,

At Westminster flattered, and cheered in the City.
A change has now come o'er the scene; more's the pity!
The swells have cooled down and the cits have called off,
And Royal Dukes snub, and press-pessimists scoff;
And he who JOHN BULL from Conscription's harsh grip
To save on the cheap—cannot get his equipment! [meant
Shame, JOHN! Your bad faith has become more than
Punic,

If your Volunteer guards lack great-coat, mess-tin, tunic.
Your young "Dogs of War" without war-kits? Absurd!
If they cannot supply 'em, you should "like a bird."
Well, here's good Lord Mayor WHITEHEAD now gives
you the chance!

And you're not the old JOHN if you do not advance
At the double to back him, and hang the expense!
For neglecting *this* form of the Nation's Defence,
The cheapest all round, you can have no excuse.
It should not have been left to him, but there's small use
In harping on that, you deserve the same raillery,
As when for your National Portraits a Gallery
Had to be furnished by private munificence,
But that you should open your purse in a jiffy, sense
Patriotism and pride must dictate,

And he giveth twice who gives early, not late.
To arm, or equip, the young Knight of the Rifle,
Is clearly your duty; 'twill cost but a trifle
Compared with the sums which you freely disburse
Every year from your big, almost bottomless purse,
For what was once called—you remember the day,
That 'tis equally true at this hour, *Punch* won't say—
"An army of lions, led on by jackasses."

Volunteering's now shirked by the well-to-do classes;
They tell us. The asses must go, if they will,
But the stalwart young lions who stick to it still,
And are plucky, though poor, must be fitly looked after,
Or you'll be a butt for the world's scornful laughter.
One good turn does merit another, that's clear,
Then volunteer help to the young Volunteer.
Reciprocity should not be all on one side.
It is your great privilege—should be your pride—
Every patriot must pay up, in person or purse;
If some shirk the former, why so much the worse;
But let them fulfil the next best form of right,
And help the LORD MAYOR in "Arming the Knight."

LETTER PERFECT.—In a recent circular petition addressed to the House of Commons, the Royal College of Physicians have pointed out the absolute necessity for Private Asylums, and raised objection to any limit being put to their number. Evidently these distinguished persons are looking forward to the time when every one will be entitled to write after his name either M.D. or M.A.D.



THE WAY TO PROLONG LIFE.

Jones, M.P. "MY DEAR FELLOW, THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY—PLENTY OF REST. I MAKE IT MY RULE ON OFF-NIGHTS—WEDNESDAYS, SATURDAYS, AND SUNDAYS—TO GO TO BED AT 9.30. OF COURSE ONE MUST ATTEND A FEW DINNERS AND PARTIES, YOU KNOW—BUT THESE ARE EXCEPTIONS."

Smith. "AH, NO WONDER YOU LOOK SO WELL! AND HOW MANY EXCEPTIONS DID YOU MAKE DURING THE SESSION LAST YEAR?"

Jones, M.P. "WELL—A—TAKING A SESSION AT A GOOD SIX MONTHS—THAT IS 182 DAYS—I SHOULD SAY THERE WERE 181 EXCEPTIONS!"

WHAT MR. PUNCH'S MOON SAW.

SEVENTEENTH EVENING.

"A FEW nights ago," said the Moon, "I was looking down on a French Fair, which was being held outside a small Norman town. It had a very picturesque appearance, with the coloured lamps and gay streamers, and the bustling crowd of pleased and chattering



French people. All the usual sights were there; the Strong Woman, the white-robed Pierrot, blowing his immense trumpet in front of the stage, the Quack Doctor, the Lottery Stall, the Circus, and the Merry-go-round, and I, the Moon, was present at each performance, from beginning to end. But the great attraction seemed to be a Shooting Gallery, around which all the best marksmen were collected, each endeavouring to hit the bull's-eye, though without the least success. If anyone could have managed to hit the exact centre, he would not only be entitled to choose a prize out of a collection of little gilded vases and coloured statuettes, under glass

shades, but a door would have opened, and a small plaster angel, representing Fame, have appeared, holding out a wreath to celebrate so great a triumph. Unfortunately, though all had done their best, no one had succeeded in inducing this angel to show itself, and some

septical youths were even growing to disbelieve in its existence. Presently I saw two of your countrymen elbowing through the crowd, with that air of grown-up people at a children's party which you all adopt when you go abroad, and which makes you so popular with foreigners. They came to the Shooting Gallery, and stood watching the efforts of the natives for a while with pitying contempt. Soon a murmur of excitement arose—the English Milords were about to try their skill. Would they succeed where GUSTAVE and JULES and ALPHONSE—who had all served their time in the ranks—had failed? Impossible, since these English, it was well known, were an unmilitary people, for all their arrogance! The taller of the two was shouldering his gun... Would he never have done aiming? Ah! but see—the bell has rung—he has succeeded! And then the crowd uttered a long-drawn exclamation—partly of jealousy, partly of satisfaction—for the angel was no myth after all! Yes, the door at the back opened, just as the proprietor had declared it would, and now a little plaster angel, with very red cheeks, and a trumpet held to its simpering lips, came jerkily out, extended a garland to the fortunate Englishman, and staggered in again, after which the door shut with a snap.

"The victor maintained the phlegm of his nation—he did not seem particularly elated; but the shorter and stouter Englishman whispered in his ear—it was a challenge of skill! Now both took up guns; *this* time, assuredly, they must fail! But no—the first Englishman fired, and again the bell rang, and again the smiling little plaster image came staggering out of the door; and then—in an instant—before it had time to retreat, the second Englishman, with a really diabolical treachery, raised his gun, and deliberately blew the poor little angel—trumpet, wings, simper and all—into atoms! I thought the crowd would have torn them in pieces, they were so enraged. The proprietor was frantic—he tore his hair, and danced dramatically in his despair, as he pointed to the shattered

remains of the image of Fame. It was detestable, it was ignoble to shoot his angel down like one of their own foxes! It meant ruin to him, for that was the only angel he possessed, and was it probable that JULES and GUSTAVE and ALPHONSE would continue to contend when there was only a pair of feet left to congratulate a victory? The Englishmen remained cool; they threw down a couple of sovereigns on the table, and went off laughing.

"A little later, I saw the proprietor standing alone by his deserted stall. He gazed in the direction of the two Englishmen, whose light suits were still conspicuous in the crowd, and shook his fist with a terrible gesture. 'Perfidious Albion!' he cried, 'nation of insolents! Wait only till we have BOULANGER once more—he shall avenge me this outrage!' And then, still scowling, he bit the pieces of gold to see if they were genuine, and closed his gallery for the evening. I was sorry for him," added the Moon, "and I think that if your two countrymen had been true sportsmen, they would have respected an inoffensive little angel. Still, I hope there will be no war about it."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday Night, June 3.—A great day for the Government. Business advanced by leaps and bounds. ARTHUR BALFOUR almost breathless with bringing in Bills. Had five all in a batch; dealt with Drainage, and Establishment of Light Railways. According to Magna Charta (stipulation also embodied in Bill of Rights, so EDWARD CLARKE tells me), no law would run in Ireland, or indeed elsewhere in the United Kingdom, unless Minister or Member in charge started from Bar of House when bringing it in.

Whole process very funny. Shows with what care Constitution is built up. Here's BALFOUR with his five Bills; moves for leave to introduce them; SPEAKER puts question; no one objects; BALFOUR, springing up from Treasury Bench, walks with long swinging stride towards the doorway; halts at Bar; faces about; SPEAKER, suddenly looking up, quite surprised to find him there, calls him by name; whereupon ARTHUR, blushing like young maiden, taking longer strides than ever, almost tumbling over the obeisance he makes to Chair, advances with piece of paper in hand, which purports to be the Bill. Crowning joke is paper imposture; no Bill at all; only a piece of foolscap, folded lengthwise, indorsed with name of Bill. Clerk at table enters thoroughly into spirit of fun; when ARTHUR, smiling and blushing, brought up his scraps of paper, Clerk, raising his eyebrows with air of surprise as who should say, "Dear me! you don't say so?" read out title of Bill indorsed on back. "Bann Drainage Bill read a First Time."

Nobody *did* read it first time, for best of all reasons—nothing to read; Everybody made-believe that it was read a First Time, and in to-morrow's official record of business done you'll find "Bann Drainage Bill read a First Time." This done, BALFOUR set off again on fresh expedition to Bar. Brought in in succession the Barrow Drainage Bill, the Shannon Drainage Bill, and the Suck Drainage Bill. Quite breathless when the fourth Bill safely landed. Still one other, the Light Railways Bill. Could he manage this, in addition to other four? He might. Would certainly try; dauntless spirit, and body in fair training with golf. But there was a fatherly eye upon him. JOSEPH GILLIS noted the feverish eye, the parched lips, the panting breast, the trembling limbs. Had many a quarrel with BALFOUR, but not going to see him done in completion of this foolish *tour de force*. The only way to save a valuable life was to interpose with opposition to First Reading of Light Railway Bill. JOSEPH did it. Began by graphically and originally likening the proposed Light Railway to "a red herring drawn across the path." Then went on to describe ratepayers robbed by promotion of existing light rail-



Sir Corry.

ways; drew a fearful picture of speculation and waste of public money, always with fatherly eye on BALFOUR, "watching him," said Sir CORRY, "as a hen watches its favourite chicken." In ten minutes BALFOUR got his wind again, ready for fresh start; seeing which, JOSEPH concluded his objurgations, and BALFOUR, setting off for Bar once more, brought in his fifth Bill.

Business done.—Trenormous! Half-a-dozen Bills advanced stage, besides block of Supply.

Tuesday.—Wily and wary Old Moralist managed the holiday with his usual tact and skill. Yesterday LYON PLAYFAIR wanted to know whether we could not "have off" till Monday week. OLD MORALIST shook his head, a tear glistening in his eye. There was a tone of infinite sympathy in his voice. "No, dear boy," he said, "it cannot be effected. There are few things, compatible with my duty to the House, the Country, and the QUEEN, that would give me greater effulgence of satisfaction than to extend the leisure time of the Commons House of Parliament. But, looking at the state of public business, and having regard to the period of the year at which we have now, however tardily, arrived, I do not see—and I say it with great regret—how we can meet the views of Hon. Gentlemen. We must really return to the scene of our labours on Thursday the 13th of June instant." That seemed to settle it; Motion for Adjournment must be made at Morning Sitting to-day. When House met, OLD MORALIST again approached on interesting subject.

"I am," he said, in reply, "most anxious, to meet the views of the House, as far as I possibly can. Any expression of desire on the part of Hon. Members falls upon me as dew upon cultivated soil—that is, as far as is compatible and consistent with my public duty. Why, I may ask, does dew fall more abundantly on cultivated soil than on barren lands? Because cultivated soils, being loose and porous, very freely radiate by night the heat which they absorbed by day; in consequence of which they are much cooled down and plentifully condense the vapour of the passing air into dew. I am, if I may say so,—loose and porous whenever the dew of the House's desire falls upon me. I think, therefore, that if we are able to take Class II. in Supply, with the exception of the Irish Votes, it will be in the power of the Government to propose an extension of the holidays until Monday week."

That settled it. Class II. rattled through with extraordinary vigour. GEORGE CAMPBELL, concerned for Scotch Votes, lay down in middle of road, and tried to stop onrush. Members ruthlessly trod on his prostrate body.

"More than ever a 'fearful creature,'" said PLUNKET, with his childlike smile.

By Six o'Clock Votes passed, and, amid rapturous cheering, OLD MORALIST,—looser, more porous than ever,—moved that the House, at its rising, adjourn till Monday the 17th.

Prospect of holiday enabled remnant of House to bear with moderate patience debate on Bi-Metallism, raised at Evening Sitting by Squire of BRANKNEY. Having turned his back on Protection, Squire takes up Bi-Metallism with all the vigour of growing youth. Spoke for an hour and forty minutes. SAM SMITH read essay an hour long. JAMES MACLEAN, only man on published list of speakers House desired to hear on subject, delivered one of his practical, unadorned speeches, that go right to the point, a pleasing contrast with surrounding verbiage. OLD MORALIST got his innings at a Quarter to One; filled up space creditably; and at One o'Clock all went home for Whitsuntide. *Business done.*—Adjourned for Holidays.



The Squire of Blankney.

desired to hear on subject, delivered one of his practical, unadorned speeches, that go right to the point, a pleasing contrast with surrounding verbiage. OLD MORALIST got his innings at a Quarter to One; filled up space creditably; and at One o'Clock all went home for Whitsuntide. *Business done.*—Adjourned for Holidays.

A STUDY ON THE THAMES.



Lock-Jaw.

DOWN FROM A BALLOON.—Accidents to parachutes are becoming so numerous that they are scarcely a matter for man's slaughter. A Coroner's Jury, on the contrary, may possibly describe them (to the confusion of those who aid and abet them) as man's slaughter. The subject does not lend itself readily

to humorous treatment, but a fatal fall from the clouds is no joke—especially to the faller!

"MODUS OPERANDI."

(The Covent Garden Government and Her Majesty's Opposition).

Monday, June 3.—Very full house indeed, ready to support an addition to the Cabinet of the Covent Garden Government. Mlle. MARIE VAN ZANDT, having accepted office, appears for the first time



"Evening dress indispensable."

in a responsible position. When I say "for the first time," I mean for a good long while. When the talented VAN last appeared in London, she was quite a little girl—so to speak, scarcely a Van—more suggestive of a perambulator. And shortly after that experience she took to the Opéra Comique stage, and naturally began to resemble a Carte—a D'Oyley Carte. Once more she is with us, singing with wonderful vigour, and acting with marvellous "go" her old part, *Amina*, in *La Sonnambula*. She has grown into a most gifted and charming lady—as someone

observes in *Sweet Lavender*, and her term of probation is over. No meeting of Her Majesty's Opposition.

Tuesday.—*Aida* again, but with a difference. I was sorry to find Madame SCALCHI out of the cast, although her place was fairly well filled by another. This opinion was shared by a friend, who in recognition of my suggestion (conveyed in good plain English) that *Amneris* was "DE VIGNE," observed "divine—scarcely!" To make up for any shortcomings elsewhere, Madame NORDICA in the title rôle was simply magnificent. She received an ovation, and took her call before the Curtain with graceful gratitude. She was enthusiastically applauded by everyone—even by the orchestra. Nay more, Signor COTOENI (upon whose swarthy shoulder the Indian girl had rested her cheek) bestowed upon her a mark of approbation which proved to demonstration that he was not nearly so black as he was painted. The finale of the Triumph Scene was grand in the extreme. There was a volume of sound that led me to believe that even the serpents of the standards (to say nothing of the serpents in the military band) were joining in the chorus. The house was crowded in every part—so full indeed that it was necessary to placard the vestibule with announcements that no admission would be granted to umbrellas. This being the case, sticks appeared before (but not behind) the Curtain. Her Majesty's Opposition wide awake with *La Sonnambula*. The Chorus, who missed their train at Turin, now arrived, and in full force. PACINI (REGINA) the Queen of the evening.

Wednesday.—An extra night (the first of the Season), of extraordinary value. The knotty point of what to play was solved by



The most interesting Page in the *Nozze di Figaro*.

first line to the end of the chapter. Her singing was faultless, and her acting was not only naughty, but more than nice. In the Letter-writing Duet between Madame ALBANI and *Susanna*, Mlle. ELLA RUSSELL gave the most artistic assistance. Until then I had rather regretted the foreign title that had been bestowed in the programme upon this young lady of Anglo-Saxon birth. However, I was thoroughly satisfied, as she took an *encore* with her distinguished colleague, that it would have been a matter of universal regret if she had been Missed. DAN DRARDI MAJOR, very good as the Count. More at his ease, I fancy, than in the elderly Gernont of the *Traviata*. Striking a balance, I certainly prefer him in the *Nozze*. But, after all, it is obviously merely a matter

of account. Signor COTOENI, a first-rate London representative of the *Figaro*, better even than that amiable lover of all that is English—M. JOHNSON—engaged in another place. All in all, the performance of "everyone concerned" may prove to be the most artistically successful of the season. DRURIOLANUS, with all the resources at his command (inclusive of the suggestions of his Committee), I imagine will find it extremely difficult to beat this record. Her Majesty's Opposition quite silent—in the other House.

Thursday.—*Rigoletto* at Covent Garden with an excellent caste. Madame MELBA, who has won golden opinions in Australia (as she has assumed a *nom de théâtre*, why did she not, as a British Colonial, call herself Melbourne?), appropriately brightened up the Opera as a *Gilda*. Madame SCALCHI returned to us as *Maddalena*. She filled the part to admiration, but as she appeared neither insane nor attenuated, the name was misleading. By the way, as Monsieur LASSALLE sang in French, why did not Mrs. MELBOURNE—I beg pardon, Madame MELBA—warble in English? Art has no nationality, and half-a-dozen languages sung together at one and the same time would out-Ollendorff OLLENDORFF. Be this as it may, Monsieur could not have been better—his *Rigoletto* was in every sense a great performance—not a thin note in it. However, this did not cause surprise to the professional actors present, who declared the part technically to be "full of fat." Another Monsieur (one MONTARIOL of that ilk) was anything but bad as *Il Duca*; on the contrary, he played and looked very well indeed. I fancy from this gentleman's performance that the Italian noble must have been accustomed to the *Cafés* on the *Boulevards*. He was quite the *petit crêvé* of the last Empire! The house was full, and yet there was room for plenty of enthusiasm. Her Majesty's Opposition (to the accompaniment of a real thunderstorm) introduced Mlle. GARGANO as *Lucia di Lammermoor*.

Friday.—As someone is reported to have said at Epsom (late in the evening), "a Faust-rate Opera at Covent Garden." Someone did not turn up subsequently, and if he had, he would probably have



Rival attractions at Epsom and Covent Garden. Our Artist (who dined rather late on the Oaks Day) sends an "Impressionist Study."

found no room, as the house was crammed from floor to ceiling. Before the Curtain rose there was some anxiety felt lest the company should be detained at the Oaks. But the fear was happily unfounded, as Mesdames NORDICA and SCALCHI, Messieurs LASSALLE and DE RESZKE, to say nothing of Signor TALAZAC, were in their places at the appointed hour. Again a night of triumph. Monsieur LASSALLE, as *Mephistopheles*, greatly to be preferred to Signor CASTELMARY, who, after all, was rather a poor devil of a fiend. No sitting in the House of Her Majesty's Opposition.

Saturday.—At Covent Garden, a glorious finale to a glorious week. *Lohengrin*, with ALBANI in the title rôle! Signor BARTONI MACARONI GUCKINI still absent, so his place occupied by Monsieur Herr JEAN DE RESZKE, Esq. The "Song of the Swan" was sung in a style that banished the thought of its ever being accompanied by the voice of the goose. Madame ALBANI in wonderful voice—*Elsa* to the life and death. The MADI also well to the front, ever ready to come up smiling—or, rather, frowning. Altogether a splendid performance. *Ave*, AUGUSTUS DRURIOLANUS, *Ave*!

By Her Majesty's Opposition, in place of *Lucia*, which had been announced, the well-worn *La Sonnambula* was played in the well-worn way, with the usual doll's bedstead and toy water-mill, a somewhat throaty *Rodolfo* (Signor DARVALL), and an *Elvino* (Signor VICINI) who sang forcibly, though now and then just a little flat. But Mlle. REGINA PACINI, as *Amina*, was very well received, and deserved her reception. Her voice, which has, perhaps, hardly attained its full maturity, is very pure and sweet, and in the last Act especially she sang exquisitely, and fairly held a not too crowded house. *Vivat REGINA*!



THINGS ONE WOULD WISH TO HAVE EXPRESSED DIFFERENTLY.

OUR SEMI-DETACHED NEIGHBOURS.

Grace. "AND YET, DEAR, HOW LITTLE WE HAVE SEEN OF EACH OTHER LATELY—CONSIDERING THERE IS ONLY A PARTITION-WALL BETWEEN US!"
Emily. "BUT THEN, DEAR, IT IS SUCH A COMFORT TO FEEL THAT YOU ARE ON THE OTHER SIDE!"

"WESTWARD HO!"

AN IDYLIC FRAGMENT.

King Arthur . . . Mr. GL-DST-NE.
Sir Bedivere . . . SIR W. H-RC-BT.

FOR on their march to Westward, BEDIVERE,
 Who in the Forest New was Arthur's host,
 At Malwood heard the mutterings of the
 King:—

"I find it in the records of the polls,
 I find it in the flowing of the tide,
 But in the West, always, I find it not.
 And so I'm going to pass my holiday
 In holding forth to gathered Cornishmen.
 B-L-F-B, the Tories' new divinity,
 Still wages war in the sad Emerald Isle.
 O me! For why is all around us there
 As if some lesser god had made the place,
 And had not force to shape it as he would.
 Till my Home Rule, high scheme, whereof
 I'm fond,
 Shall enter it, and make it beautiful?
 A plan, if faint-defined, yet wholly fair,
 But that the eyes of men are dense and dim,
 And have not power to see it as it is!
 By heaven, but they shall see it ere I close!
 For I, being simple, thought to work my will,
 And yet have lifted the new flag in vain;
 For much whereon I leaned in flock and friend
 Is traitor to my rule, and half my realm
 Reels back to Tory ways, and is no more;
 Nay, some there be who reckon on my death:
 But I'll astonish them before I die."

This heard the bold Sir BEDIVERE, and spake:
 "O me, my King, let pass whoever will,

JOE, and that sullen patron of the Turf;
 But I will stick to thee like death, and cling
 Until we win back place; the golden cloud
 Of thy free eloquence shall whelm men's minds
 As ever. Nay, as yet thou shalt not pass.
 And care not thou for Whitsun rest, but rise—
 I hear the steps of MODRED in the West,
 And with him many of thy people, and knights
 Once thine, whom thou hast led, but grosser
 grown
 Than Tories, spitting at their vows and thee.
 Right well in heart they know thee for the
 King,
 Arise; go forth, and conquer as of old."
 Then spake King ARTHUR to Sir BEDIVERE:—
 "Far other is this battle in the West
 Whereto we move, than when we strove in
 youth,
 Or brake 'cute Dizzz's bands, or fought with
 Rome,
 Or thrust the Tory from Midlothian's heart,
 And shook him thro' the North. Ill fate is
 mine
 To war against my people and my knights:
 The king who fights his people fights himself.
 And they, my knights, who loved me once,
 the stroke
 That strikes at them is as a blow to me.
 Yet let us hence, and feel or find a way
 Through this blind haze, which ever since I
 saw
 Power lying at the feet of SALISBURY,
 Hath blurred the passes of the Party World."
 So said the tireless chief, and forward fared
 To waging wordy warfare in the West;
 Wild work to fill a Whitsun holiday!

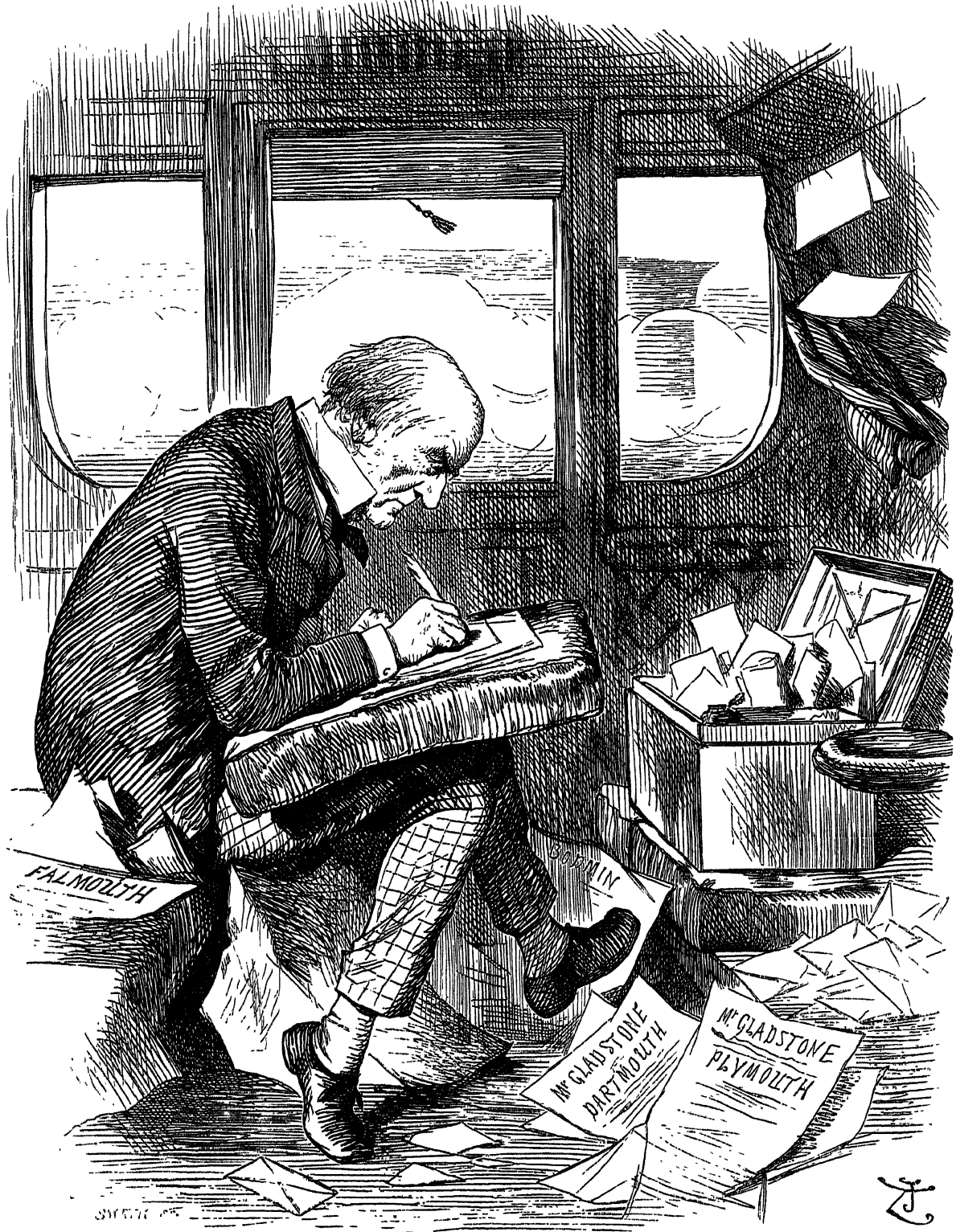
NAVAL INTELLIGENCE—UP TO DATE.

It is satisfactory to know that affairs are looking up at Portsmouth, and that it is now believed that the Authorities will be in a position to cope with the difficulty occasioned by the deficiency of big guns by the date of the approaching Naval Review.

H.M. Ironclad *Blunderer* will, it is said, be sure to have one of her four promised guns on board in time, while one other will be borrowed for the occasion from the *Jackass*, and the remaining two supplied from the reserve of condemned ordnance of an extinct type, of which a large store is always kept in hand, with a view to possible emergencies.

There is also said to be some makeshift in contemplation for the proper supply for H.M.S. *Megatherium*, and the belted cruiser, *Four-poster*; but it is supposed that this deficiency will be met by requisitioning the services of both the guns on the Parade at the back of the Horse Guards, the one on the Fort at Margate, and several others hired from the proprietors of Rosherville Gardens.

As there is no ammunition available for any of the above, they will not be of much practical use for firing purposes; yet the fact that they are forthcoming at all, must be regarded as a favourable sign by all who have been hitherto disposed to criticise severely the tardiness of the Authorities. Anyhow, it may be gathered, as Mr. STANHOPE confided to the House of Commons, when he last addressed it on this question, that "those who are responsible" are evidently grappling with it with much vigour and originality.



“WESTWARD HO!” OR, HIS LITTLE HOLIDAY.

PUCK AMONG THE PICTURES.



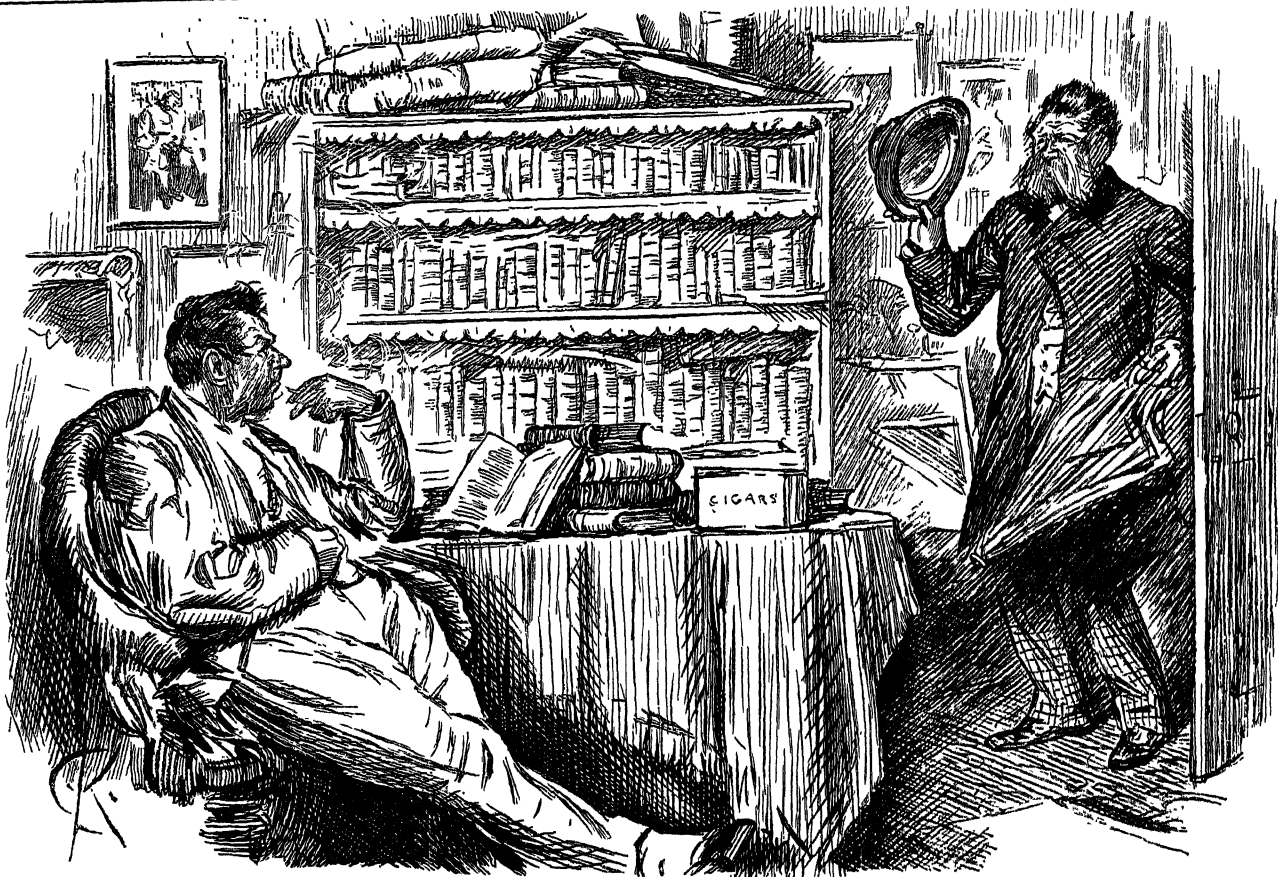
WHEN Puck takes the pencil his fancies to limn,
With the spirit of humour, the impulse of whim,
Art, masking as Momus, illumines with mirth,
The follies and frauds of our dull-driven earth.
In a world so beset by the base and impure,
There is plenty of office for Caricature;
And when TITIAN and TURNER have played out their part,
There is still a wide sphere left for Humorous Art.
He who'd gather its view of the vicious and silly,
Should visit the Institute's halls, Piccadilly.
From HOGARTH to FURNISS! A fairly wide stretch
For the lords of broad fun and satirical sketch.
Not too well selected, scarce neatly arranged;
Much might be omitted, and some things be changed.
But he who would study, what few understand,
British Caricature in the mass, at first hand,
Might well do much worse than betake him (as *we* go)
To view the collection of HORROCK and GREGG.
Thirteen hundred odd pictures, from canvas wide-spread,
To "postage-stamp" sketch, somewhat muddle the head.
He who pores for some hours, in hot thundery weather,
At "Cartoons" and "thumb-nails," all huddled together,
In fashion suggestive of hurry, may find
More of fog than fine judgment possessing his mind.
There is hardly a thing that depression provokes
Much more than a motley "collection" of jokes,
Whether merely Joe Millers or truly wit-litten ones.
Pictorial skits are in this much like written ones.
The mind, like the stomach's not boundlessly peptic
Of pungencies; showmen should be more eclectic.
But here's broadly humorous, human HOGARTH,
Who knows man all round from the hulks to the hearth;
Strong, various, vivid, whose brush is a flail,
Whose eye misses nothing, whose wit cannot fail.
Here's ROWLANDSON, rioting wild with sheer force,
Ferocious in satire, in comedy coarse,
But masterly; touched too not seldom with grace,
In a broad rustic scene, or a fair female face,
That pencils more finical fail to attain.
Here's GILLRAY, his fellow in brush-power and brain.
The great Dioscuri of Satire in Art.
Comes CRUIKSHANK the fertile, and honest of heart,
Humane, inexhaustible, grimly grotesque,
With the spirit of tragedy blent with burlesque.

Comes SEYMOUR's keen eye for the humours of sport;
And dear "DICKY" DOYLE's dainty fun, of a sort
Sui generis, genial, graceful, and quaint.
Here's "PHIZ," still delightful, with pencil or paint,
Spite of fluent convention; 'tis hard, that is poz,
To criticise closely that colleague of "Boz,"
Who first made his characters live in our eyes;
Though BARNARD, whose art with late knowledge is wise,
And delicate GREEN, with broad BROWNE here compete.
And then, with a world of his own fresh and sweet,
Free and broad as the fair English landscapes he drew
With felicitous ease, and with touches so true,
Or the fair English faces, with cheeks of the peach,
He limned and loved well, unforgettable LEECH,
Punch's genial JOHN, in the streets, in the fields,
At home almost equally; hardly he yields
In sheer strength to the elders of Humorous Art;
Whilst in grace and good taste he still plays his own part
Unapproached. None too well on these thick-covered walls
Represented is he. RANDOLPH CALDECOTT thralls
Every eye with that blending of humour and grace,
For which who will fill his too soon voided place?
Then TENNIEL, the classic, whose art's fine address
Gives us never a line or a touch in excess;
Du MAURIER, the black-and-white THACKERAY; KEENE
Of the pencil miraculous; his art is seen
Not with insular optics alone as superb.
Then SAMBOURNE the subtle, whose fancy to curb,
Dulness vainly might try; fertile FURNISS, whose fire
Of invention and humour no labours can tire.
Brisk BRYAN, and whimsical SULLIVAN next,
And BAXTER with talent too fine for his text.
These and others all crowd on these walls. Well, to PUCK,
In the rôle of an artist, Punch wishes good luck.
The Art that shoots Folly, with fun, as she flies,
And hammers old Humbug, and lashes new lies,
Is a wholesome delight, and a chastening scourge.
So, spite of some drawbacks and faults, Punch would urge
His readers towards Piccadilly to start,
For Sir JAMES's new Show—English Humorous Art.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

IMPROMPTU DENTISTRY.—We can well understand your desire, if possible, to carry on at once without a day's delay, the nice little Provincial Dentist's Practice that has just come to you through the will of the second cousin you mention, and you have no doubt, seeing that you know nothing of the business, acted wisely in having immediately commenced practising extraction by taking up all the nails in the stair-carpet as soon as you received the Solicitor's letter intimating to you your good fortune. No doubt your having had some experience in driving a four-horse coach might, as you suggest, warrant you in the belief that you would soon be able to command a good "grip" of the instrument, when once you had got it into the patient's mouth, but we cannot, at the moment, call to mind any thoroughly recognised Institution that, taking this circumstance into consideration, would be likely to hurry an urgent applicant through all the required courses, and grant him his diploma forthwith. Doubtless, though, several such exist. Perhaps your best way would be, after all, to take the bull by the horns, and boldly throw yourself into the work, and see what you can make of it. You might at first secure the assistance and co-operation of the local Chemist's boy, who, you will probably find, has already had a large experience in the matter of extraction. Between you, you ought to be able, at least for a short time, so to conduct matters as not to seriously scare and diminish your *clientèle*. Of course, some disagreeable *contretemps* may happen. You may break a jaw or two; and this will be awkward. But don't let any prospect of this kind dishearten you. We think your idea of "payment by results,"—namely, that you should charge your patients only a shilling, if you succeeded in getting the top of a tooth off, half-a-crown if you managed to get half of it out, and five shillings if you conducted the operation satisfactorily, and extracted the whole tooth entirely,—a little risky. There is novelty about it, and old-fashioned patients are, therefore, likely to look at it with considerable distrust. You are right in asking why one should not as easily become a dentist as a gardener, for all that is wanted is a facility for successful "tugging." We shall be interested in hearing how you have grappled with and met the few initiatory difficulties that appear likely to beset you in this rather hastily-adopted new calling.

AN UNFORTUNATE ATTACHMENT.—That of Captain WOODWARD's, at the instance of Mr. Justice MANISTY, after consultation with Mr. Justice MATHEW.



EVICTION.

Visitor. "OOPH!—WHAT BEASTLY TOBACCO ARE YOU——"

Host. "YE, I KNOW. SHUT THE DOOR! SOME AFRICAN CIGARETTES I KEEP ON PURPOSE—FOR MY MOTHER-IN-LAW. D'RECTLY I LIGHT UP, SHE'S OFF! OPEN THE WINDOW FOR A BIT, AND TAKE A WEED!"

PATRIOTISM À LA MODE.

I'm a Patriot! No chap can be worth a single rap

Who doesn't love his native land with passion.

Yet stay, though, let me see! Humph! how awkward it

If patriotism were the general fashion!

[might be]

Were there patriots all round it would greatly disconcert you

When you want for your own land all power and pelf.

No; I see that I must have the monopoly of this virtue,

And no one must be a patriot save myself!

LORD DUFFERING AT THE MANSHUN HOUSE.

EVER since the time as I gave my raythur largish order for Coles to my lordly Cole Merchant, the most Honnerabel the Markis of Londonderry—which it was just this time last year, and werry decent sort of Coles they was too, fairly nubbly, and werry respectable for size and with a hutter habsence of slates—I have bin possesst of quite a longing desire to see, with my own estonished eyes, what partickler sort of pusson, to look at, a Most Honnerabel Markis could be. I'm told as there ain't no other kind or sort of Nobbleum, or of any other descriptshun of humane beings, as is intitled to be called a Most Honnerabel One, xcept a Markis, and so I was ony too glad of my hoppershup, last Wensday as ever was, to have the honnor of waiting at the honnerd Manshun House upon the Most Honnerabel the Markis of DUFFERING.

I don't think as DUFFERING is quite xadly the werry name as I shoold have selected, if as how Her Most Grayshus Majesty had asked me for to be a Most Honnerabel Markis, but as that isn't werry likely to occur, I needn't trubbel myself about it jest now, and as I am told as how as the Most Honnerabel Markis chose his name when he was over in Ingy, why praps a Duffer may have a different meaning over there to what it has over here, speshally among us Waiters.

I wonders what line of bizzness as the new Markis will go into? BROWN tells me as the Rite Honnerabel the Erl of SHREWSBURY has gone into the Cab line, but I cannt allus beleeve BROWN. Besides, after all, what's a mere Rite Honnerabel, as cumpared with a Most

Honnerabel? If I mite venture humbly to surgest, I shoold think as a Itallyan Warehouse woodn't be a bad idear, as his Lordship woud find his thoro nollodge of Ingian Pickles, and Piccadilly Sauce, and all kinds of Currys, woud be of the werry greatest use to him in that rayther genteel perfession.

I may as well menshun it, as he might be a wundering why it didn't come, that I haven't sent my most Honnerabel Cole Merchant another order just yet, as I hear that he's away at his Carsel at Dublin, so couldn't in course give his own pussonal atention to it, as he evidently did afore, as he told me as he employed no agents. I hopes and trusts as his pore Carman didn't git into trubbel for his bad spellin, but reelly "Pade," for a receet, was a litle too bad from a Most Honnerabel Markis's hofishal.

I've bin told by a Irish M.P., so in course it must be trew, that when his Most Honnerabel Lordship is jest a leetle trubbled with affairs of State, such as marching at the head of his Troops a collect-ing of the Landlords' rents for 'em, that he goes off, after it's all over, to a place called Punch's Town, of all names in the world, and then has quite a jolly day's racing; and, if he has a run of bad luck, he just sells a few thousand Tuns of his best Wall Send Coles, and that puts him all strait again. I allus understood as the reel *Mr. Punch* was enormously rich, but I never thort as he had a hole town all to hisself.

I begins to find as I'm rayther a wandering away from my horiginal hintenshun, which it was to discribe Wednesday's perceed-ings; but there wasn't much of a werry uncommon natur to discribe, so I dessay I shall be xcused.

The new Markis is a nice quiet-looking Gent, a good deal like BROWN, who amost blusht wen I told him so, and speaks bewtifool, amost as well indeed as the LORD MARX hisself. He told us a good deal about Ingy that ewen I had newer heard on afore; but he was rayther a long time about it, which is allers a great mistake, ewen in a Most Honnerabel Markis, as the other speakers, as is to be, naterally don't like to be kep waiting, and to see quite a rush out when the great man has quite finished. The CHANCESELLER of the XCHEQUER, speshally, looked quite savage at having to speak to a arf emty All. I heard sum grate Swell say as the Markis had hadd



THE PAUL PRY OF THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL.

Mr. Rosebery. "NOW THEN, DON'T BE RIDICULOUS! WE DON'T WANT ANY PAUL PRYS IN THE COUNCIL!"

a bit to the Ingian Empire amost as big as all England! But peeples will xadgerate so! His manly buzzom was amost covered with stars and garters which he had gained, I spose, on many a field of slorter. We was told as he had seen service in four of the Quarters of the World, which ewen a pore Waiter must be aware must needs be about all of 'em, unless, indeed, the World's like a orange, and has quite a lot of quarters, which isn't not werry likely, I shoood think.

Taking it all together it was about the most splendidest looking Bankwet as ewen we Waiters had ewer seen at the Manshun House, and we all agreed with the werry heminent Reporter as said as it

had haosshally beaten the Record! Strange to say, sum of the most magnificentest of the many werry magnificent dressed of the Injean Officers was quite at a loss when they cum to the Loving Cup sherry-monial. But that's a little mistery as it takes sum time to learn. Ah, if they cood jest see BROWN and Me go thro' it with what's left in the Cups, they woud see what dignerty and grace and horty demeanor belongs to it when properly done. I thinks, upon the hole, that "Our Only General" gos through the sherrymony about as well as any one I knows, and I feels quite sure as he'll thoroely apresheate my truthful complement.

ROBERT.



PLEASURES OF THE WHITSUNTIDE VACATION.

(Fancy Portraits of Two Q.C.'s, and an Amicus Curia—a Recollection of a Sitting on a "Celebrated Case.")

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

The Pocket Atlas and Guide to Paris is a useful little work for the Tourist, appropriately published by WALKER & Co.; but I doubt whether the Paris - Diamant, one of the collection des Guides-Joanne, has ever been beaten. It was published years ago at HACHETTE'S, and for maps and information generally (I suppose it has been brought up to the time of day) it was, and now ought to be, the best of all Guides—quite a maximum in minimo.

Dickens's Dickensianaries of London for 1889 are now out. Very useful to Country Cousins and to "Water Babies," which reminds me that Messrs. MACMILLAN have just re-issued CHARLES KINGSLEY'S charming work, with "our Mr. SAMBOURNE'S" charming illustrations.

My faithful Co. says:—"The Fatal Phryne is a not very pleasant novel by a couple of authors—Messrs. WILLS and PHILLIPS—who hitherto working on their own separate accounts, have now combined forces to work together. Such a number of stories are published nowadays that it is difficult to remember details; but, so far as I recollect, As in a Looking-glass was written by one of these gentlemen, and a reference to the title-page has confirmed my impression—that there appears under his name. Mr. PHILLIPS seems to write in collaboration with another with as much facility as he exhibited when trusting entirely to his own resources. The plot is rather suggestive of that now half-forgotten cause célèbre once known as 'The Pimlico Mystery.' Again, admirers of the works of Mr. WILKIE COLLINS may pos-

sibly, on reading the new novel, faintly call to mind an incident in Poor Miss Finch. Briefly, a husband much the senior of his wife does not discourage the idea in his own mind that some day an artistic friend of his may become his successor—the date, of course, to be no earlier than his wife becoming a widow. The artist friend unfortunately falls in love with the wife prematurely, and the husband (a doctor), growing jealous, uses his medical knowledge to spoil his beauty. On learning (at the end of the book) in spite of appearances, that his wife has been really true to him, the Doctor is so overcome with emotion that he dies, leaving his widow to marry, if she pleases, what remains of the man he has hitherto believed to be his favoured rival. The Fatal Phryne," concludes my faithful Co., "has one great merit—it is in two volumes, and not in three."

Our Celebrities this month is full of excellencies. M. WALERY gives us the portraits of three Ambassadors—the French, the German, and the Russian. Excellent Excellencies. M. WADDINGTON looks bull-doggedly English; Count HATZFELD, bare and bald-headed, he might have had on one of his "felt hats," from which, of course, he derives his title,—is uncommonly like a Heathen Chinee with Christianised moustache; and M. DE STAAL bears a handsome and polished resemblance to the late Professor DARWIN. All life-like; and, indeed, M. WALERY'S photographic portraits, outside this particular Café des Ambassadeurs, strike me as equal to the best, and superior to most, I have met with. The other day I saw one of his reproduced in colour. The effect was that of a highly-finished miniature, and I am informed that the tints will stand the ravages of time as well as a modern portrait in oils. By the way—Happy Thought—why should a severe-looking person go to an artist in oils—say, Sir JOHN MILLAIS or Professor HERKOMER—for his portrait? Because

the use of oil is "to make him of a cheerful countenance." Revenons à notre revue de la Galerie-Walery—not "greenery-gallery"—and finish by saying of the descriptive letterpress that LOUIS ENGEL, the Musical Monographist, is, as usual, the accompanist of these celebrities, and gives us full and clear notes in his own peculiar allegro style. If I rightly remember, this is the first number without a lady in it. Cherchez la femme in vain. Yet it isn't often that she is nowhere among diplomatists. Perhaps, after these three Excellencies, male, the Walery-Gallery will give us three Perfections, female; or, three Duchesses as the Three Graces. The Recording ENGEL must certainly discover some trio to equal the three Excellencies which have so delighted the heart of

THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

THE LITERARY LADIES' DINNER.

[A Dinner, at which Literary Ladies only were present, was recently given at Messrs. SPIERS and POND'S Criterion Restaurant.]

THEY, greatly daring, met to dine,
These Ladies, writing thrilling fiction;
And o'er the olives and the wine
Were doubtless "Ouidaliques" in diction.
Some twenty Ladies
Went one Friday night, and
Much enjoyed their dinner;
A smart symposium
At the "Cri,"
And, save the waiters, no male sinner.



"A young Greek goddess," too,
Was there,
Escaped from high Olympian duty,
Another, with Junonian air,
A delicate dark-featured beauty.
A poetess, in gold brocade,
Who murmured triolets and sonnets;
And many spinsters, every maid
Was quite above the thought of bonnets.
They talked of pictures and of books,
And subjects argument inviting;
They interchanged the sweetest looks,
And each one puffed the other's writing.
And silver laughter filled the room,
At jokes, the subjects are not stated;
But publishers were left to doom,
And Paternoster Row was "slated."

At last, O tell it not in Gath!
A lady, hailed as benefactress,
Did not disdain Nicotian path
Of dalliance with the weed: an actress
Produced a case of cigarettes,
And then, O theme for sourrile joking!
These attitudinising pets
Of railway bookstalls, took to smoking.
Uprose then Mrs. MONA CAIRD,
With soul superior to garters,
And in sarcastic speech she dared
To give as toast, "The Married Martyrs."
Perchance some spinsters there who heard,
Would think they'd often wondered why
Did not propose: and how absurd
It was, a wife should scoff at Hymen.

Ah! Literary Ladies, you,
Who are not prudish or pedantic,
If all these foolish tales be true
About each gastronomic antic,
Think on the Laureate's lines, and scan
His "Queen of Farce," so sagely silly;
Woman's "not undeveloped man."
Although she dines in Piccadilly.

NOTICE.—Rejected Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will in no case be returned, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. To this rule there will be no exception.

RE—THE TABLE AND BENCH QUESTION.



"DON'T FIRE, COLERIDGE! WE'LL COME DOWN."

Case.—Apparently as the outcome of a practical joke, the Right Hon. JAMES LOWTHER, Prince SOLTIKOFF and the Earl of MARCH were selected to hold sittings as Arbitrators on a libel case during the Whitsuntide vacation. The Arbitrators having subsequently been invited to make use of the Queen's Bench Division Court for this purpose, at their first meeting, occupied places usually reserved for Her Majesty's Judges. In spite of the remonstrance of the Members of the Bar present, the Arbitrators refused to change their chairs on the Bench for seats at the Table. Subsequently, on a peremptory command of the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE, that the Court should be

closed unless the Arbitrators descended from the Bench, the Arbitrators expressed themselves satisfied with the less dignified resting-places indicated by the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE, which they thereupon occupied.

Counsel will kindly say:—

1. Whether there was any justification for Arbitrators occupying the Bench.
2. Whether the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE was right in ordering the Court to be closed if the Arbitrators failed to content themselves with seats at the Table.
3. Whether the Arbitrators acted wisely in making to the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE the concession required of them, and comforted themselves discreetly.

And will advise generally.

Opinion.—1. I cannot, go so far as to say, that the Arbitrators were "justified" in taking the places reserved for Her Majesty's Judges, but, I feel they had a strong excuse. No doubt, it was the intention of the Arbitrators to invest the proceedings, into which they seem to have been lured with so much humour, with as much pomp as possible. To use a word frequently employed in this case, they were "handicapped" at the outset, by having to appear in morning dress instead of the robes worn by their Lordships when sitting in open Court, and anything suggestive of "importance" no doubt would occur to them as enhancing their dignity. It may be advanced, that they might have appeared in hunting costume, and certainly this would have had a picturesque effect, but it must be remembered that it would have been contrary to the traditions of the Bar for the Counsel employed, so to speak, to have followed suit. In obedience to these traditions, the Counsel engaged dispensed with their robes with the result, that when Sir CHARLES RUSSELL aided by his learned Junior, Mr. CHARLES MATTHEWS cross-examined Sir GEORGE CHETWYND, the scene was not entirely unsuggestive of a retired Doctor of Divinity assisted by a favourite pupil (who having come from school last, it was to be presumed would be less "rusty" than his leader) conducting the *viril voce* portion of an attempted pass of a somewhat backward (both in age and knowledge) undergraduate. It must be remembered that as a Member of the Privy Council and an ex-State Official of high standing, the Right Hon. JAMES LOWTHER (the Chief Arbitrator) would naturally desire to invest his proceedings with as much state as possible. It would occur to him that an entrance from the Judges' Apartments, through curtains, would be infinitely more impressive than emerging, through a small hole, from the subterranean regions below the level of the well of the Court. It cannot be denied that this is a reasonable view of the matter, as the first entrance would not seem to be an unworthy companion picture to the "Doge of Venice and two of the most influential Members of the Council of Ten taking their seats in the Council Chamber," while the second would not be unlikely to conjure up a recollection of a severely reduced band mournfully occupying the space devoted to the orchestra in a small provincial theatre threatened with

bankruptcy. There was this further excuse for the Right Hon. Gentleman, that the surroundings he found in the Queen's Bench Division No. 5 were similar to those in an ordinary *cause célèbre*, and likely to create in his mind some misconception of the part he should play in the inquiry. For instance, the number of reporters were legion, and the proceedings were of a nature to suggest the dreariest hours of the Special Commission. It was natural too, that he should wish to go down to posterity at the pencil of Mr. SYDNEY HALL (who was present) in that atmosphere of grandeur which does not exist apart from the Bench. But after making all these deductions I am unable to find an entire justification for his conduct.

2. As the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE has jurisdiction over the Common Law Courts, both in Term and out of Term (I do not myself find anything in the authorities upon this matter, but no doubt this decision will in future be quoted as a precedent), his Lordship was clearly within his rights to order Queen's Bench Division No. 5 to be closed unless the Arbitrators consented (like the coon in a frequently quoted American case) to "come down." I do not see that the consideration that the possible result of this closure might have caused a change of venue from the interior to the exterior of the building should have had weight with his Lordship, as there was nothing to prevent (if required) the holding of the inquiry in the green space bounded on the North by Carey Street, the South by the Strand, the East by the Law Courts, and the West by Clement's Inn. I am the more of this opinion as the matter, being heard out of Term, the proceedings would not have distracted the attention of the Chief Clerks of the Chancery Division, whose rooms overlook the green space I have sufficiently indicated. Consequently I concur in his Lordship's decision.

3. For the above reasons I think the Arbitrators acted quite wisely in making the required concession. I also believe that they have been most discreet. It was not impossible that, after the foreign fashion, Prince SOLTIKOFF, in the heat of the moment, might have demanded satisfaction. I am happy to hear no suggestion that this has been the case. It is patent that the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE could not have agreed to meet his Highness within the Queen's dominions; and, had his Lordship consented to visit some distant land outside Her Majesty's jurisdiction, with a view to carrying out the Prince's hypothetical proposals, considerable, and, possibly, irreparable damage and delay might have been occasioned in the due administration of the law. I also entirely approve of the Arbitrators placing on their table volumes of the *Racing Calendar* in lieu of law books, and concur with them when a dispute on a difficult point of law arises between Sir CHARLES RUSSELL and Sir HENRY JAMES in the advisability of seeking professional advice from my learned (if somewhat youthful friend) Mr. NORTH—a gentleman no doubt quite capable of affording them assistance of the utmost benefit and value.

Finally, I advise generally that those not engaged in the case should carefully avoid Queen's Bench No. 5, as the proceedings therein are so dull that, compared with them, ditchwater is an effervescent beverage, of the most exhilarating character.

(Signed) A. BRIEFLESS, JUNIOR.

Pump-handle Court.

HOLES AND CORNERERS.

AN admirable society for the help of Bachelors, has been started in London. The programme is to provide persons who will sew on buttons, darn, mend, and otherwise care for the neglected habiliments of unwedded gentlemen. In future such a thing as a button off a shirt, or a rent in a vest, or a little rift within a sock, will be impossible. The Society issues its "No Rent" manifesto, and will cure faulty garments by the process of "mending or ending." All bachelors should in *vest* in the Society's aid—"first aid to bachelors," it might be called. How often, when we have discovered a "missing link" or a link missing between collar and shirt, have we been inclined to darn—but no; in future that sort of thing can be done by the skilled fingers of the humble workers provided by the "Stitch-in-time Association." Won't the result, however, be to remove one powerful inducement to matrimony—the desire to have a mender on the premises? If so, Mr. Punch cannot call the idea admirable, but only sew-sew!

THE MODERN PURSUIT OF PLEASURE.



No bacchant-nymph, with breeze-borne
tresses,
And luring eyes, and bosom bare,
Is it in whose pursuit fast presses,
With blood-shot gaze and blatant blare,
This eager crowd.
How hoarsely loud

The ululations rise!
Pirates who track a helpless prize,
Might howl like this, or wolf-pack pierce
The wintry air with cries as fierce;
And yet they chase not prey, but—Pleasure!
SWIRE's savage wit perchance might
measure,

In flail-like phrase, the glorious gain
Of Realism's ruffian train,
Over those merely fancy-pictures
Which move the modern critic's strictures.
Great Modern Spirit! what a mercy
That Allegory, quaint, fantastic,
No longer finds our fancy plastic,—



COMPLIMENTS.

"The Court" (thinking aloud). "HU—M—MARKABLY FINE YOUNG WOM—!"

The Witness (overhearing). "EXCELLENT JUDGE!!"

That the contemporary Circe,
Needs not a limner high, Miltonic;
Rather a Zola, coarse, sardonic.
Out on the false poetic prism,
And ho! for dry-light Naturalism!
What do they chase, this motley mob?
Not aught to make the pulses throb
With Passion's fire or Beauty's light,
Such rubbish is *rococo*, quite;
The Comus of the Parachute,
The Pleasure of this mob's pursuit,
Appeals to the unchastened brute
In animal humanity.
A scent of risk, a whiff of blood,
These are the things the world finds good
To move the masses to the mood
Of suitable insanity.
The mob won't move in eager chase
If Beauty only lead the race.
Who will pant on for the first place
In the court of a Muse, in the train of a Grace?
Rather the butcher-mood of Rome
Finds in our British bosoms home.
Beetle-browed brutes who bruise for gain,
Athletes devoid of heart or brain
Appeal not to the mob in vain.
The hope of risk, the sight of pain,
These thrill the sons of toil—or leisure.
The callow swell, the callous "rough,"
Both find brute-impulse quite enough
Without art, taste, or such tame stuff,
To fire the new Pursuit of Pleasure.

Pleasure? Yes! There's peril there,
Dropping, drifting in mid-air.
Prospect of nerve-tingling crash,
Chance of sanguinary smash,
Something lethally soul-thrilling,
Fetches fast the people's shilling.

Skill? There's not much "fun" in skill
When not meant to maim or kill.—
"Great Scott! The beggar's dropping, BILL!
Come on! *This way!* No road? What matter?"
See how they cluster, crush and clatter,
How fast the brute within them wakes!
Through flower-beds and shrub-clustered
brakes
Headlong they throng and heedless trample
Flushed, fiercely howling!
Lo, a sample
Of the material for a nation
Under thy stimulus, Sensation!
Smugsages, shifty statesmen, can you measure
The meaning of this new Pursuit of Pleasure?

DOWN ON THE FOG DEMON.

In his pictorial forecast of New London, *Mr. Punch* indicated that one of the labours of that new Hercules, the L. C. C., should be fighting the Smoke Fiend. Well, Mr. WALTER WREN, it seems, has given notice of Motion to the effect:—

"That it be an instruction to the Sanitary and Special Purposes Committee to take into consideration the causes of the Fogs which trouble London during the winter months, and the increased death-rate during their prevalence, in order to put in force existing powers for dealing with them, and obtaining increased powers if necessary."

In support of which Motion Mr. WREN has written a Memo. on "Causes and Cures for London Fogs." The Motion and the Memo. have *Mr. Punch's* approval and best wishes.

"We want London Fogs to be things of the past," says W. W. Precisely. But it would seem that in the past they were in-

initely less prevalent. He draws a pleasing picture of London seventy—only seventy—years ago when, says he, "it was a bright and sunny town." Bright and sunny! Why it was but the other day, *Mr. Punch*, had to burn gas during the greater portion of a forenoon in June. "At Queenhithe, in 1832, the air was quite as pure as it now is at Streat-ham or Blackheath; and beds of flowers blossomed to perfection within twelve furlongs of the City boundary." Indeed! "This state of things must be regained." 'Tis a consummation most devoutly to be wished. "Were coal smoke avoided by complete combustion, and were houses scientifically warmed, the saving in the cost of coal, and in the labour and sickness, the destruction and depreciation caused by smoke, would in one year yield all the sum that is immediately required to provide sufficient parks and playgrounds, gardens, boulevards, and avenues for the Metropolis; and London would then be as bright and cheerful as it was three-quarters of a century ago." Sounds optimistic, not to say Utopian. But we have it on the authority of Mr. WREN and the *Quarterly Review*.

O WALTER WREN, if you do not joke,
But will the C. C. powers invoke
To banish from London the Demon Smoke,
Whose game is to blacken, and poison, and choke,
You'll win the thanks of long-suffering folk.
O Science, teach us to burn and stoke,
In 'ARRY's phrase, "bid that black-a-vised bloke,"
The London Fog-fiend, "go home and eat coke,"
And free our necks from his dismal yoke!

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday Night, June 17.—Feel something like the boy who stood on the burning deck; "CASSAWARY"—wasn't that his name? Not that there is a deck, or that there is anything burning, except JACOBY's indignation at general disregard of his Whip. It's the all-but-him-has-fled aspect of the situation that fits me. Mr. Punch and his merry men all gone off to Paris, not principally to see the Exhibition, not principally to enjoy themselves; stern sense of duty calls them off.

"Why," said my venerated Leader, "should OLD MORALITY enjoy monopoly of performance of duty to House and Country? we have a duty to perform and shall do it; the MARKISS has snubbed France, has declined to permit British Minister to take part in Centennial celebration of certain historical event; LORD MAYOR stepped into breach; very well done, but still something lacking; Mr. Punch shall go to Paris in the flesh (what there is of it) and thus shall be removed the last vestige of ill-feeling created by the MARKISS's *bêtise*."

"And me?"

"You, TOBY, dear boy! like the rest of us, you'll do your duty; House meets on Monday after Whitsun Recess; you shall go and keep House for us; let you know how we get on; ta ta, or as they say in Parry, *o revor*."

This was yesterday; now he's gone, and they're gone, and I'm left. All doing our duty, I know; but on whole think they've got pleasantest department.

Not many here, and not much doing; looked in at Post Office for letters; quite a heap; some been here for day or two; shall go on terrace, smoke cigar and read 'em.

Yacht "Garland," off Tintagel, Friday.

Toby ahoy! You will, I am sure, excuse the nautical turn of my address, but persons of my comparatively youthful years and decidedly impressionable nature are apt to take on the tone and colour

of current circumstances. I am, as you will gather from the ordinary channels of information, not exclusively a seafarer. One foot on sea and one on land, I am, perhaps, to a certain extent amphibious in my characteristics.

We have had a very pleasant time, our progress being marked by those kindly gifts, miscellaneous in their design but uniformly useful in their character, the presentation of which has for many years past marked my public peregrination through Great Britain. Amongst other things we have received a casket of pure white Mexican onyx, with a handsome raised floral decoration of

wild roses and forget-me-nots on the lid. The casket is enclosed in a polished walnut box. *Item*, a marble mosaic table. These and other articles of what Mr. Wenmick called portable property we shall add to the accumulation gathered on earlier pilgrimages which, warehoused at Hawarden, gives the place what my recent host Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT calls a pantehniconic air. I shall not be in the House on Monday, but hope to see you later. Meanwhile, I remain,

Your humble and obliged

W. E. GL-DST-NE.

Hatfield, Thursday.

DEAR TOBY,—What do you think of Grand Old Man spending his Whitsun holidays cavorting about Devon and Cornwall? Why can't he take a rest like an ordinary mortal? The worst of it is, it seems to agree with him. What would break down an ordinary man at half his age, only serves to brighten him up. Still I think he ought to be ashamed of himself going about with white umbrella, a

rose in his coat, and a mosaic table under his arm. But if he thinks he vexes me, or gives us a moment's uneasiness, he is mistaken. If you have an opportunity, just mention this.

Yours faithfully,

S-L-SB-RY.

Eddystone Lighthouse, Friday.

Toby, old man, how goes it? It's my watch below, so I take this

opportunity of writing a few lines, hoping they will find you pretty taut, as they leave me at present. You will be surprised to hear of me here; but the fact is, it seemed the only place I could go to spend a quiet time. I can't stand a ship in present state of our Navy, and I can't live ashore. There are only three courses open in such circumstances. I determined to take the third, and live in a lighthouse. So here I am, tra-la-la!

Very jolly time with my two mates; we weigh out each other's grub, take watch and watch about, and sit down to supper in tarpaulins when the weather is rough.

When I come back to House, I mean to let out on Lighthouses. We are terribly undermanned. England will never be the nation she was, or able to hold her own, unless she has as many Lighthouses as any two Continental Powers combined. That's my new tack, of which you will hear more by-and-by.

Yours to command,

CH-RL-E B-R-SF-RD.

Somewhere in Norway (can't spell the name). Tuesday.

DEAR TOBY,—Just heard I've won the Oaks; (hope it is not spelt with a h.) DUNRAVEN sends me word, and you know what an incorrigible joker he is, in spite of his grave aspect, and his mission to reform the Lords. If it is true, it will suit my book to a t. I have long had a fancy that the only thing lacking to complete my popularity as a Statesman is, that I should own horses, and win an occasional race. Fancy GEORGY HAMILTON winning a race, or even OLD MORALITY, though of him I'll say nothing. Of course you've read what warm friends we are now; how I look up to him as my natural Leader, and how he begins to think I'm not nearly so bad as I've sometimes been painted.

I hear there's some wonder expressed at my leaving London for this place in height of the season, and on eve of Oaks. All kinds of reasons are suggested. I don't mind telling you the truth, though it needn't go any further. It's WOLFFEX; he's come home quite rosy, with a lot of fresh stories culled from the Persian; a sort of spectacled *Lallah Rookh*. He was bad enough before he went, but now he's unsupportable. He offered, in patronising way, to present me to the SHAH when he arrives. Me, who only the other day had BOULANGER's boots under my mahogany! WOLFFEX is not going to show me round, I can tell him. So I made up my mind to come off here, where he is not likely to follow me.

I'm supposed to be fishing, but haven't done much yet. Saw a salmon yesterday, at least I think it was one; hope I'll catch it; Generally do when I'm at home.

Yours,

R-ND-LPH S. CH-RCH-LL.

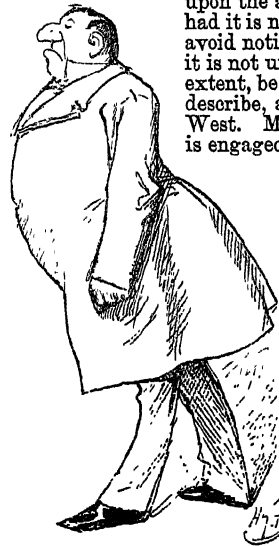
Henley-on-Thames, Saturday.

DEAR TOBY, I wonder if you will be in the House on Monday, or whether you will be tempted by the state of the weather to extend your recess? It is, as you know, the early bird that catches the



last train, and I should be wanting in my duty to the House and the Country if I were to miss it, and so fail to be in my place to greet the SPEAKER on his resuming the Chair.

I do not expect we shall be excessively lively. The disposition to lead to excitable episodes appears to have subsided. What influence upon the assembly my equable presence may have had it is not for me to say; but it is impossible to avoid noting the circumstance. Mr. GLADSTONE, it is not unreasonable to expect, may, to a certain extent, be what, in writing privately to you I may describe, as pumped out by his excursion to the West. My esteemed young friend GRANDOLPH is engaged in what I am given to understand are piscatorial pursuits; CHAPLIN is in a simmering state of content in anticipation of the devolution upon him of newly constituted ministerial functions. Looking around from this quiet retreat in a riparian district, I think I may say that events have a pleasant air of quiescence, and that in the coming weeks we shall have the opportunity of making steady progress with business, which, as far as is consistent with anybody's feelings, is my earnest desire.



Hoping that you have enjoyed the temporary cessation from labour, and will return to what I may perhaps call the workshop refreshed and invigorated, I am, yours faithfully,

W. H. SM-TTH.

There's the division-bell; don't know what the question is, but I shall go and vote. JACOBY sure to be there to show me which Lobby to go into; only, as LAWSON says, one is apt sometimes to get into the wrong box.

"Looking at JACOBY," he says, "one instinctively starts to follow the 'Noes.'" *Business done.*—Supply.

"MODUS OPERANDI."

(The Covent Garden Government, and Her Majesty's Opposition.)

Monday, June 10.—The bill for this evening at Covent Garden contained *Aida*, set down to be read, or rather sung, at least a third, if not a fourth time. The provisions thoroughly understood, and passed without demur by a full house. Madame VALDA in charge of the title rôle resuming the lead (shared a few nights since with Madame NORDICA), ably supported by Madame SCALCHI. Monsieur JEAN DE RESZKE also made a most effective defence of VERDI's music. Proceedings in every way satisfactory. Her Majesty's Opposition still enjoying the pleasures of the Whitsuntide recess.

Tuesday.—At Covent Garden, *Guillaume Tell*, with Monsieur LASSALLE in the bill, but out of the cast. However, the disappointment might have been greater had not Monsieur SEGUIN supplied his place, at short notice, most efficiently. Monsieur LESTELLIER not so satisfactory. If very great things were expected from this *Mons.*, the result has not been entirely unlike the *ridiculus mus*. By the way, it is becoming so much the fashion nowadays to allow the *artistes* to select their own language (I fancy Monsieur SEGUIN sang in French this evening), that it would not be half a bad idea to put up *Lucia*, with Miss MCINTYRE in pure Scotch, and the MAC-GUCKIN as *Edgar* (and to balance his not having played the



Mixed Italian Opera. Barty M'Guckin, bedad, and Maggie Macintyre "take the flure." Knight of the Swan in *Lohengrin*, in the original Irish of his native land. But to speak once more of *Tell*. Mlle. LIRA made rather a mess (some even said a litter, but they were wags, and as such unworthy of respect), of the acting in the part of *Mathilde*. I could not help thinking that her presence in the train of *Gesler* may possibly have had something to do with the unpopularity of that misguided nobleman. The *Barber* leading the Opposition in another place.

Wednesday.—Evening sitting at Covent Garden as an extra night with *Faust* to the fore, and here let me correct a slip of the pen in my report of last week when the matter was also before the house. I then praised M. LASSALLE as an excellent *Mephistopheles*, and however just that praise may have been (for, no doubt whenever the gifted baritone plays the part he plays it thoroughly well), he was not on the occasion in question devilling for anyone, but appearing in *proprâ personâ* as *Valentine*. It was Monsieur DE RESZKE who assumed the diabolical character, and assumed it very well. To-night we had the same caste *plus* an additional DE RESZKE and WINOGRADOFF and *minus* LASSALLE and TALAZAC. The absence of the latter was not to be regretted, as he was scarcely the sort of *Faust* to captivate the heart of so charming a *Marguerite* as Madame NORDICA. It must have occurred to many present that *Mephistopheles* had given rather short measure in return for *Faust's* blood and bond. The Opposition taking it very easily at Her Majesty's, but promising something with the charm of novelty by GOUNOD for to-morrow.

Thursday.—Again Monsieur LASSALLE away as the leader of the house at Covent Garden, and once more there is an efficient substitute to supply his place. A member of "the talented DAN DRARDIES family" simply excellent as the amatory *Don*, and Madame MARIE VAN ZANDT more than confirms the favourable impression she has created in the *Page* from the *Nozze*. Another absentee in the person of Mlle. TONI SCHLAGER was to have done wonders with that lively individual *Donna Anna*. Instead, we have the MADI, who, after the fashion of her great African namesake, turns up unexpectedly, but (unlike him) most pleasantly. Another alteration of not quite so delightful a character is the appearance of M. LESTELLIER as *Don Ottavio*, when we had been promised Signor MASSIMI. It is of course, rather difficult to say what the Signor would have been like, as he did not appear, but I think he would have been better than the *Mons.*—if he had not, I should have been at once surprised and disappointed. For the rest, the *mise-en-scène* excellent, and the general performance all of the best.

Faust at Her Majesty's Opposition. Politically it has been declared that "the business of an Opposition is to oppose." Lyrically the maxim hardly applies; but Mr. MAPLESON may perhaps claim to have "opposed" the conventional setting of GOUNOD's masterpiece; the performance on Thursday being at least an original one. There was a fair muster on the Opposition benches—or stalls—and the house seemed to approve Mlle. ZÉLIE DE LUSSAN as *Marguerite*, and Signor PAL O' MINE—I mean PALERMINI—as *Valentino*. Mlle. ZÉLIE was voted bright and tuneful, and no cynical operative TALLEYRAND seemed inclined to protest in this case against *trop de Zélie*!

Saturday.—Foreign affairs attracting the attention of the House. *Romeo et Juliette* produced in French, and our "lively neighbours" consequently put upon the footing of the most favoured nation. Madame MELBA (French, no doubt, for Melbourne) a capital representative of SHAKESPEARE'S heroine. Her singing of the waltz in the First Act had but one fault—it provoked the audience to ask for a double *encore*. The Brothers DE RESZKE in great force. Monsieur EDOUARD conducted the marriage service (fully choral) in a manner calculated to cause the profoundest envy in the breast of the most accomplished curate attached to St. George's, Hanover Square; and Brother JEAN "lightened up" the part of *Romeo*, by wearing tights of an eccentric pattern. Chaff apart (as they do not say in the French), both admirable. Smaller parts well filled. Signor CASTELMAYR distinguished himself as *Le Duc de Verone*—this accomplished person is a very good Duke, in spite of his appearance in *Faust* having argued that he was a very poor devil. The whole production (dresses, *mise-en-scène*, everything) worthy of the Poet, the Composer, and the Manager.

Her Majesty's Opposition, to-night, "moved" DONIZETTI, and *L'Elisir d'Amore*, the majority of a rather thin House voting decidedly "in an affirmative sense." Mlle. GIUSEPPINA GARGANO made a sprightly and melodious *Adina*, and Signor CARACCIOLO a sonorous and Lal-Brough-ish *Dulcamara*; whilst Signor VICINI, whose voice is very pleasing in piano passages, found them to be by no means "passages that lead to nothing," for in *Nemorino's* slightly sentimental Romance, "*Una Furtiva Lagrima*," they led, on this occasion, to a very vigorous *encore*, duly accepted.



"Take him for all in all, we shall not look upon his like again."

Suggestion for a Statue to be erected in the R. I. O. C. G.



1888.

"HAVE A DANCE?"



1889.

"M' I HAVE TH' PLEASURE OF A DANCE?"

L'INVITATION À LA VALSE.

(Great Improvement in Masherly Form.)

THE SHAH'S HOLIDAY.

NASR-ED-DIN *soliloquises* :—

Personally conducted!!! By the Seven Fountains of the Sun, it is one of the accursed innovations of the modern muddle they mis-call Civilisation to which a descendant of DARIUS finds it hard to reconcile himself. Oh, for the Magic Carpet of HOUSSAIN the Persian! When he, setting forth on his travels, "took the road of Samarcande" he was not bothered with such "supporters" as mine. Better the blessed Carpet of Bishnagar than the cheapest and most carefully arranged Cook's Tour!

"His throne was in radiance like the bow of Heaven, upon which, pre-eminent in majesty, he sat without observing the sceptred potentates of the earth more than atoms in the beams of his presence." So the old Persian tale said of a King. *That* was something like. "Good old Persia!"—as a cockney cad would say. The "sceptred potentates of the earth"—confound them!—did then not dare to bother the Shahinshah concerning railway concessions or the free navigation of Persian rivers. Whereas now, between the Bear on one side, and the Lion on the other—but hush!—the brutes will overhear me!

Oh, to be a fine old Persian potentate, one of the olden time! "He fixed the rings of subjection in the ears of Fortune, and made the Spring spreader of the carpets of his pleasure. Time gave the reins of his party-coloured coursers into his hands, and Pride laid the head of obsequiousness upon the threshold of his door of audience." Lovely! INATULLA of Delhi, flowery wert thou in language, but thine ideas of kingliness were decidedly O.K. Then, as INATULLA said, "of all gardens that of rhetoric justly challenged the highest fame." But now, to enter the modern Baar Danesh, or Garden of Knowledge, even NASR-ED-DIN must pass through the portals of forced politeness, on the arm of these rude rival brutes, who, to imitate INATULLA's style, endeavour to hide the greed of carnivorous appetite under the grin of diplomatic dissimulation.

As to the Bear, he is getting unbearable. Smirks like a Nautch-girl, but snubs like a Shah in a tantrum. How affectionately—and paralytically—he grips my arm at this moment! On the whole I

prefer his frank menaces to his sinister caresses. Yet could I have bowstrung him with my own hands when he boastfully and threateningly alluded to his bristling legions and my defenceless borders. Like DAKIANOS in the coils of the serpent, I feel "a shadow of power, an object of impotence."

As to the Lion, he is better-mannered perhaps, but has he better intentions? Keeps a tight hold of my dexter arm as though I were an inebriated Bank-Holiday-maker, and he, what the batter-faced infidels call, I believe, a "Bobby." Quite a little holiday! Yes! Only somehow I feel as if I were being "run in."

That Bishnagar Carpet, now, would obey my orders, and not direct my course. Forty purses were well expended upon its like. Better infinitely than a Special Pulman. As it is, I feel that I am "on the Carpet," in the coarse Western sense. Oh, for the wonder-working aid of the fairy PARI-BANOU to give these intrusive Infidels emphatically and finally "what for"!

No, by the beard of ZOROASTER, were their Buckingham Palace more beauteous than that of PARI-BANOU herself—which it is *not*!—yet would I gladly shirk a second visit thereto did I dare. Nay, even their grand orchestral music—what they call "tuning-up"—and the jocund gyrations of their nimble Nautch-girls—or Gaiety "Choristers"—should not tempt me again into their brumous Babylon, were I but absolute master of Prince HOUSSAIN's Carpet—and of myself. But between Bear and Lion—not to mention the fortuitous wing-flappings and incidental beak-proddings of certain Eagles, one or two-headed—a Shahinshah's life is not a happy one. How happ could I be *without* either! Hah! I begin to think that life would be tolerable—even to an elderly Shah in difficulties, but for its—Holidays!

Tram-car Trammels.

We are told that the London Tram-car men are kept on their feet some sixteen hours at a stretch. Poor fellows! *Mr. Punch* wonders they stand it, and feels that they—and a sympathetic Public—ought to make a stand against it. Let Public Opinion, as imperatively as the old highwaymen, bid the Monopolists, "Stand and deliver" these poor tram-slaves from their tedious thralldom!



THE SHAH'S HOLIDAY.

SHAH (*sotto voce*), "RATHER WISH I HADN'T COME!"



HINTS FOR THE PARK.

IF YOU ARE A NERVOUS RIDER, AND RATHER AFRAID OF YOUR NEW MARE, IT'S BETTER TO LEAVE YOUR SPURS ON, THAN TO PUT THEM INTO YOUR POCKET!

MR. PUNCH'S MODEL MUSIC-HALL SONGS.

NO. VI.—THE CHIVALROUS.

The Singer (who should be a large man, in evening dress, with a crumpled shirt-front) will come on the stage with a bearing intended to convey at first sight that he is a devoted admirer of the fair sex. After removing his crush-hat in an easy manner, and winking airily at the orchestra, he will begin:—

THERE'S enthusiasm brimming in the breasts of all the women,
And they're calling for enfranchisement with clamour eloquent:
When some parties in a huff rage at the plea for Female Suffrage,
I invariably floor them with a simple argu-ment.

Chorus (to be rendered with a winning persuasiveness).

Why shouldn't the darlings have votes? de-ar things!
On politics each of 'em dotes, de-ar things!
(Pathetically.) Oh, it does seem so hard

They should all be debarred,
'Cause they happen to wear petticoats, de-ar things!

Nature all the hens to crow meant, I could prove it in a moment,
Though they've selfishly been silenced by the cockadoodle-doots.
But no man of sense afraid is of enfranchising the Ladies.
(Magnanimously.) Let 'em put their pretty fingers into any pie
they choose!

Spoken—For— Chorus—Why shouldn't the darlings, &c.

They would cease to care for dresses, if we made them elec-tresses,
No more time they'd spend on needlework, nor at pianos strum;
Every dainty little Dorcas would be sitting on a Caucus,
Busy wire-pulling to produce the New Millenni-um!

Spoken—Oh! Chorus—Why shouldn't the darlings, &c.

In the House we'll see them sitting soon, it will be only fitting.
They should have an opportunity their country's laws to frame.
And the Ladies' legislation will be sure to cause sensation,
For they'll do away with everything that seems to them a shame!

Spoken—Then— Chorus—Why shouldn't the darlings, &c.

They will promptly clap a stopper on whate'er they deem improper,
Put an end to vaccination, landed property, and pubs;

And they'll fine TOM, DICK, and HARRY, if they don't look sharp
and marry,

And for Kindergartens confiscate those nasty horrid Clubs!

Spoken—Ah! Chorus—Why shouldn't the darlings, &c.

They'll declare it's quite immoral to engage in foreign quarrel,
And that Britons never never will be warriors any more!
When our forces are abolished, and defences all demolished,
They will turn upon the Jingo tack, and want to go to war!

Spoken—So— Chorus—Why shouldn't the darlings, &c.

(With a griev'd air.) Yet there's some who'd close such vistas to
their poor down-trodden sisters,

And persuade 'em, if they're offered votes, politely to refuse!
Say they do not care about 'em, and would rather be without 'em—
Oh, I haven't common patience with such narrer-minded views!

Spoken—No! Chorus—Why shouldn't the darlings, &c.

And it's females—that's the puzzle!—who petition for the muzzle,
Which I call it poor and paltry, and I think you'll say so too.

They are not in any danger. Let 'em drop the dog-in-manger!
If they don't require the vote themselves, there's other Ladies do!

Spoken—And— Chorus—Why shouldn't the darlings, &c.

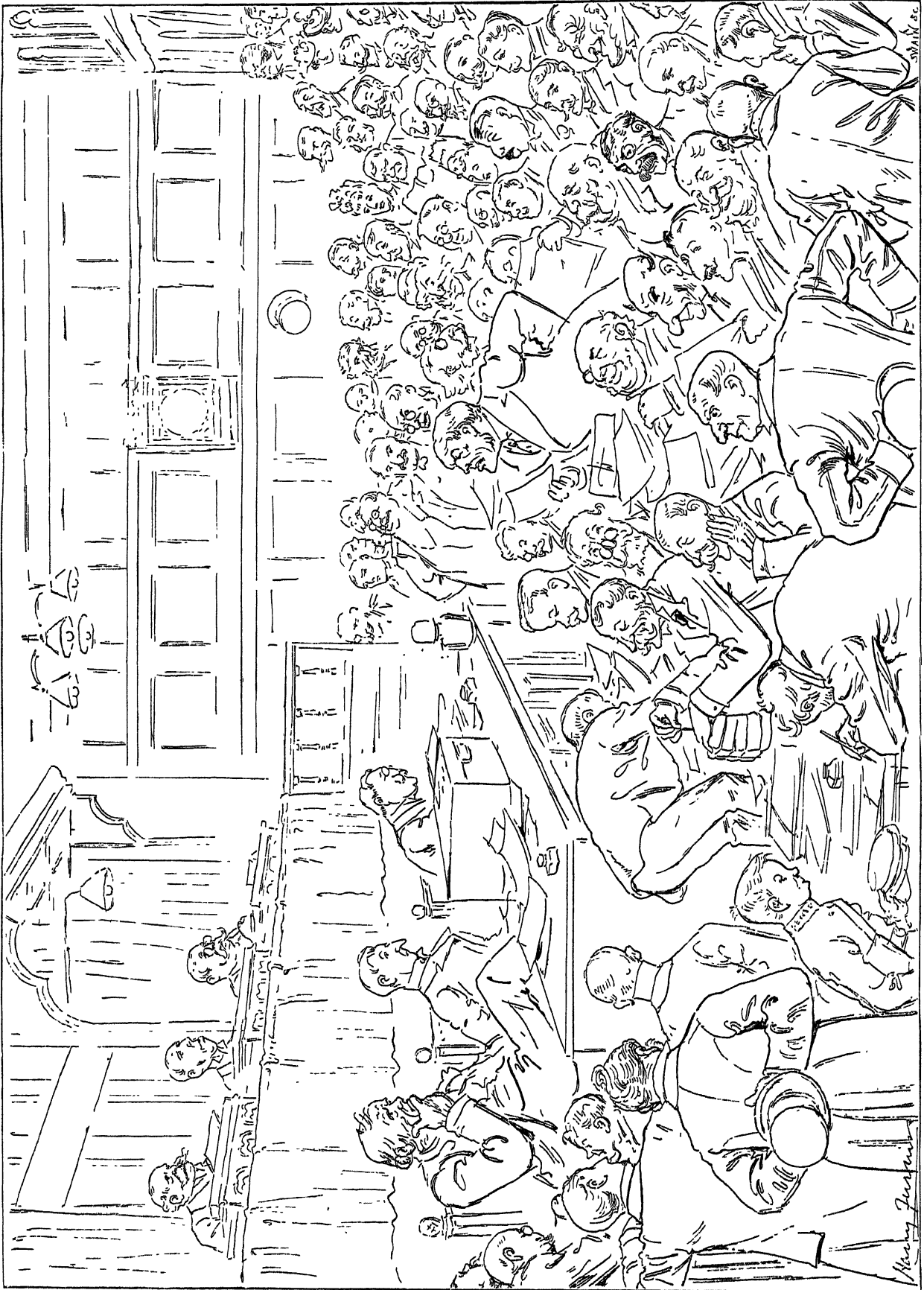
[Here the Singer will gradually retreat backwards to the rear of the
stage, open his crush-hat, and extend it in an attitude of triumph
as the Curtain descends.]

"THE case in a nutshell"—or at least, if a nutshell may be con-
sidered as a hat, in a hat-box. In the Bishop of LINCOLN's
prosecution, it was thought that the decision in the BENNETT case
would be of some weight. One objection to this was, that in future
the two would be quoted as "The Lincoln and Bennett" cases, and
so cause some confusion.

FROM THE DISESTABLISHER'S POINT OF VIEW.—The modern JONAH
is the English Church in Wales.

"STRIKES ON HIS OWN BOX."—The Paris Cabman.

INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS. No. 71.



THE JOCKEY CLUB IN COURT.

PERSIAN PUZZLES. (WAITING SOLUTION.)

How will they manage to land the SHAH at the Speaker's Stairs? How will they get him there? Will they smuggle him on board at Greenwich, and bring him in a Penny Steamboat, or leave it in the hands of the River Police?

Will he and his *suite* of seventy-three attendants be conveyed by the London General Omnibus Company, and escorted by the Royal Horse Guards Band to Buckingham Palace? Will the stair-carpet of that establishment all be taken up, fresh straw spread on the floors of the State rooms, and the furniture covered up, so as to suit it to the Oriental habits of its temporary occupants?

Will the Director of the Household supply the SHAH and *suite*, pending their stay, with free admissions to the Baths and Washhouses in the Buckingham Palace Road?

Will His Majesty be suffered to make his toilette in the State drawing-room, and wipe his muddy boots on the blue satin damask of the over-mantel?

Will he, when he lunches with the LORD MAYOR, present him with the stalks of his asparagus and expect him to eat them?

Will he insist on bestowing the Grand Cross of the Order of the Pink Hyena on M. TUSSAUD?

Will he, during his visit to Covent Garden, send for Mr. AUGUSTUS HARRIS and, offering to buy the entire *Corps de Ballet* of him, expect him to cart it off to Buckingham Palace as it stands?

Will the Crystal Palace Company secure him on a Saturday, and making a feature of him, together with "fountains and fireworks," manage, by the joint attraction, to score a decent financial success.

Will the rival institution at Muswell Hill be able to persuade him to go up in a Balloon and descend in a Parachute before the admiring thousands who congregate there daily to witness such performances.

Who will look after the SHAH when the public Showmen have done with him?

What on earth will Lord SALISBURY do with him for the two days that he is going to entertain him at Hatfield? How will he try to counteract the effect of the CZAR's alleged threat of the "hundred thousand bayonets"? Will he button-hole the SHAH, and do his best to allay his fears at a Garden Party? Will he try to pacify him by making him an Honorary Grand Knight Outsider of the Primrose League? Or, will he endeavour to impress him by showing him his poultry and pigs? If not, will the Duke of NORFOLK, who is to have him next, be likely to improve on the occasion?

Failing this, who will be able to provide a programme of excitement, change, and sight-seeing that will last his surfeited Majesty out the entire three weeks he purposes devoting to his inquiring stay among us?

Blissful Ignorance.

"It may be doubted whether one person in ten thousand who read what was written (last week in the papers) knew anything about BRUNO at all."—*Saturday Review*, June 15.

WHO WAS GIORDANO BRUNO?

I don't know, I own. Do you know?

Who or what he was but few know;

Fewer still, and this I do know,

Care one cuss for this same BRUNO.

HOOK AND LINE.

HAPPY Thought of the Great Eastern Railway Company to issue little pamphlets containing lists of houses and cottages to let along their line, also farm-house apartments, with names of owners, number of rooms, terms, &c. Delightful associations conjured up by the words "farmhouse apartments"—better still, if they could keep the good old title of "lodgings"! Home-made bread! Pure milk! Fresh eggs! And fresh air! And purring (why "purring"? streams! And daisied and buttercupped meadows! All you have to do is to get your pamphlet, and take your choice—of houses. The list is a long one—you enter the lists, and you're suited at once! Then the G. E. R. also publishes little descriptive leaflets of the districts it runs through—the Valley of the Stour, for instance, which of course helps the tourist greatly in fixing on his s-tour! He will probably sing, "Mine be a cot beside the Great Eastern Railway Line," and thank the Directors for directing his attention to this crowd of would-beletters—this rural "letter-press"!



SONGS OF THE SUMMER.

"THE WEATHER SEEMS TO BE IMPROVING, NUPKINS!"—"YES, MISS; THE NIGHTINGALE AND THE CUCKOO IS A-OLLERIN', EVERY NIGHT!"

YANKEE NOTIONS.

(New Version composed by a Member of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers, during the visit of the American Engineers to London on their way to the Paris Exhibition.)

We have come across the sea from America the free,

And we guess it is to see how you are, JOHN BULL.

We'd a notion that your bridges matched with ours were much like midges,

When compared with a big bufler or a bar, JOHN BULL.

We have enterprise and nous, and a hundred and fifty thousand

Miles of railway, and the Washington monument, JOHN BULL,

But we've seen in your small clearing some big works of engineering,

And a very jolly time of it we've spent, JOHN BULL.

We have seen the Mersey Tunnel, 'tis a tidy little funnel;

The Manchester Ship Canal, and Bridge of Forth, JOHN BULL.

And we find the land of SMEATON not so easily is beaten.

We have travelled East and West, and South and North, JOHN BULL.

In your skill we've grown believers, and those Forth-Bridge cantilevers

Lick the topping towers of Washington and Eiffel, JOHN BULL.

And now we would say thankee on behalf of every Yankee

Who has had your hospitality, no trifle, JOHN BULL.

At the Guildhall Banquet truly every toast was honoured duly,

And the Yankee Engineers received a bumper, JOHN BULL.

The old "Star-spangled Banner," sung by FRYER in a manner

All his own, made every Yankee heart a thumper, JOHN BULL.

It seemed to float right o'er us as we all joined in the chorus,

And drank the loving cup in Civic style, JOHN BULL.

Well, and here's three hearty cheers for Old England's Engineers,

Who make the best of your queer little isle, JOHN BULL.

'Tisn't long, 'tis rayther narrow, but LAIRD, BESSEMER, and YARROW,

With ARMSTRONG, WHITWORTH, MAUDSLAY, FORD, and RENNIE, JOHN BULL,

And others quite as clever use their very best endeavour

To make their little land as good as any, JOHN BULL.

We must presently go back, and when on the homeward track

The results of our excursion we shall tot, JOHN BULL,

And shall find ourselves agreeing we have seen some things worth seeing

In the land of TELFORD, STEPHENSON, and WATT, JOHN BULL.



THE AUTOMATIC POLICEMAN.

PUT A PENNY IN THE SLOT, AND HE STOPS THE TRAFFIC.

A PACIFIC LAY.

"The American Consul in the Society Islands, Consul DORY, has just married the beautiful but dusky Princess POLONA."—*Daily Paper*.

MR. DORY was an enterprising Yankee,

An aggressive, imperious, go-ahead sort of cuss;

In New York he frequently became rather moody (but not particularly SANKY),
Because the place offered no scope to his undoubted genius.

He said to himself, "I am in rather a ticklish position, If I stay here, I may be driven to some desperate deed;

I may become a murderer—or even a politician, Though naturally to the son of scrupulously honest parents (that's me) the latter possibility is horrible to contemplate, unless one were in absolute need."

So MR. DORY went off to the White House, and asked for a berth,

Although, having already been born once, it was rather unfair of him to expect to have it all over again;

He got one, however, as a Consul at the ends of the

And, having a good eye to the main chance, he determined to chance the perils of the main.

He arrived at the Society Islands in perfect safety,

And seeing a comely Princess, bethought himself of a Safety Match!

"As an American Consul," he soliloquised with remarkable naïveté,

"I have a right to some Consul-ation, and I fancy I'm rather a catch."

The wooing was short, in accordance with the habits of the nation,

For Consul DORY just told the King he doted on his Burnt-Um-berish girl;

And his Majesty treated the matter as an official communication,

And regretted that all the dowry he could afford was one exceptionally fine pearl.

So, married they were; but the Bridegroom thought he had been a trifle hasty,

When his Father-in-law explained the usual rites where a cannibal Princess is wed;

And Princess POLONA herself boxed his ears in the vestry,

Because he had not provided some plump relations (cold) for the nuptial spread.



However, they served up his best man (a Yankee friend) as a tasty side-dish,

And the Princess's "going-away dress" was exclusively composed of the teeth of some lively sharks,
And when the Consul succeeds to the kingship of the Cannibal Islands—if such be his wish—

He may be more inclined than he is at present to think that his alliance with the beautiful but carnivorous Princess POLONA was rather larks!

"LE FOOTE-BALLE."

Offices of the Athletic Convention, Paris.

MONSIEUR,—HAVING already expressed my views as to the capabilities possessed by "Le Cricquette" for becoming a national game worthy the attention of the young sporting gentlemen of our modern France, I now turn me to the consideration of your "Foote-Balle."

I have examined the apparatus for the play you have so kindly sent over,—the great leathern bag of wind which is kicked, "les Goalpoles," and the regulations for the playing of the game, and have seen your fifteen professional County "kicksmen" engage,—I shudder as I recall the terrible sight,—in a contest, horrible, murderous, and demoniacal, with an equal number of my unhappy compatriots, alas! in their enthusiasm and élan, ignorant of the deadly struggle that awaited them in the game in which they were about innocently to join. To witness the savage rush of your professional kicksmen was terrifying, and when, in displaying "le scrimmage," they scattered, with the kicks of their legs, my fainting compatriots, who fell lamed and wounded in all directions, I said to myself, this "Foote-Balle" is not a pastime, it is an encounter of wild beasts, "un vrai carnage," fit to be played, not by civilised sporting gentlemen, but by cannibals.

But let me explain that it is not the kick to which I object, for is not *le coup de pied* the national defence of France? Indeed, in your own fist contest in "Le Boxe-Match," is not to deliver a kick in the jaw of your antagonist considered a meritorious *coup*, showing great skill in the boxe-man? And do not our own *garçons de collège* kick a *confrère* when he is "down," and point to the circumstance with a legitimate pride and satisfaction? No, it is not *le coup de pied* which makes horrible "Le Foote-Balle," but the conspiracy organised of the kicksmen—*Les Demidos* (the 'alf-backs), *Les En Avants* (the Forwards), and the "Goal-keepers"—all to kick the leathern bag of wind at once, and so produce a murderous *mêlée*, in which arms, legs, ribs, thighs, necks, and spines are all broken together, and may be heard simultaneously cracking by any of the terror-struck but helpless spectators who are watching the ghastly contest.

Viewing the game under this aspect, you will not be surprised to hear that my Committee have, as they did in dealing with "Le Cricquette" revised the rules and regulations for the playing of your "Foote-Balle," so as to suit it to the tastes and requirements of the rising generation of our Modern France. I cannot at present furnish you with full details of the suggested modifications, but I may inform you that it has been unanimously decided that the "Balle," which is to be of "some light, airy, floating material, and three times its present size," is not to be touched by the foot at all, but struck lightly by the palm of the hand, and thus wafted harmlessly, with a smart smack, over the heads of the combatants.

As to costume, the game is to be played in white satin bed-room slippers, with (as a protection in the event, spite every possible precaution, of "le scrimmage" arising) feather pillows strapped over the knees and chest. It is calculated by our Committee that the savage proclivities of the game, as fostered by the terrible rules of your murderous "Rugby Association," will be thus, in some measure, counteracted.

Hoping soon to hear from you on the subject of your *Courses d'Eau*, as I shall doubtless have some suggestions to make in reference to the conduct of your aquatic contests, receive, Monsieur, the assurance of my most distinguished consideration,

THE SECRETARY TO THE CONGRESS.

MUSICAL NOTE.—A song, called "Though Wisdom Bids Me Forget," by H. KLEIN, is effective if, on being asked, you can sing it; if not, "D. Klein with thanks."

NOTICE.—Rejected Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will in no case be returned, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper: To this rule there will be no exception.



House of Commons, Monday, June 17.—Anticipation of quiet time after holiday abruptly broken in upon. Something less than a hundred Members present, when at Half-past Three SPEAKER called on Questions. OLD MORALITY in his place, looking round with nervous smile; CHAPLIN looming large in corner seat below Gangway.

"Sat here and hereabouts, boy and man, for twenty years," he said, breathing gently on his eye-glass, and meditatively polishing it with cambric handkerchief. "What wisdom I have distilled! what eloquence flashed forth! what pointed irony! and what withering scorn! Twenty years a considerable slice out of an ordinary man's life. Not speaking of G. O. M., of course. Twenty years, more or less, nothing to him. On the whole, a pleasant time, profitably employed, not only for contemporaries, but for posterity. Now, changes imminent; new office created; corner seat will know my face no more; a Minister of Agriculture added to the ranks of British Statesmen, and the Treasury Bench gladdened by my presence. Must make the most of opportunities. Shall be pretty regular in attendance below Gangway till Board of Agriculture Bill passes."

CHAPLIN musing thus; OLD MORALITY viewing Opposition; SPEAKER looking down list of Questions; when swift rustling heard behind Chair, and lithesome figure presses forward. A cheer goes up from the Opposition side, and Grand Old Man, who everybody thought was at least no nearer home than Dorset, takes his seat.

"Ruddier than a cheery, too," said PLUNKET, watching him as he skipped along. "Don't wish him any harm, but really thought that after campaigning in the West through the holidays he'd be a little fagged; like to go home and rest; instead of which he seems fresher than ever."

"Yes," sighed ARTHUR BALFOUR; "to be eighty years young is sometimes more cheerful and hopeful than to be forty years old."

Presently pounced on OLD MORALITY, who had, without making a speech, moved Resolution to take over Tuesdays for public business. Hair literally bristled with indignation; voice shook with emotion. Was it possible that the Leader of the House, having such an opportunity to make a speech, should pass it by? OLD MORALITY, almost frightened out of his life, tremblingly explained, that he really *had* meant to speak, but had proposed to defer it till a later stage, when he might answer questions. G. O. M. only half mollified. OLD MORALITY hastily put in his statement.

Most Bills given up, including Sugar Convention. Great thing, ultimate aspiration of Ministers, was to wind up quickly and get off early for autumn holidays. House cheered this prospect. Adroit move; seemed to have carried everything before it: when SAGE of Queen Anne's Gate interposed, and with admirable gravity charged OLD MORALITY with systematically aggressive conduct; hoped there would be an improvement in this respect. OLD MORALITY, at first thought this was a joke, and smiled his genial smile. But no

responsive flicker of amusement on faces round him. All looked grave, sad, reproachful. Smile after few ghastly flickers, died off OLD MORALITY's face. Was it true? Could it be so, that he had shown himself aggressive, bullying the House, trampling on the rights of private Members, scaring his colleagues with scathing glances? He bent his head in acknowledgment of the crime, resolved to fight against his besetting sin. *Business done.*—Supply.

Tuesday.—Miraculous effect of waving of OLD MORALITY's magic wand. His masterly speech of yesterday has overcome all opposition, smoothed away all acerbity, brought about a political Millennium.

"Talk about squeezing oil out of bladders on to the stormy seas," said Admiral FIELD "it's nothing to our great Captain's operations. I'm an old Salt of many years pickle. Suppose I may say that I'm the best stage sailor in the House, more rollicking in my gait, more familiarly uncouth in my speech, and more generally a nuisance than any other retired Admiral. Feel I've a right to speak on this as on any other matter, and I will say that, for a regular storm-soother, a patent dead-calm producer, pipe all hands aloft and give me OLD MORALITY!"

More point than usual in Admiral's remarks. House evidently made up its mind to wind up business, and get ready to make holiday with the SHAH. GRANDOLPH, who was to have smashed GEORGE HAMILTON in Committee, salmon-fishing in the Champs Elysées; CHARLIE BERESFORD still aboard the lighthouse; even the austere spirit of SAGE of Queen Anne's Gate subdued. Votes put and passed without controversy; thousands piled on tens of thousands, and millions on millions.

The Admiral.

By Half-past Ten the last Vote for the year in Navy Estimates agreed to. Everyone makes believe it is in ordinary course of things; not even a cheer raised. Then Fleet retires; British Army assemblies on the strand, and STANHOPE moves successive Votes. The Colonels prove as docile as the Admirals; Vote after Vote passed; only when midnight hour strikes, Committee pulled up, having done more work in a single sitting than accomplished in the whole of twenty-nine nights previously spent in Committee.

Business done.—Supply voted with both hands.

Thursday.—GEORGE CAMPBELL managed to give a flip to Debate on Scotch Universities Bill. Didn't look as if anyone could do it; but GEORGE, taking counsel with Dr. CLARK, managed it. Debate been on for several hours. Scot succeeded Scot with regularity and despatch. English, Welsh, and Irish Members fled the scene. It was Home Rule realised; Scotch Parliament debating a Scotch measure. JOSEPH GILLIS, whose judicial engagements keep him in town, hovered around the back benches, casting benevolent regard upon the scene. Particularly enjoyed the bored look of the Clerks, and the lassitude against which SPEAKER bravely struggled. When five or six Members rose together, competing for precedence, JOSEPH's smile broadened, and his eye took on a deeper mist of tenderness as it fell upon the four or five who missed the chance and resumed seat with woebegone look. After a while the pleasure palled, and JOSEPH lightly withdrew, to return again at midnight and see that no one by accident got his Bill advanced a stage.

CAMPBELL and CLARK each had speech to make. Rose with great regularity when opening presented itself. SPEAKER didn't see them. "Oh! very well!" said the KNIGHT of KIRCALDY, "the time will come when you shall hear me."

LYON PLAYFAIR, finding an opening, grew quite eloquent. "The lion rampant o' Scotland," said he, "has been standing on its hind legs, pawing the air." Curious to note how involuntarily the orator, extending his hands, imitated gesture of the nobler beast.

At midnight Professor STUART on his legs, "commenting with satisfaction on the clauses for affiliation with local institutions with the Universities." Only ten minutes left. OLD MORALITY sent for; hurriedly enters; planted himself on extreme edge of Bench, with hands on knees and eye on the clock; familiar attitude, ready to pounce. STUART, catching sight of him, brought remarks to sudden conclusion. Five minutes to twelve, and still time to divide. Then uprose KNIGHT of KIRCALDY and moved adjournment of Debate. Cry of despair from Ministerial Benches. OLD MORALITY's emotion pitiful to look on. Just missed his chance. If he moved that "the question be now put," "the question" would be, not that Bill be read a Second Time, but that Debate be now adjourned. Appealed to KNIGHT to withdraw. CLARK said "No." He and KNIGHT would die first. Question put, that Debate be now adjourned; the KNIGHT relented; did not challenge SPEAKER's decision that Noes had it.

Therefore Debate might proceed. CLARK rose to continue it. Only two minutes to twelve. If he spoke for two minutes Debate necessarily stands adjourned. Critical moment. OLD MORALITY, trembling with excitement, rose to its height. Almost tumbling off edge of seat, he pounced. Closure was carried, with sixty seconds to spare, and, just on the stroke of Midnight, Bill read Second Time.

"These are mad moments," said OLD MORALITY, as he passed the LORD ADVOCATE's handkerchief over his moist and massive brow, "that make old men of us before our due time."

Business done.—Scotch University Bill read Second Time.

Friday Night.—Ireland once more burst in at Evening Sitting. Introduced by JOHN ELLIS. House went back to old topic like reformed drunkard breaking out again. Benches filled; eyes brightened; faces flushed; cheers and counter-cheers filled place. Grand Old Man looked in, spoiling for a fight. Up half-a-dozen times whilst SAUNDERSON speaking. But no chance for Old Parliamentary Hand. ARTHUR BALFOUR driven into last half hour of sitting; JOHN MORLEY crushed out altogether; CLANCY delivered tremendous oration; SAUNDERSON lashed out in fine form. Then WIND-BAG SEXTON took the floor, and all was lost. Stretched himself and his speech over Half-past Twelve. *Business done.*—More Supply.

SOLDIERING AT ISLINGTON.

THREE more days of the Military Tournament! Charming sight at Merry Military Islington. Go and see the musical single-stick drill by the boys of the Royal Military Asylum, Chelsea. Not a single stick among them. What a good idea for rehearsing dull actors? The "Single-stick Drill" eh? The Prince of WALES's own Lancers—Dancers are as good as ever, and their musical ride is one of the prettiest sights of the Show. So for the Gallant Heavies on their magnificent chargers. The musical dumb-bell Sailor Boys Drill is a fine sight. How the exercise opens their sea-chests! And then to see them marching home gaily sucking oranges! "The Tug of War" is exciting. This is a part of the entertainment calculated to attract all Etonians, and I wonder your friend Mr. DUMB CRAMBO hasn't drawn a youthful Eton Colleger squaring up at an Oppidan to illustrate "The 'Tug' of War."

The Grand Finale of laying down a river, starting a couple of banks—quite secure, and offering facilities for military investment—of making a bridge in less than five minutes, of bivouacking, of firing, fighting, killing, wounding, mending, marring, storming and



"The Camels are coming! On quick! On slow!"

capturing the fort, is admirably done. This portion of the show, with the additional novelty of a specimen of the Camel Corps, is under the command of Colonel ONSLOW, the Inspector of Military Gymnasias, who has done so much to give an impulse to useful and entertaining work. Then, when the battle is over, to see them pack up, demolish the bridge, pull up the river (without any boat! quite a marvel in itself), carry off the wounded, and ride and drive away as blithe as thrushes in the early morn, sends all the spectators away contented, except such as choose to stop for the lemon-slicing and ring-sticking for prizes. Perhaps ere this appears the German Dogs of War will be on view. In speed they excel bicyclists and horses, and are trained to fetch and carry despatches. Retrievers capable of retrieving the ill fortunes of war. *Ah, que j'aime les Militaires!* And long life to Major MARCUS TULLIUS, the courteous and obliging Cicerone.

THE ANGEL OF ISLINGTON.



"SPEED THE PLOUGH!"

"MODUS OPERANDI."

(The Covent Garden Government and Her Majesty's Opposition.)

Monday, June 17.—Covent Garden devoted to the Home Department in *Lohengrin*. Scotland and Ireland represented by the O'BARTON McGUCKIN, and the Colonies generally by Madame ALBANI, the "Tenor from the Emerald Isle" playing with just the least touch of vinegar in the title rôle. The O'BARTON makes *Lohengrin* a much sharper Knight than the gentleman usually represented by M. JEAN DE RESZKE. As he sings in Italian, those who do not understand that delightful language, and are too mean to purchase "a book of the words," can imagine that he is saying "just thread on the tail of me coat," in Act I. Madame ALBANI as delightful as ever, and the real trees introduced in the "exterior" flourishing. No Opposition to speak of (or to listen to) at Her Majesty's.

Tuesday.—Mlle. TONI SCHLAGER, promised for last week, makes her first appearance under the banner of DEUTEROLANUS in *Valentine*. The young lady scores a success, although only a daring wag would declare that her name should not be abbreviated, as there AN TONI like her. *Mise-en-scène* excellent, and real trees from Epping Forest, in spite of their late hours' work, as fresh as Epping butter. Her Majesty's Opposition, determined to have one good night of something really novel, produces the *Trovatore*. *Manrico*, represented

by Mr. WARMUTH. In Music Hall slang, "WARMUTH is a 'hot' 'un." He beginneth coolly, but Warmuth to his work.

Thursday.—Mr. HARRIS's Government supports the second reading of Italian Opera in French. *Roméo et Juliette* Bill cut up into several Acts. M. MONTARIO as good-natured as ever. Last week this talented person sang the music of a minor character "to oblige the management," now he is announced to have "kindly consented to play *Tyballt*, although not a leading part, in order to assist in making a perfect *ensemble*." DE RESZKE FRÉRES engaged in the like endeavour. Same pleasant task undertaken by M. SEGUIN, and that perfect Duke, Signor CASTELMARY. Madame MELBA-MELBOURNE also doing her best to carry out a similar object. Last and not least, real trees from Epping Forest kindly lending their valuable services by appearing in the Garden Scene, thus obliging the management, and assisting in making a perfect *ensemble*. House crowded with an audience at once discriminating and enthusiastic. *Her Majesty's Opposition*.—Low-price Policy Bill brought in.

MON SHAH, CHAR-MANT.

SIR.—Now that the SHAH is on his road to our shores, it has occurred to some one to remember the condition in which Buckingham Palace was left after his last visit. To say the least, the recollection is not a pleasant one, and can scarcely afford gratification to Lord SALISBURY, the Duke of NORFOLK, and the other obliging and patriotic persons who have been so good as to promise to "look after" his barbaric Majesty from "a Saturday to a Monday." It is, perhaps, not too late even now to make some slight alteration in the programme which would at once protect the Royal property, and sensibly increase the comfort of the swarthy Sovereign and his eccentric suite. To assist the Authorities (if they are willing to adopt this idea), I beg to suggest the following time-table:—

10 A.M. Grand reception of the SHAH and suite in the grounds of Buckingham Palace.

11 A.M. State practical joke of upsetting His Majesty and suite into the ornamental water.

12 NOON. Great drying competition in the sun on the top of an artificial hill, in which His Majesty and Court will be invited to take part.

1 P.M. State visit of inspection of the SHAH, attended by his Grand Vizier, to the coal-cellars of Buckingham Palace.

2 P.M. Royal banquet. Specially prepared luxuries for the SHAH and suite, served in an empty wine vault.

3 P.M. Prize-fight in a retired part of the pleasure-grounds, at which the Persian visitors will assist in honour of His Majesty.

4 P.M. Siesta (in the loose-boxes of the Royal stables) of the SHAH and Persian Court.

5 P.M. "Five o'clock bones" served in the same place.

6 P.M. Visit to Spanish Exhibition, where the Wild West Enclosure will be reserved as a retiring-room for the Persian visitors.

7 P.M. Fireworks and a Bull-fight, subject to the consent of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

8 P.M. "Row-how-whack," or State Quarrel, in which members of the Persian Court will take part.

9 P.M. The SHAH, escorted by a squadron of Horse Guards (Blue), will be conveyed to his State Apartments in the Zoological Gardens.

10 P.M. His Majesty will take dinner in the presence of the British Public.

They say His Majesty has much improved since he was last here, so this change of programme may not be so necessary as at present it appears to yours, "SWEET LAVENDER."



ARISTOCRACIES OF THE PAST AND FUTURE.

SCENE—An Island in British Oceana. TIME—1889.

His Highness the Grand Duke of Gerolstein. "ACH! MISS PROWN—IN YOUR LÖFLY BRESENCE I FORGET MY ZIXTY-VOUR KVARTERINGS. I LAY MY DITL AT YOUR FEET. BITTE! BECOME ZE CRANT TOCHESS OF GEROLSTEIN!"

Miss Brown. "YOUR HIGHNESS ALSO FORGETS THAT I HAVE SIXTY-FOUR QUARTERINGS!"

His Highness. "ACH! HOW IS DAT, MISS PROWN?"

Miss Brown. "WHY, MY FATHER AND MOTHER, MY FOUR GRANDPARENTS, MY EIGHT GREAT-GRANDPARENTS, MY SIXTEEN GREAT-GREAT-GRANDPARENTS, AND MY THIRTY-TWO GREAT-GREAT-GREAT-GRANDPARENTS, WERE ALL CERTIFIED OVER SIX FOOT SIX INCHES, PERFECT IN FORM AND FEATURE, AND WITH HEALTH AND MINDS AND MANNERS TO MATCH, OR THEY WOULD NOT HAVE BEEN ALLOWED TO MARRY. AND THOUGH I'M THE SHORTEST AND PLAINEST GIRL IN THE COLONY, I SHOULD NEVER BE ALLOWED TO MARRY ANY-ONE SO VERY MUCH BENEATH MYSELF AS YOUR HIGHNESS!"

TAKING IT EASY.

HENLEY, 1889.

S-L-SB-RY (in stern-sheets) sings:—

REALLY, WILLIAM HENRY, this is placid.
Dizzy's "holy calm" was hardly in it.
In his smile there lurked a sneer sub-acid,
But *this* calm grows calmer every minute.
Pouf! The breeze will hardly fill the sheet.
Just a brisker puff would be more bracing.
Henley time; but nothing that we meet
Speaks of racing.

"Greenlands," SMITH, is really most delightful;

Quite a jolly place for the Regatta.
Here we can forget the shindy frightful
Of the friends and foes of restless PAT. Ah!
GLADSTONE has a funny way of spending
Holidays. He Cornwall stumps, and Devon.
Purgatory sure is speech unending;
This is heaven!

With the wind, and with a stream that's
flowing, [sion],
(GLADSTONE fancies that's *his* sole pos-
session, indeed, is pleasant, easy going.
Look ahead, SMITH! What is your im-
pression?

Far as I can see, the way before us
Is as clear as are the skies above us.
Whilst our friends ashore, in cheery chorus,
Swear they love us.

Where are now the boats that blocked our
course? [scamper?]

Where the tow-path imps that howl and
On we waft, with wind of gentle force,
With a flowing sheet and a full hamper.
Soughing winds soft whisper through the
trees,

By our boat the wavelets lap and bubble,
All is happiness and hopeful ease,
Void of trouble.

The preliminary heats are done,
All portends an unopposed "walk over."
Don't you feel, SMITH, that this life is fun?
Don't you own, my lad, that we're in
clover?

Don't you think this calm, of menace void,
Free of all the row the Rads were hoping
for,

This sweet time of joyance unalloyed,
Was worth stopping for?

THE NOBLE GAME OF CRICKET.—An op-
posite to "Base Ball."

A LAUREATE'S PROTEST.

Uttered on reading an account of a recent Auction
Sale.

BEHOLD, they will dare anything!
They'll sell my friendship by the yard,
And count the bargain none too hard,
Provided it but profit bring!

So runs my say! But what are they?
Mere wretched hucksters, making light
Of authorship's unchallenged right!
Their one idea—to make it pay!

NICE DOG THAT.—Last Saturday the *Daily Telegraph*, giving an account of a burglary at Wanstead, told how plucky young Mr. DENMAN let loose the dog and entered the dining-room, where two burglars were at work. One of them bolted. Mr. DENMAN went for the other, calling upon the dog to seize him. But the dog quietly turned tail and "trotted out of the room." We present this wonderful instance of sagacity to the *Spectator*. The reason for the dog's movements will probably be best explained in one Latin word, which gives at once the question and answer; i.e., "Cur?"

PARIS WELCOMING MR. PUNCH.

(Allegorical Cartoon.)





MR. PUNCH IN PARIS.

COMMUNICATION FROM THE FRENCH PRESIDENT.

"Il faut absolument faire quelque chose," wrote M. le Président CARNOT to the Universal President PUNCH, "ou la grève va tout gâter, et l'Exposition ratera. Notre bon M. DE BL-W-TZ n'est pour rien dans cette crise, et ce cher C-MPB-LI-CI-RKE, 'de la plus grande circulation au monde,' a naturellement son équipage à lui, par conséquent cette grève ne l'incommode en aucune façon,—au contraire, il n'en circule que plus grandement dans les rues désencombrées de fiacres. Et moi,—hélas!—est-ce que ma présidence va se signaler par un fiasco, comme celle de mon prédécesseur GRÈVE-Y?"

"I must stop this," said Mr. Punch, Universal President of Art, Science, Letters, and, raising his silver ink-horn to his lips, he sent forth one circular note, clear and distinct. In obedient response to the summons, fourteen Cabinet Councillors stood round the Presidential Chair.

"Ten of you will accompany me to Paris," said Mr. Punch, "TOBY, M.P., has Parliamentary duties to attend to." Toby howled piteously.

"Cheer up, TOBY," whispered The Great Unapproachable Cartoonist, "you are out of it, but so, unfortunately, am I. Yet you shall be in my allegorical cartoon, representing the triumphal entry of Mr. Punch into the French capital."

AT VICTORIA.

The Regiment of Guards was drawn up, and all the veterans of the Line (L. C. & D.) were in gala uniform, awaiting the arrival of Mr. Punch, who was accompanied by Mr. BRIEFLESS, Q.C. of Grub Court, The Private Orator. The Treasurer, Mr. CARTOON JUNIOR, The Marquis D'AMPSTEAD, The Philosophic Bard, The Lightning Impressionist, The Reciter, and The Genial One. The Chairman and Directors

walked in procession to the State Saloon Carriage; and Mr. WILLIAM FORBES, of the L. C. & D. Foreign Office, to whom the perfection of all the arrangements is due, overcome with emotion, fainted in the arms of Mister Chief Station-Superintendent MATTHEWS, as amid the joyous peals of bells and the letting off of the Royal steam-whistle-salute, the train slowly left the platform, Mr. Punch waving his adieux to the enthusiastic crowd.



EXCITEMENT AT DOVER.

Weather lovely. On board the New *Calais-Douvres* Mr. *Punch* was received by all the L. C. & D. officials in full uniform, and shown into the State Cabin. Here a Deputation of the Ladies of England presented an Address and a magnificent bouquet. Then the Private Orator returned thanks in a speech which would have been ever memorable as one of the finest efforts in the English language, had not Mr. *Punch*, to whom punctuality is of the essence of politeness, ordered the *clôture* bell to be sounded, when the Deputation withdrew as quickly as possible, and the Orator was taken below.

THE SCENE AT CALAIS.

Here the enthusiasm was indescribable. All along the quays, the jetties, and everywhere about the harbour, the crowd was drinking a "*Punch d'honneur*." Captain BLUMFIELD, of the L. C. & D. Navy, presented the courteous *Chéf-de-gare*, the principal officials, and the French representative of ROBERT the Waiter, who in turn presented the luncheon, on its arrival.

assembled, when Mr. *Punch*, unwilling to detain the train, expressed his wish to proceed.

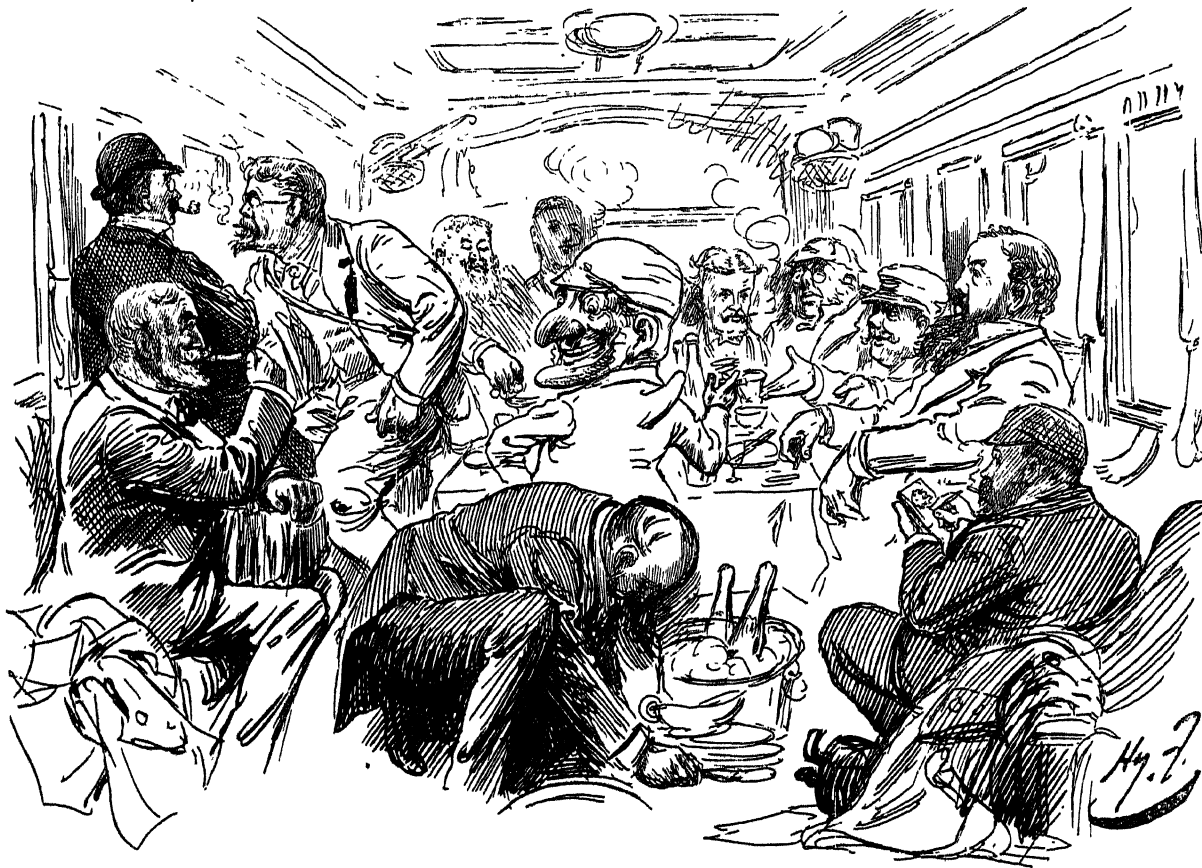
"But, Sir," protested the Private Orator, "my address"—"Is on your luggage," said Mr. *Punch*, benignly; "it will be taken as read."

REJOICINGS IN PARIS! LA FIN DE LA GRÈVE!

Mr. President PUNCH's progress had been one long triumph all along the line. His entry into Paris was an event the like of which, for simple and touching grandeur, has not been seen within the memory of man. The *Cochers*, all out to a man, beamed with joy, cracked their whips and sides with laughing. *Largesse* and *pourboires* everywhere.

THE GRAND HOTEL.

Here The Baron BLUM, and all the Chiefs of the Service, with band and chorus, received Mr. *Punch* in the courtyard. After a short speech from the Private Orator, Mr. *Punch* was conducted to the State Apartments, specially reserved for him and five of his *suite*. The remainder were taken to



EN ROUTE. MR. PUNCH AT LUNCH.

TOUCHING CEREMONY.

It was here that TOBY, M.P., wearing his collar, for it was a "Collar Day," most reluctantly took leave of his kind master and the luncheon, which he eyed wistfully.

"Sorry we cannot take you with us, Toby," said Mr. *Punch*, "but you must stay at home and mind 'The House.' You can have some chicken and a little *Beauune* at the Buffet. Your barque is on the sea. Love to all at Westminster. *Au revoir!*"

EN ROUTE.

"Better a luncheon *ong root*, and contentment therewith," began the Marquis d'AMPSTEAD, forgetful for the moment of the presence of the President, who at once, raising his glass, drank to "absent friends." ROBERT le Français did wonders with an apparently inexhaustible basket. It was an entertainment equal to anything of another ROBERT's—ROBERT HOUDIN—only infinitely more substantial.

RECEPTION AT AMIENS.

When ROBERT with his trick-basket descended from the train, Mr. *Punch* presented him with a gold medal commemorative of the occasion. The chief officials were in waiting, the Private Orator had already placed himself in an attitude near the book-stall, in front of which an enthusiastic and respectful crowd had

THE CONTINENTAL HOTEL,

Where the Treasurer *dît* "The Pard," The Bard, The Lightning Impressionist, Mr. CARTOON JUNIOR, and The Young Substitute for the Unapproachable, were comfortably accommodated. The next morning the first meeting was held at

LA TOUR EIFFEL.

There was a discussion as to the correct pronunciation of this word. "*Mon ami*," said the President, taking off his hat to M. EIFFEL, and then looking up at the gigantic, but light and elegant, structure, "I pronounce it—MARVELLOUS!"

M. PUNCH VISITS M. FIGARO.

"We cannot do better than procure a *Guide-Bleu* for the Exposition," observed Mr. *Punch*, "published by my friend *Figaro*, who, as *Figaro* should be, is everywhere."

"Ah, bravo *Figaro*, bravo *bravissimo*," hummed Mr. *Punch* gaily, as, stepping out on the second platform of the Eiffel Tower, he made his way to the Pavillon du *Figaro*, "*à 115 mètres 73 centimètres de hauteur*,"—but there was not the slightest sign of *hauteur* about M. EMILE BERR, who, *très bien élevé* at that elevation, most courteously received the Illustrious Visitor, explained to him "*comment s'est faite l'Exposition*," showed him how *Figaro's*

printing machines worked, and gave him "*renseignements généraux*" of the most useful and comprehensive character.

After warmly shaking hands with M. EMILE BERR, and saluting the cheerful and polite compositors, Mr. Punch was conducted to the lift by M. EIFFEL, whom he sincerely congratulated on the success of his vast enterprise.

AT THE SUMMIT.

Subsequently, in company with the Great Originator, Mr. Punch spent over an hour on the topmost storey, whence is visible the most admirable panorama in the world, and in the Observatory he made this one observation—" *L'Exposition, c'est La Tour Eiffel.*"

"Now, Sir," said Mr. BRIEFLESS, Q.C., of Grub Court, "it is already twenty minutes past breakfast-time,"—but not another word was requisite, and they descended by the lift

garden of the Tuileries. After a short rest, and an entire change of costume, Mr. Punch drove to

LE RENDEZVOUS DIPLOMATIQUE, AUX AMBASSADEURS.

Here, as might be expected, the table, *sur la terrasse*, was covered with "excellencies," while a crowd in the garden below from time to time acclaimed with rapture the entertainment, which lasted on "that lovely night in June" (Miss DAMIAN's health and song!) until 11 o'clock. It was nearly midnight when Mr. Punch, noticing that Mr. BRIEFLESS, Q.C., was speaking of a *Café Chantant* as a "shabby kontong," thought it time to summon the *voitures*, and drive to the *Café de la Paix*, where he considered that a refreshing iced drink taken through straws, would revive the eminent Barrister. The last straw, however, broke the Barrister's back, and murmuring something about "legal business of importance requiring his instant



MR. PUNCH AT THE GRAND HOTEL.

AU RESTAURANT BRÉBANT,

where, out on the balcony, was served for him and his companions an excellent *déjeuner à la fourchette*, a light and airy repast, with plenty of moisture perfectly in keeping with the situation *in nubibus*.

"It is an eager and a nipping air," quoth Mr. CARTOON JUNIOR, as he helped himself to a "fine."

"*Finis coronat opus*," said The Philosophic Bard, following CARTOON JUNIOR's example.

After cigars and coffee, the party descended to the *Beaux-Arts* Section, where awaited them an

ARTISTIC DEPUTATION,

headed by M. MAURICE BONVOISIN, to whom the *Journal Amusant* is the *Vrai Champ de "Mars"*, and M. POIRÉ dit "Caran d'Ache," in whose work Mr. Punch has always been deeply interested. Accompanied by these Artists of Light and Leading, Mr. Punch visited the most interesting and entertaining shows of the Exhibition, as well as the cleverly executed *Panorama du Siècle* in the

attention," Mr. BRIEFLESS received permission to retire for the night. On the third evening, being waited upon by a deputation from the *Français* to be present at a performance of *L'Etrangère*, Mr. Punch expressed his genuine regret that such a visit was not included in his programme, as nothing would have given him greater pleasure than to visit

LA MAISON DE MOLIERE,

if he had not received a most hospitable invitation to be present at a special evening entertainment

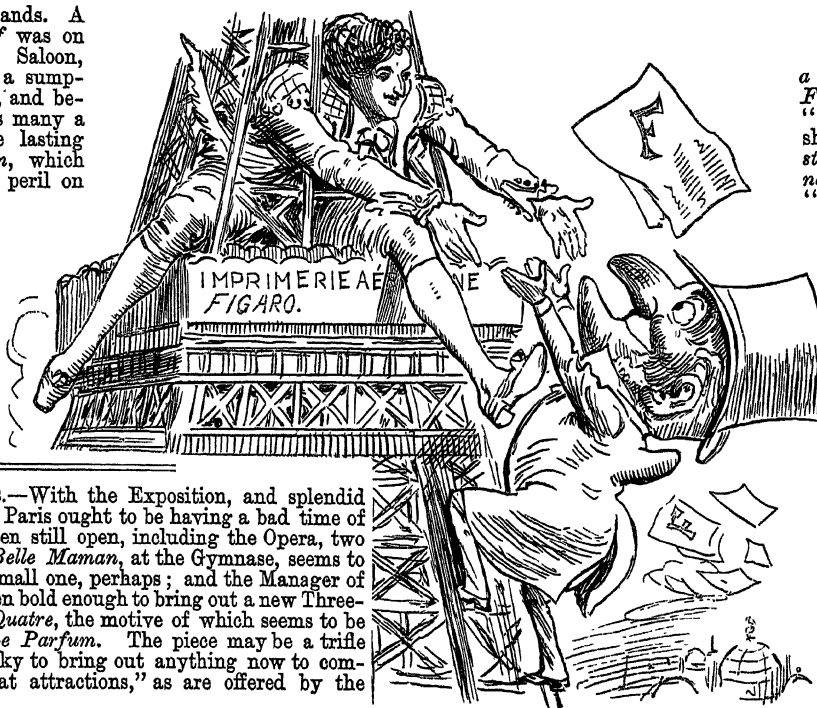
CHEZ MOLIER,

which he admitted was a horse of quite another colour. Here, while the night was yet young, Mr. Punch enjoyed the humours of *Le Veau et le Paysagiste*, the fun of *Le Buste*, and the capital burlesque pantomime of BUFFALO BILL'S Show.

LE RETOUR D'ULYSSE.

Early on Wednesday morning Captain CHURCHWARD, L. C. & D., in full uniform, was in attendance, as were all the officials of the

Gare du Nord, with bands. A Parisian *Garçon-en-chef* was on guard in the Reserved Saloon, where, soon after 10'30, a sumptuous repast was served, and between Amiens and Calais many a toast was drunk to the lasting success of *L'Exposition*, which had been in temporary peril on account of the *grève des cochers*, now happily ended by the visit of the Universal President PUNCH, who had thus restored confidence to the international visitors, good humour to everybody, and if he had left General BOULANGER in London, it was to establish General Satisfaction in Paris.



THE DRAMA IN PARIS.—With the Exposition, and splendid weather, the Theatres in Paris ought to be having a bad time of it. Yet there are nineteen still open, including the Opera, two *circques* and the Eden. *Belle Maman*, at the Gymnase, seems to be taking the cake,—a small one, perhaps; and the Manager of the Théâtre Cluny has been bold enough to bring out a new Three-Act Vaudeville, *Miel à Quatre*, the motive of which seems to be founded upon that of *Le Parfum*. The piece may be a trifle risky, but it must be risky to bring out anything now to compete against such "great attractions," as are offered by the Exposition.

FIGARO, BIEN ÉLEVÉ, WELCOMES MR. PUNCH ON THE TOUR EIFFEL.

'ARRY, IN PARRY.

Arry (who has overheard a Lady in a Victoria tell her Friend something about an "en tout cas"). I say what's she mean by that? (*suddenly struck by his own sharpness*). Oh, I twig! of course, "ong two car," that's the thing she's driving in. 'Ow simple, when you know the language a bit!

How to "DO THE EXPOSITION."—Take a *fautuil roulant* at 2.50 the hour, and be wheeled about everywhere. Said SANDY M'NAB, "In this way ye'll do it varra wheel."

ANOTHER AND A SHORTER WAY OF "DOING" THE EXPOSITION.—Get in without paying. If you succeed, you will, perhaps have the additional pleasure of being invited to remain in France for some time, enjoying the hospitality of a truly liberal Government.

A FULL AND COMPLETE GUIDE TO THE EXHIBITION.

(Compiled in the Style of the French Newspapers.)

You wish to get there? Why not? First your ticket. Bought at the door—one franc! Purchased at the Grand Hotel, seventy-five centimes!! You may even obtain one just outside the entrance for *four sous*! But the one purchased at four *sous* may be a forgery! If it is, a *sergent de ville* will arrange matters with you, and probably give you a new experience!!!

And now you are in the great Exposition! Your first impression is, that the Government have annexed a large slice of Paris! You find that the "right of way" has disappeared from bridges, streets, and galleries. If such a thing were done in England, the papers would team with indignant letters, addressed to the Editors. Do the Parisians complain? Not in the least—it is simply carrying out the idea of "*Liberté, Égalité, Fraternité*," at the nominal charge of one hundred centimes per person. Long live the Republic!

"*Vive la Liberté!*" ought to have been inscribed over the Section where "Liberty's Fabrics" are exhibited.

You pass under the canvas awning of an annexed bridge, leaving on your left the Palais Gastronomique, and the theatre of *Les Folies Parisiennes*, and on your right the Pavilions devoted to the glories of two sister governments, the Mexican and Argentine Republics, supported by a railway station. You can leave these objects (with the Trocadero at your back, full of casts of ancient sculpture) safely for inspection until you visit the Exposition for the 489th time; if you do not visit the Exposition as often—well it doesn't matter! And now you are at the *Tour*. It is certainly immense, and so are the crowds waiting to go up it! There are two ways of going up.

Plan Number One.—Wait an hour in the first crowd round the bureau for tickets up to the *second étage*. Wait two hours in like manner on the *second étage* for tickets for the *troisième étage*. Fight your way to a seat after each wait, feel "jumpy" (especially during the last ascent—*deuxième to troisième étage*) from first to last, get a view of Paris which might be equally well obtained from Mont Valerien, and—come down again!

Plan Number Two.—Get at once and without any difficulty a ticket at the bureau for the *premier étage*, and go up to a restaurant (that of Russia is the best) at an altitude of about the summit of St. Paul's. Stay an hour, or an hour and a half. Allow yourself five minutes for the view—the rest for refreshment. Come down again and see whether you can decide which was the sweeter—the air or the champagne *très sec*!

Having disposed of the Tour Eiffel as you imagine (it will be only in imagination, as you will find it in models and pictures, everywhere) you can turn your attention to other matters. Make for the *Beaux Arts*, and do the pictures. But, first admire the group of sculpture round the statue of CHANCER. And although Gastronomy is certainly a fine art (and consequently very properly, here you will find the chief restaurants inclusive of SAPIN's) do not forget the pictures. England represented by MILLAIS, LEIGHTON, SOLOMON, FILDES, WATTS, and gentlemen nearly equally illustrious.

General impression created by the picture-show,—"*Seen nine-tenths of this before, and would not mind seeing a third of it again.*"

Pictures done, and there remain the *Galerie des Machines* and the *Groupes Divers*. Well, the last are like the usual things at Kensington, Vienna, Australia and America. International selection of leather, cotton, pottery, furniture, brass, wall-paper, clothes, jewellery, and clocks and watches. You may spend five minutes or (if the Exposition remains open long enough) five years in looking at the interesting display—if you are pressed for time, perhaps it would be wiser to limit yourself to five minutes!

Galerie des Machines.—Biggest room in the world, full of working machinery. Compared with the Jubilee collection at Manchester, objects superior in quantity but inferior in quality. Exit, and you will find at hand the Cairo Street and the bits of Old Paris, which would be startling in their novelty had not the same idea been worked out in the British Metropolis years and years before!

Grounds left—and right. Fountains—illuminated, and others—shrubbery. Make for the toy railway station to the left of the Tour Eiffel. You start. The little engine puffs, and bangs a gong. You rattle away, and your attention is drawn to a request, written on the walls, in English, French, Greek, Russian, Spanish, and Hebrew, to "respect the trees, and not to put head and arms out." You jerk along, just shaving a tunnel here, a road there, and some shrubs yonder, until you stop at the "*Station Alimentation*." *En route*, more shaves, another station, and you find yourself landed at the terminus of the Quai D'Orsay.

There are yet a few odds and ends. You will find them in front of the Hôtel des Invalides. Some concerts—which are not to be recommended, as they are unworthy of a country fair. French Colonies, Ministry of War, with guns, balloons, ambulances, tents, mineral waters, and a Panorama (to wind up) of *Tout Paris*. This last costs an extra franc, which may be cheerfully expended by a loyal Briton wishing to see how much imagination a French artist can display in painting the portrait of the Prince of WALES!



LASTIN
MR. PUNCH, CHEZ LUI, DR



IMPRESSIONS.
OF HIS TRIP TO PARIS LAST WEEK.

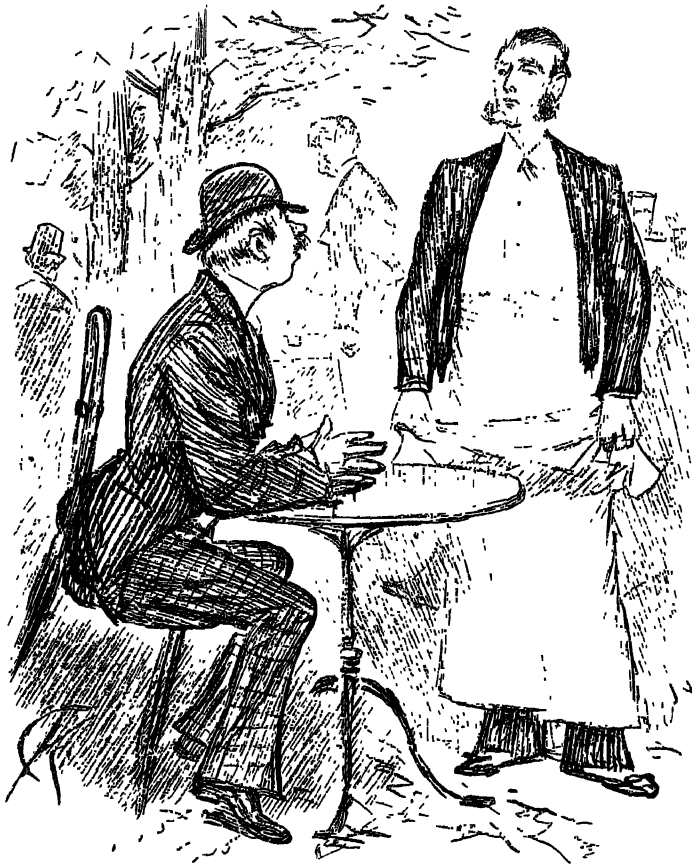
'ARRY IN PARRY.

DEAR CHARLIE,—You'll twig by the paper this comes from a Parry hotel; It's the great "Continongtal," my pippin, the pick of the proper and swell. I'm a doin' my Parry on prance, I can tell yer, dear boy, and no kid; And an English *Milord* on the scoop can't be equalled at blueing a quid.

Oh them spondulicks, CHARLIE, old pal, 'ow they 'andicaps dashers like hus! Still I've spread myself out pooty sparkling, dear boy, and it might 'ave bin wus.

There's a party I knew lives in Parry, got pieces, and well in the swim, And this pal's put me up to a lot I should never 've seen but for him.

This 'ere *Grand Expersition*, dear boy, is a town in itself, and no kid. If you'd wandered about it for hours on the 'unt for a friend, as I did, You'd have thought 'twas as big as all Brompton, with Battersea Park, say, chucked in, To do the thing proper all round would want weeks and a hatfull of tin.



There's miles of it, CHARLIE, I tell ye. It covers the big *Chump der Ma*, And stretches hout like a large *Hootopus* 'eaven alone knows 'ow far. I quite lost the run of it, swelp me, found Guide Books and Plans little use, And the paths was that endless and gritty I wore out my best pair o' shoes.

Bazaar bizness, lots on it? Yus; but there's larks in them bloomin' bazaars, Some sights as would knock a mere juggins, and make even 'ARRY see stars. Arab dancers, dear boy, dark-eyed donas in shawl-patterned togs on the twirl. One on 'em a fair champion wriggler; I got reglar mashed on that girl.

Not our form of the mazy, my lad; she teetotummed about on her toes, Whilst her mates drummed and scraped like JEMMER. 'Twas one of the rummiest shows

A gal with her body all hinges aint my style of partner, exact, But if dancing means wild wiggle-waggle, she did take the cake, that's a fact.

The East must be 'ot and no horror! but podgy young minxes arf drest, A-wobbling their 'ips to wild music seems nuts to the swells of the West. Whether Tunis or Egypt perdooced 'em their ways was not pooty or nice, And for beauty a ice-gal from Peckham would lick 'em two times out of twice.

Then the Tower, dear boy! Ah, that Tower! I guess I've the gift o' the gab But this 'ere is a case where description falls flat as a sole on a slab. It's a blooming sky-scraper Topper; JACK's Beanstalk in iron! Oh my! Good old Babel may take a back seat, for the Eiffel is boss of the sky.

Just fancy a big iron tortoise a-straddle in Trafalgar Square, With a lighthouse of girders and rivets about arf a mile in the air

Aperch on its back; all Bank Holiday chucked into lifts and let loose, To grub, swarm, and cackle, all over it! Fancy—but lor, wot's the use?

Fancy chucks up the biz as too big for her. Paris jest now is the Tower.

The *Chump* may be like a bazaar, and the *Bor der Boolong* like a bower, But to eat, drink, and smoke, on the Eiffel, and brag of the "stages" you've done, Is the treat of the whole blooming Show, and the pick of the whole blooming fun.

To grub arf a mile in the air on a balcony 'ung in blue space, With mankind like black beetles below, and the clouds nearly flicking yer face, Gives yer storberries quite a fresh flavour, and lends a new charm to yer smoke. From the top of the Eiffel, old pal, all the world looks a jolly good joke.

When you go to a Show, my dear boy, and must travel about it by rail.

And take trips—say, from Tunis to Java, a cove's parts of speech seem to fail.

If I piled it on thick for a ream, I should still 'ave a lot left to pile,

So we'll jest leave new Babel a bit, and trot back to the city awhile.

I've done all the *Caffys* in turn, mate, and as to the tipples—well, there!

'Ardly know 'ow I worked through 'em, CHARLIE, and managed to keep on my hair.

Nasty syruppy mucks, many on 'em; the waiters are slippy and neat,

But I couldn't, somehow, make 'em see as they mixed all my lotions too sweet.

Here, Gassong! sez I—"Vla, Mossou!"—Now, regarday, sez I, "mong onfong,"

Donnay mor ung—er—squash—par trow doo, ler—er— last was like treacle gone wrong.

Didn't twig, but fell back upon "*Commong*?" the Frenchified form of our "Wot?"

I fell back on a "*Bock*," sort o' beer as is prime when it isn't too 'ot.

In fact, mate, I *Bocked* it tremenjus, for wosn't it sultry? Ah, just!

And the fust thing I picked up in Parry, dear boy, wos a thunderin' thust!

I 'ad Bocks on the Bullyvards, Bocks on the Tower, at all the rum shows,

In fact, CHARLIE, "*Hangcore ung Bock*!" wos my motter from starting to close.

Wot I like about Parry, dear boy, is the general *al frisky* all round.

(*Al frisky* means out in the open) wherever you sit there's a sound

Of feet and *flakers* (that's cabs), rustling leaves, chinking glasses, and song,

And I must say the slapuppest lark is to sup at a *Caffy Chantong*.

Our "*Healtheries*" game wasn't in it with—say the "*Ambassadors*." Ah!

Fancy pouching your prog on a terrace, with crack Comic Singers *lah-bah*;

Green leaves, pooty women, gay mashers. *Tum-tam! Patata!! Patapouf!!!*

Great Scott! I could go it for hages, if only I'd more of the oof.

Then the *Caffy American*, CHARLIE! My eye and a bandbox, dear boy,

Talk of Lumps of Delight! It's all dazzle and yum-yum, a place to enjoy;

The *crame der lar crame* of the rosy and rorty, mate. Thanks to my friend,

I 'ad wot is ere called the *ongtray*; and him and me went it, no end.

Swell furniture, CHARLIE, soft swabs, and the air full of frolic and fizz; [well up to their biz.]

Sleek waiters with regular-bilk footfalls, but snide, and Like a helegant droring-room party, but rollicking, yus,

and song june, [tubs of champagne, Which means free-and-easy, my pippin, swell dresses, and

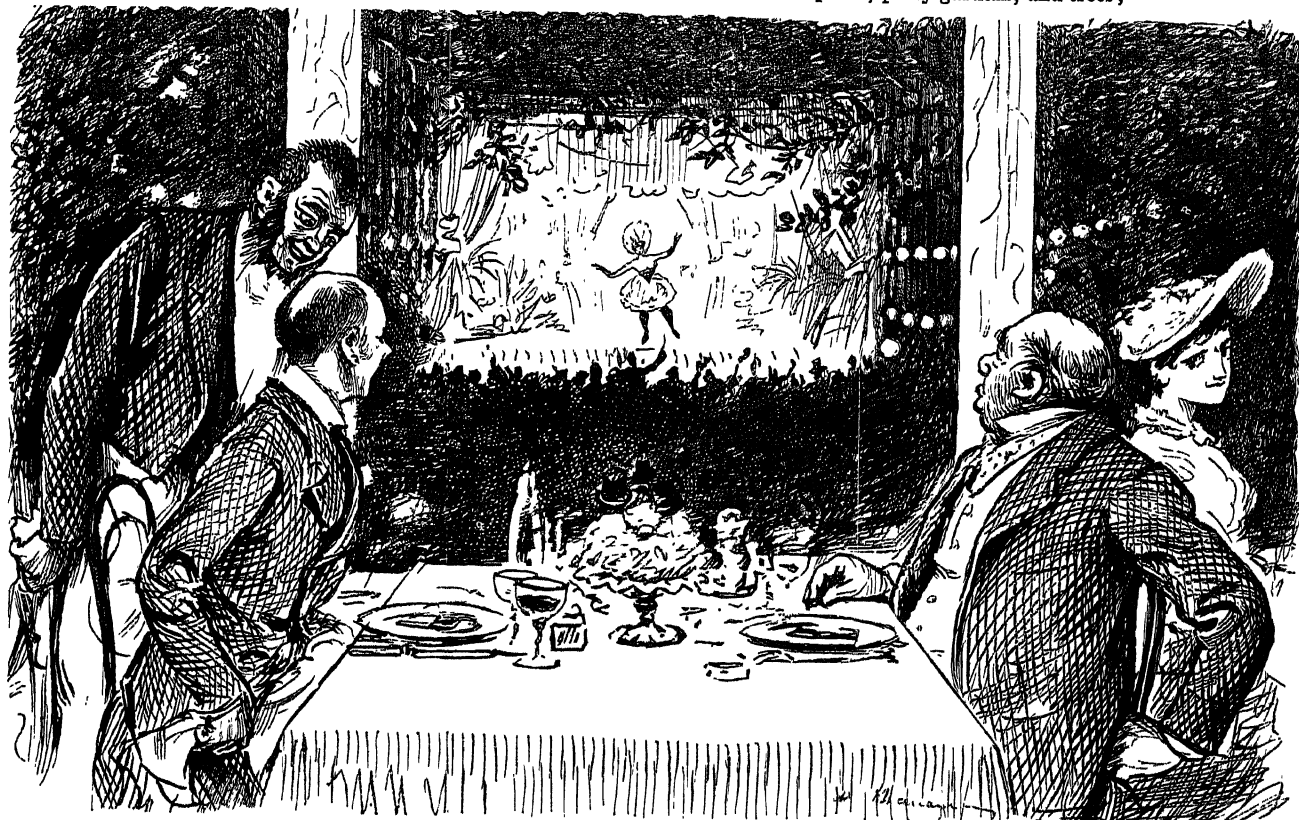
I wasn't quite fly to the patter, not always, French chaff may be prime,
But it flew a bit over my 'ed, and I felt in a fog arf the time.
Still, when one of the ladies, a sparkler, got quoting "Two Lovely Black Eyes,"
Wy, it put me at 'ome in a jiff, though I answered, "O, wot a Surprise!"

At night-time they squat at round tables of marble, mate, under green trees,
The Frenchies, men, women, and young 'uns, in parties of twos or of threes.
Buz-wuz goes the Bullyvard bustle, click-clack go the *Voytures*, and loud
Above leaf-rustle, glass-chink and chat sounds the tramp of the orderly crowd.

Spicy cards, snapping cigarette-cases, rum himages, all sold as free
As shirt-studs or sticks in Cheapside! There ain't no bloomin' fiddlededee
Of mealy mock-modesty, CHARLIE, about the dashed Froggies, that's flat,
As their funny *affichees* or posters will prove. But no more about that.

It's the whole world packed into a field, spreadin' out by
the side of the Seine,
A Babel of talk, with the Tower chucked in, travelled
over by train,
Full of palaces, parks, and pavilions, bazaars, buffets,
brasseries—Lor!
When I foxed the whole thing from the Eiffel, it struck
even 'ARRY with hor.

The people swarm in in their 'underds of thousands, and
yet there's no squeeze,
'Cos the place seems like all out-of-doors, with its
parks, pooty gardens, and trees;



L'EMBARRAS DES RICHESSES. AT THE CAFÉ DES AMBASSADEURS.

The Garsong (to Jones and Brown, from Clapham). "BUT YOUR DINNER, GENTLEMANS! HE GO TO MAKE 'IMSELF COLD, IF YOU EAT 'IM NOT!"

The Bullywards do me a treat, mate, and so they do BILLY BOLAIR.
You know BILLY; an old pal o'mine. Well, I tell yer, old man, I did stare
Wen a-settin one night in a Caffy a-doing my smoke and my wet,
I lifted my lamps and saw BILLY. We did a good chi-ike, you bet!

"Watcher, BILLY, old buster!" says I, "you in Parry, like all the *herleet*?
"Yus," sez BILLY, "*jee swee ay jee rest*," for a fortnit. This is a rum meet.
Wot's yer pison, old pal?" I was on; and the way we two spread ourselves
out,

And went in for more Bocks and loud barnies, estonished the Gassongs, no doubt.
Our true English manner of greeting, a dig in the ribs and a 'owl,
Seemed to kibosh the Frenchmen completely, and some on 'em did a fair scowl.
"Yah!" sez BILLY to me, *sotter vochy*,—though some seemed to twig; they're
dashed quick— [sick]

"Their hail when they meet is a smack on each cheek, 'ARRY." Mad me quite
Me and BILLY made quite a sensation along of our style and our togs,
They can't do the heasy *daygajay* in check suits and rounders, them Frogs.
And my strot and striped flannels fair flummoxed 'em. Scissors! our style made
em stare

More than all the Moors, Arabs and Chinamen found in that rum *Roo der Caire*.
BILL and me did that quarter completely. Rode races in queer Chinese cars
Drawn by lemon-skinned Johnnies in 'ats like hextinguishers. Made 'em see
stars,

We did, at the caffays and sing-songs, a *gammon der Parry*'s all there.
But when 'ARRY is well on the swivel he makes Cairo donkey-boys stare.

They are nice cups of tea, and no horror, fair cautions for patter and cheek.
Then—but, there, I can't tell yer a tenth of the larks if I yarn for a week.
It's a reglar fust-class fair eye-opener; a Big Thing, dear boy, and no kid.
I can't patter or picture it out, and you couldn't catch on if I did.

Domes here, towers yonder, big *sals*, monstrous galleries
theatres—yus
And enough grubbing places chucked in, mate, to feed
'arf a town without fuss.

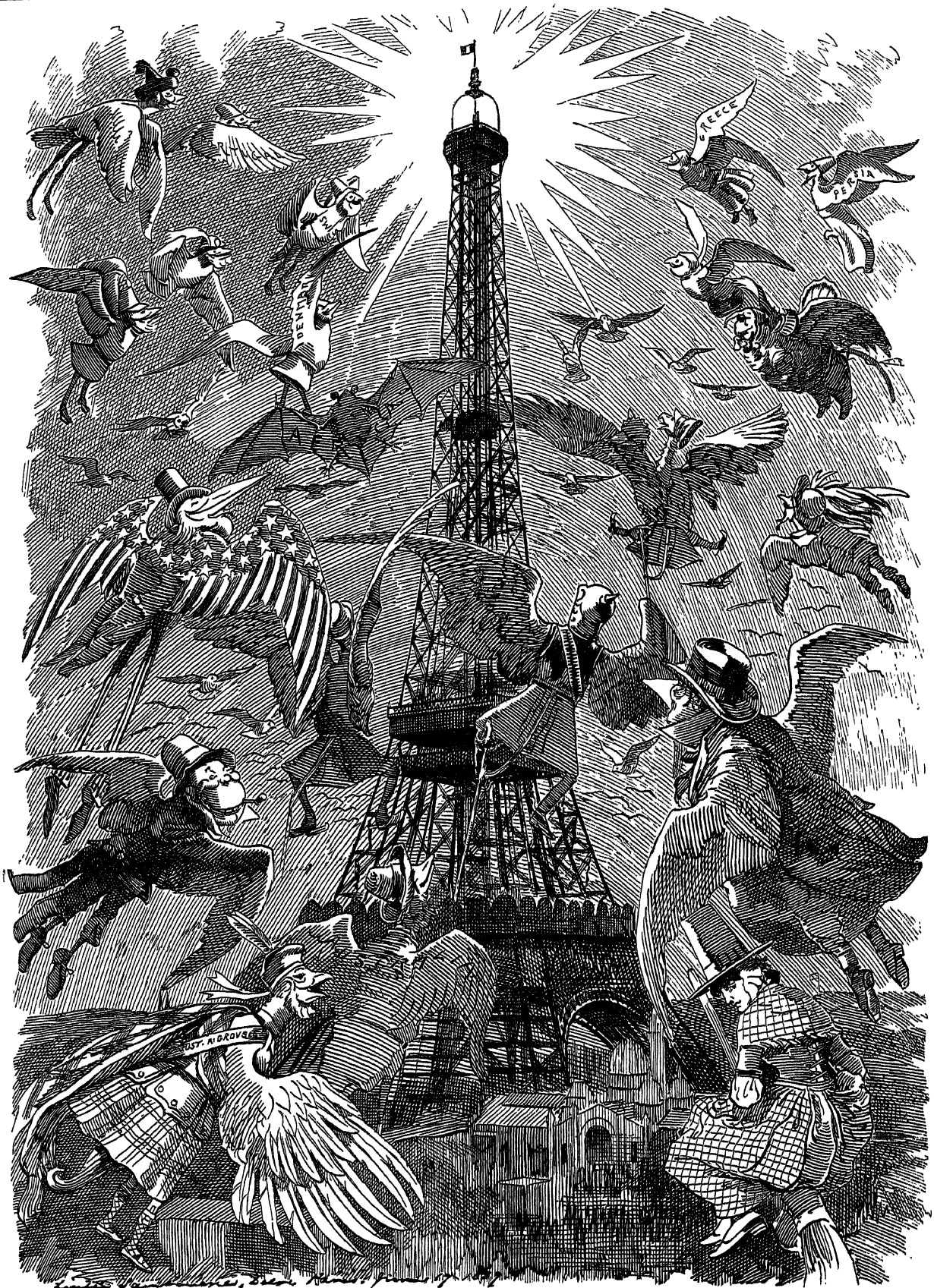
If you get tired of padding the hoof, there are *fotooey*
roolongs all round,
Like big pramberlators, dear boy, which blowed coves
shove along without sound.

I didn't quite cotton fust off, for I felt like a kid with
his nuss,
But when you've bin hours on the trot you will find you
might easy do wus.

I return, mate, tomorrer—wus luck! There's enough to
fill up all next week,
France has taken the bun with this Show, and her Tower
is somethink uneek.

I may drop yer a line or two more, when I'm back, about
wonderful Parry,
But no more at present, dear boy, *except Vive lah bell*
France! from Yours, 'ARRY.

RAPID ACTS.—Very rare are the instances of trans-
lating English pieces into French. Last week, how-
ever, a well-known English Dramatist was observed
busily engaged in this operation. In less than three
minutes he had transformed five English pieces into six
French ones!! This took place at the *Caisse* of the Grand
Hotel.



"GREAT ATTRACTION."—BIRDS OF ALL NATIONS FLYING TO LA TOUR EIFFEL.



1889.

FROM CALAIS TO PARIS. QUITE FIRST-CLASS.

"WHAT, GO YOU TOWARD THE TOWER?"

King Richard the Third, Act. III. Sc. 2.

THE Pharos of Egypt, the world's Seventh Wonder,
(If poets feign not and historians don't blunder)

Must take a back seat amongst marvels quite minor,
Since France pitted stable strong fact against fable,
And beat at a bound all the rivals of Babel,

Where men do not swarm up in lifts, smoke or dine, or
Crowd on to and into. That old liar, PINTO,
His credulous hearer would hardly dare hint to

Of such an imposing, colossal, Titanic,
Earth-striding, sky-climbing, huge mountain metallic,
Which schemed in the epoch of structures termed phallic

As something Satanic had raised a world-panic.
Lutetia's long-spined, wide-straddling, young giant
Though huge, to the canons of beauty is pliant,

What marvel it acts like a world-lighting beacon
And draws to its flare all the earth's birds of passage?
Curiosity draws both in clever and crass age,

Its hold on mankind wit and wisdom wont weaken.
See, see how they muster, and crush, crowd, and cluster!
With what wild wing-flappings, what bluster and fluster,

These birds which can scarcely be called "of a feather,"
So varied their plumage; but yet with wild rumpus
From every conceivable point of the compass,

With far flight convergent, they're flocking together,
With twitter and squeal, and with crow and with cackle,
With all shapes and colours of pinion and hackle,

Cocks, eagles, and owls, birds of paradise, pigeons,
Great condors and ospreys, and gulls, quite a lot of 'em,
Some vultures (he'd help the great world who'd get shot of 'em),

And bantams, and boobies, and wild-ducks and widgeons,
All species of creature that flutters on wings there,
The harpy that preys, and the warbler that sings there,

Come, drawn like the gulls to a lighthouse, with power.
And *Punch* owns that there is attraction, for Paris
Has managed to blend Vulcan swart with sweet Charis
For once in her Titan-like world-witching Tower.

VOCES POPULI.

AT A PARISIAN CAFÉ CHANTANT.

SCENE—An open-air restaurant in the Champs-Élysées; the seats in the enclosure are rapidly filling; the diners in the gallery at the back have passed the salad stage, and are now free to take a more or less torpid interest in the Entertainment below. Enter Two Britons, who make their way to a couple of vacant chairs close to the orchestra.

First Briton. "Entrée libre," you see; nothing to pay! Cheaper than your precious Exhibition, eh? [Chuckles knowingly.]

Second Briton (who would rather have stayed at the Exhibition, but doesn't like to say so.) Don't quite see how they expect the thing to pay if they don't charge anything, though.

First B. Oh, they make their profit out of the dinners up in the gallery there.

Second B. (appreciating the justice of this arrangement, having dined with his companion elsewhere.) Well, that's fair enough.

[Feels an increased respect for the Entertainment.]

First B. Must get their money back somehow, you know. Capital seats for hearing, these. Now, we'll just take a cup of coffee, and a quiet cigar, while we listen to the singing—you'll enjoy this, I know!

[With the air of a man who knows the whole thing by heart; the Waiter brings two tumblers of black coffee, for which he demands the sum of six francs; lively indignation of the Two Britons, who denounce the charge as a swindle, and take some time to recover sufficient equanimity to attend to what is going on on the Stage.]

Female Artiste (sings refrain)—

"Pour notre Exposition,
Il faut nous faire imposition!" &c., &c.

Second B. (who not being at home in the language, rather resents his companion's laughter.) What's that she's saying?

First B. (who laughed because he knew there was a joke about the Exhibition.) Eh?—oh! I'll tell you afterwards.

[Hopes his friend will have forgotten all about it by that time.]
Second B. (pertinaciously, as the Singer kisses her hand, and rushes precipitately off stage.) Well, what was all that about?

MR. PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.

First B. (who, upon reflection, finds that he hasn't the faintest idea). Oh, nothing very much—more the manner, you know, than anything else—it's the men who have all the really funny songs.

[A Male Artiste appears, bowing and kicking up his left leg behind: the First Briton bends forward with an anxious frown, determined to let nothing escape him this time. Fortunately, as M. CHARLEMAGNE, the Comic Singer, possesses a powerful voice, the First Briton is able to follow most of the words, from which, although they reach his ear in a somewhat perverted form, he contrives to extract intense amusement. This is how the Chanson reaches him.]

*Soul boulevard silent
vous arrête:
Quand monde a tout
départ d'amas,*

*[He can't quite make
out this last word.]*

*Repondez vite—
[Something he doesn't
catch.]*

*Le fou l'eau sitôt vous
crie "un rat!"*

*[Here he whispers to
his friend that
"That last line
was rather neat."]*

*Refrain (to which M.
CHARLEMAGNE
dances a gavotte
with his hat thrust
into the small of his
back).*

*Il n'a pas départ
Dinard.*

*[This makes the First
Briton—who once
spent a week at Di-
nard—laugh immoderately.]*

*Ne Pa, ne Ma!
C'était pas tant, mais sais comm ça—
Il n'a pas départ Dinard,
Il non a pas certain-y-mal là!*

First Briton (to Second Ditto). Very funny, isn't he?

Second B. (who—less fortunate than his friend—has not caught a single word). Um—can't say I see much in it myself.

First B. (compassionately). Can't you? Oh, you'll get into the way of it presently.

Second B. But what's the joke of all that about "Pa"?

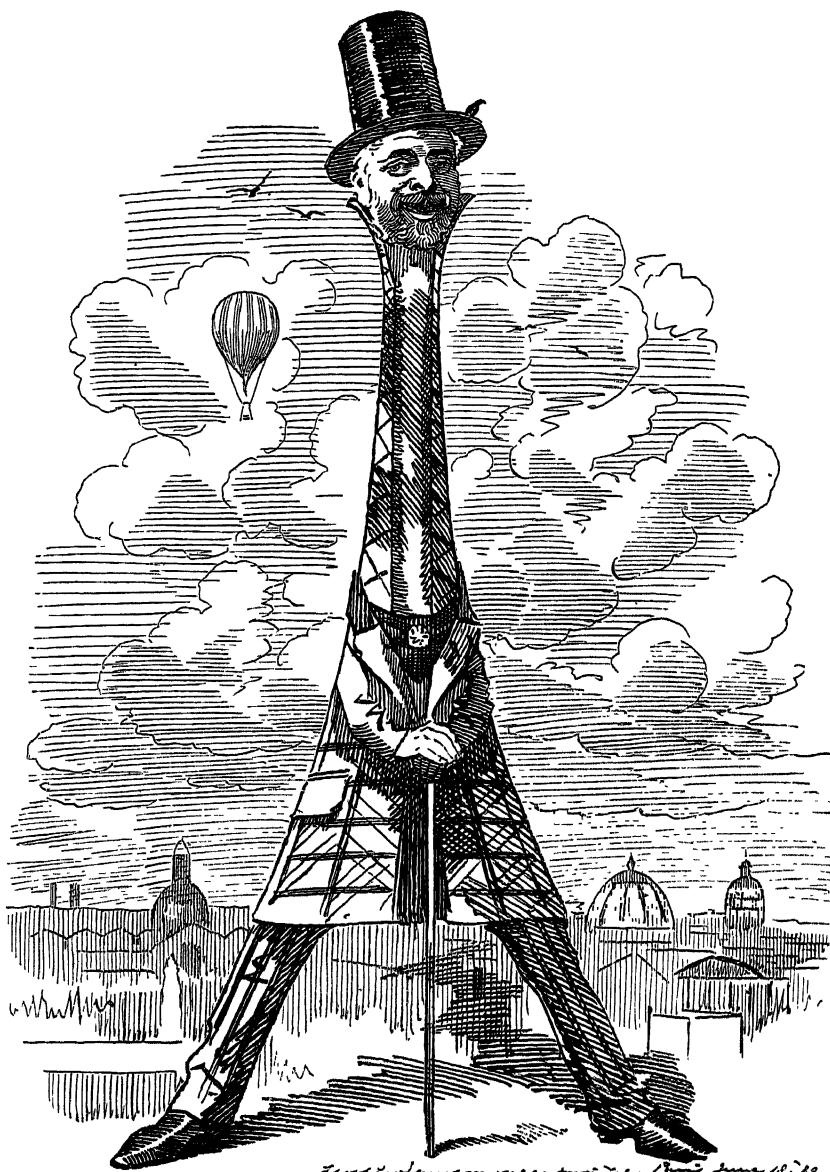
First B. (who has been honestly under the impression that he did see a point somewhere). Why, he says he's an orphan—hasn't any Pa nor Ma.

Second B. (captiously). Well, there's nothing so very funny in that!

First B. (giving up the point on consideration, as M. CHARLEMAGNE skips off). Oh, it's all nonsense, of course; these fellows only come on to fill up the time till PÔLUSSE sings (feels rather proud of having caught the right pronunciation). PÔLUSSE is the only one really worth listening to.

Second B. (watching two Niggers in a Knockabout Entertainment). I can follow these chaps better.

[Complacently.]



Ready & Co. Painters & Decorators. Paris June 18. 89

M. EIFFEL.

"OUR ARTIST'S LATEST TOUR DE FORCE."

One of the Niggers to the other. "Ha—GEORGE WASHINGTON, Sar! I'll warn you fur dat ar conduct!"

First B. (in a superior manner). Oh, yes; you soon get into the accent.

[Later—M. CHARLEMAGNE has re-appeared, and sung a song about changing his apartments, with spoken passages of a pronouncedly Parisian character.]

First B. (who little suspects what he has been roaring with laughter at). That fellow really is amusing. I must take NELLIE to hear him some night before we go back.

Second B. (dubiously). But aren't some of the songs—for a girl of her age—eh?

First B. My dear fellow, not a bit! I give you my word I haven't heard a single line yet that was in the least offensive—not a single line! Anybody might go! Look here—it's PÔLUSSE next; now you listen—he'll make you laugh!

[The great M. PAULUS appears and sings several "Chansons" in a confidentially lugubrious tone, and with his forefingers thrust into his waistcoat pockets. Curiously enough, our First Briton is less successful in following M. PAULUS, than he was with the Artistes who preceded him—but this is entirely owing to the big drum and cymbals, which will keep coming in and putting him out—something in this manner:—

*M. Paulus. Et quand j'rent', ce n'est pour rien—
Ma belle me dit; "mon pauv' bonhomme,
Tu n'a pas l'air de"—(The cymbals: brim-brin-brien!)
Ell' m' flangu' des giff's—(The drum: pom-pom-pom-pom!)*

Refrain (which both Britons understood).

"Sur le bi—sur le bô; sur le bô, de bi, de bô.

Sur le bô—sur le bi; sur le bi, de bô, de bi!" &c., &c., &c.

First Briton (after twenty minutes of this sort of thing). That's the end, I suppose. They've let down the curtain. Capital, wasn't he? I could listen to him all night!

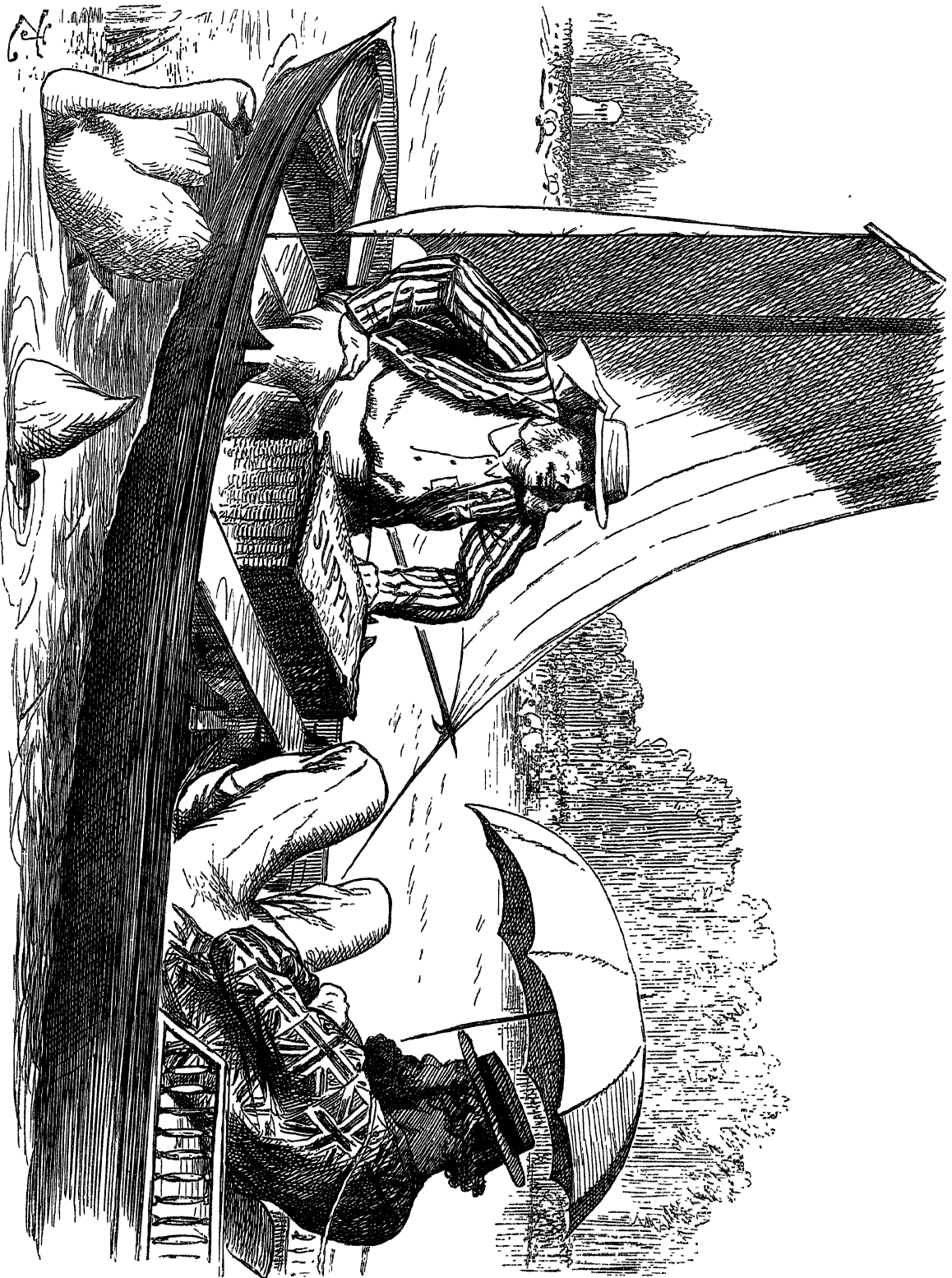
Second B. (as they pass out). So could I—delightful! Don't know when I've enjoyed anything so much. The other people don't seem to be moving, though. (Consults programme.) There's another Part after this. PAULUS is singing again. I suppose you'll stay?

First B. Well—it's rather late, isn't it?

Second B. (much relieved). Yes. Not worth while going back now (with a yawn). We must come here again.

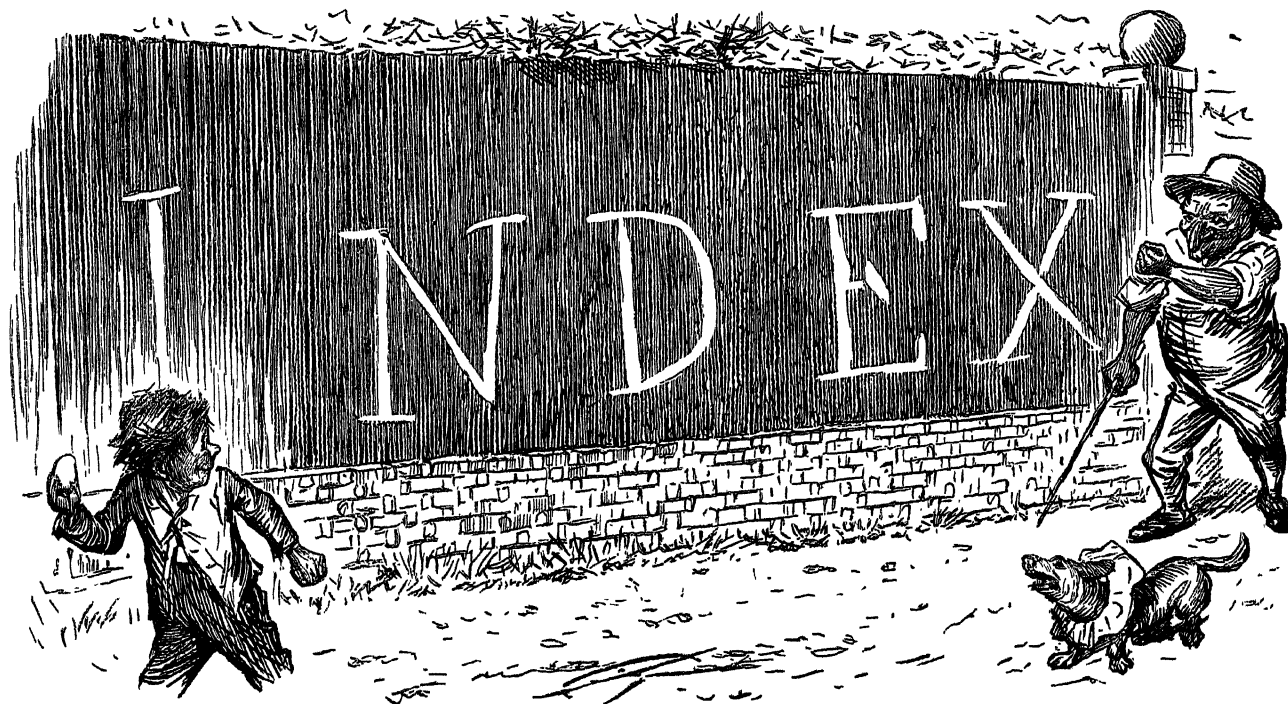
First B. (making a mental resolution to return no more). Oh, we must; nothing like it on our side of the Channel, y' know.

Second B. (with secret gratitude). No, we can't do it. (Walk back to their hotel in a state of great mental exhaustion, and finish the evening with a bock on the Boulevards.)



TAKING IT EASY. HENLEY, 1889.

SALISBURY. "A FAIR WIND, A FLOWING STREAM, A FULL HAMPER, AND NOTHING IN THE WAY—THAT I CAN SEE. JOILY—AIN'T IT!"



ADDENDA Paper for the L. C. C., 49
 Aldermanic Diary (A), 51
 All-a-Blowing! 285
 All in Play, 88, 113
 All Round my Hat, 17
 Anglers to the Front! 4
 Another Staggerer for Robert, 52
 Answers to Correspondents, 30, 39, 51, &c.
 A-Ranting we will Go, 193
 "Arcades Ambo—Blackguards both," 194
 Aries and Taurus, 202
 "Arming the Knight," 286
 'Arry in Parry, 320
 'Arry on Chivalry, 177
 'Arry on the Ice, 85
 Art and Letters, 169, 183
 Attention! 17
 At the Academy Banquet, 217
 At the Lyceum, 39
 Back Again, 145
 Ballad of Betrothal (A), 57
 Ballad of Salad (A), 287
 Ballads of To-day, 84, 101
 Beasts, the Birds, and the Bat, 171
 Belgravia v. Bohemia, 119
 Bethnal Green Grievance (A), 215
 Better bad Gamblers, 70
 Between the Cup and the Lip, 250
 Bewildered Butler (The), 150
 Big Guns and Little Ones, 85
 Bizzy-Bodles of Berlin (The), 23
 Blissful Ignorance, 307
 Bloom of London (County) Pride (The), 40
 Blow it, Boreas, blow it! 114
 Bo-peep in the Peers, 112
 Bravo, Potter! 261
 Bricks and Mortarification, 244
 British Volunteers (The), 70
 Brother Jonathan's Brotherhood, 54
 Burglary Talk, 46
 Bungle Song (The), 37
 "Bus"-ing on the Cheap, 107
 Butt and Butter, 66
 CASTLE in Spain at West Kensington (A), 285
 Chant of the Chancellor (The), 201
 Check to the King, 75
 Chess So! 93
 Children's Fancy Dress Ball at the Man-
 shun House (The), 221
 Christmas on View in 1888, 9
 Coming County Councillors, 248
 Concerning a recent Engineering Feat, 188
 Consolation, 202
 County-Councillor, 161, 172, 282, &c.
 County-Council Dream (A), 58
 (County Council) Paradise and the (Libe-
 ral) Peri (The), 265
 Crop v. Crop, 136
 DAY-DREAM, or Nightmare? 185
 Diary of a Nobody (The), 24, 41, 60, &c.
 Difficulty Solved (A), 262
 Dignitary on Dancing (A), 57
 Dog's Tale (A), 129
 Down on the Fog Demon, 299

Down South, 94
 Drama in America (The), 39
 "Dream of Fair Women" (A), 204
 Dreams for the New Year, 5
 Drill and Drollery, 13
 Drinking, 191
 Druriolanus Triumphans, 5
 Due South, 107, 112, 124, &c.
 "Dust ho!" 125
 "Dux Femina Facti," 145
 Easter Holiday (An), 186
 Echoes of the Street, 141
 Electrifying! 169
 Elephant and the Eel (The), 146
 Empress's Massager (An), 250
 "En Bon Prince," 269
 English Society as She is Seen, 24
 Epicure's Expostulation (An), 39
 Epigrammatic, 265
 Essence of Parliament, 95, 108, 110, &c.
 "Evening Out" (An), 17
 Exhibition Match (An), 206
 Extracts from Lambeth Letter-Book, 40
 Extremes Meet, 203
 Fact or Fancy? 155
 Fair Comment, 186
 Father Damien, 241
 Fat of the Land (The), 147
 First-rate, 285
 First Witness (The) 198
 "Flourish of Trumpets!" (A), 90
 Flowers vice Feathers, 222
 "Follow the Flag!" 18
 Football à la Mode, 191
 Foreign to Our Habits, 250
 Free—but not Easy, 183
 French and German Romanticists, 185
 French Art with Sauce Hollandaise, 165
 Froude's Novel, 204
 Full and Complete Guide to the Ex-
 position (A), 317
 Giving them their Characters, 72
 Gleanings from Galleries, 173
 Glorious Spin after a July Rabbit (A), 73
 "Good-bye, Sweetheart, Good-bye!" 63
 Good News for Ghosts, 46
 Good Resolutions for 1889, 2
 Good Shilling's-worth (A), 48
 Good Wood! 129
 Goose and Gander, 80
 Graceful Farewell (A), 86
 Grand Old "Mandolinist" (The), 21
 Grand Tour à la Mode (The), 194
 Grand Transformation Scene, 30
 "HANDS All Round!" 156
 Happy Thought, 284
 "Hands Off!" 62
 Hard Training, 87
 Hardy Suckers, 45
 Harmless Necessary Cat (The), 285
 Harmonious Proceedings, 59
 Hazy Judgment (A), 198
 Hazard of the Dye (The), 189
 Headquarters of Journalism (The), 159
 Help for Yelpers, 70

Hercules Furens, 74
 Hint from Cloudland (A), 75
 His First Appearance, 6
 H.M.S. "Calliope," 205
 Holes and Cornerers, 297
 Home Rule—and After? 216
 Hook and Line, 307
 Horrors of Eviction (The), 21
 How London was Defended, 41
 How the Poor Live, 33
 Hymen Hymenae! 248
 IMPERIAL Defence, 219
 Important European Questions, 177
 Impromptu Armament (The), 96
 "In a Pickwickian Sense," 147
 Infant Roscii, 245
 In Globo, 221
 In Memoriam—John Bright, 162
 In Memoriam Rose, 222
 In Memoriam to the Board of Works, 149
 Insurance and Irony, 260
 In their Easter Eggs, 203
 In the Name of the Profit—Posters! 197
 In the "Sunny South," 96
 "Is Chivalry Possible?" 129
 Is it Peace? 18
 JOKER'S Diary, 267
 KING Coal's Defence, 156
 LADIES and Logic, 284
 Lady Macbeth Puzzle (The), 6
 La France's Lament, 98
 Lambs at the Lyceum, 33
 Last of Them (The), 69
 Latest Thibet (The), 49
 La Vie à la Rose, 274
 Law Courtesy, 201
 Lay of the Lady Canvasser (The), 141
 "Le Cricquette," 282
 "Le Foote-balle," 308
 "Let me like a Soldier fall!" 219
 Letter Perfect, 287
 Light and Frivolous, 161
 Limits of Taxation (The), 256
 Lines Suggested by an Elector, 72
 Literal Lyrics, 48
 Literary Ladies' Dinner (The), 290
 Little Flirt's Letter (The), 112
 Little Rosebery's Song, 26
 Looser's Avowal (A), 67
 London County Councils! 78
 Lord Duffering at the Manshun House, 294
 Lowering the Standard, 22
 MAMMONTRE Thrift! 86
 Marius-Shaw amidst the Ruins of Lon-
 don, 14
 Meathropolitan Improvements, 189
 Mens. for a County Councillor, 18
 Mens. for the New Year, 3
 Middle-Aged Masters at the Grosvenor, 48
 Moan of the Monstrosity (The), 12
 Moans at a Matinée, 106
 Modern Pursuit of Pleasure (The), 298
 Modest Maharajah (A), 184
 "Modus Operandi," 249, 261, 270, &c.
 More Disclaimers, 148

Most Appropriate, 248
 Mr. Boulanger as "General Buonaparte," 66
 Mr. Midshipman Un-Easy, 188
 Mr. Punch in Paris, 314
 Mr. Punch's Model Music-Hall Songs, 140, 181, 208, &c.
 Mr. Punch's Private View of the Royal Academy, 223
 Mudford, Awake! 38
 Musical Note of Admiration, 173
 Music of the Future, 14
 Mysterious Pipe (The), 177
 Mystery (A), 160
 NAOS' Tale (The), 89
 Naples Journal-ist (A), 4
 Naturally, 63
 Naval Intelligence—up to Date, 290
 (Nearly) Perfect Englishman (The), 72
 Neck or Nothing, 84
 Neglected Foundling (The), 298
 Nemesis, 123
 New Art Burt. (The), 281
 New English Art Club (The), 184
 New Work on an Old Subject, 238
 New Year's Resolutions, 1
 "No Love Lost!" 149
 Nomenclature, 191
 Notes on the Play, 145
 Not Quite Write, 77
 Not Sweet on It, 234
 Now and Then, 113
 "Now, Sir!" 135
 Ode to Four o'Clock! 248
 Ode of the Olive-Branch (The), 246
 Official Exercise (A), 165
 On a Current Controversy, 107
 On a Statesman's Voice, 33
 On Commission, 100, 109, 121, &c.
 Original Stock, 183
 Osprey and the Eagles (The), 122
 Our Advertisers, 29
 Our Agitant-General's Diary, 255
 Our Booking-Office, 12, 22, 25, &c.
 Our In-Subordinates, 232
 Our Own Hare, 200
 Our Special Musical Critic, 244
 Our Untired Spokesman, 30
 Outside the Globe, 267
 Overture (The), 221
 PACIFIC Lay (A), 303
 Painter-Etchers in Pall-Mall, 129
 Parks Nabiscum, 248
 Picturing the "Palladium," 102
 Paternoster Loquitor, 61
 Patriotism à la Mode, 294
 Pharisee's Sunday (The), 174
 Phelps's Farewell, 59
 Philosophic Reflection for Impatient Patriots (A), 184
 "Fenny for your Thoughts" (A), 137
 Persian Puzzles, 307
 Personal Answer (A), 81
 Per-Varisty, 284
 Petites Bouchées de Bushey, 269

Pickwick Symphony (The), 76
 Pieces with Honours, 249, 260
 Pigeons and Crows, 82
 Play-time, 28, 40, 64, &c.
 Politics for School-girls, 87
 "Polydore, hark!" 210
 "Poor Little Bill!" 250
 Posterity on the Pipes, 204
 President's Message in a Nutshell (The), 129
 Fro and Con., 183
 Promotion and Speculation, 238
 Prospect and Retrospect, 201
 Prospect of Peace (A), 86
 Protest (A), 13
 Fuck among the Pictures, 293
 Fuffs by the Trade Winds, 259
 Purely Personal—an Evening Out, 259
 Q. E. D., 17
 Questionable Questions, 60
 Question for the New Year (A), 10
 RATHER Childish! 57
 Rational Dress Movement, 243
 Reads, 111
 Regina ad Etonam, 243
 Re—The Table and Bench Question, 297
 Revolvers and Robbers, 60
 Richard himself again, 157
 Robert on Rates, 260
 Robert on the County Council, 84
 Robert on the Derby, 281
 Robert's Bold Experiment, 77
 Robert with the County Councillors, 89
 Royal Society of Painters in Water-
 Colours (The), 216
 Rule, Britannia! 141
 Rule of the Ring (The), 108
 Rule of the Rod (The), 29
 Rumination (A), 193
 Running Account with the French (A), 131
 SANDY takes the Floor, 258
 Service for Veterans, 59
 S. G. O., 285
 Shah's Holiday (The), 302
 Shakespeare in Town, 15
 Shakspearian, 265
 Shoulder to Shoulder, and Heart to Art, 168
 Signs of the "Times" and "Standard," 207
 "Sizing," 271
 Slow—but not Sure, 42
 Solatium, 259
 Somebody's Letter-Bag, 218
 Some Candid Candidates, 27
 Song after Lamplight (A), 177
 Song before Sunrise (A), 147
 Song of Street Barriers (A), 131
 Song of the Black Sheep, 150
 Song of the New Ships (A), 133
 Spirit of Speculation (The), 50
 Sporting Intelligence, 84, 157
 "Spring's Delights," 144
 "Squeeze of 86" (The), 161
 Staggered Stipendiary (The), 253
 Steaming at High Pressure, 258
 "Still Waters run Deep," 47
 Stories of the Past, 49
 Stories of the Weird and the Wonderful, 87
 Suburban Love-Song, 241
 "Sugar!" 222
 Suggestion for the Foggy Weather, 29
 Suggestions to an Editor, 11
 Superstition at St. Stephen's, 193
 Supply and Demand, 27
 TAKEN to Pieces, 6
 Tales of a Traveller, 205
 Telephonic Talk, 198
 "That Lovely Night in June!" 271
 Theme with Variations, 1
 There and Back, 195
 Those Happy Japs! 94
 Thoughts, 12
 Thoughts in a Garden, 213
 Tips to the Two Sides, 125
 Tip to Termagants, 234
 To a Haggis, 182
 To a Male Scold, 21
 To a Thoughtful Lady, 5
 To Blatant Boanerges, 42
 To Calais and Back by Pen and
 Pencil, 285
 To Chloe, 87
 Tommy's Turk, 45
 To Mr. Phelps, 88
 To Our Addies! 157
 To the New American Minister, 259
 "To the West!" 284
 To whom it Concerns, 262
 Triumphal Car-man (The), 208
 Tropical Weather, 262
 Turbot's Diary (The), 25
 Two Centenaries, 219
 Two First Lion Comiques of the
 Season (The), 208
 Two Little (Mrs. John) Wooden
 Shoes, 10
 UNAPPRECIATED Genius (An), 253
 Uninvited Guest (The), 210
 Unfreed Canvas, 165
 Up! Up! 247
 Use of Mice in Politics (The), 131
 VALENTINE (A), 81

Very Civil Law, 93
 Very Early Spring, 99
 Very much on Guard, 63
 Very O. U. D.-acious! 114
 Very Shadowy Grievance (A), 52
 Vicar of —? (A), 131
 Vi et Armis, 187
 Voices Populi, 328
 "WAIT for the Waggon!" 257
 Waterloo, 101
 Weather Wail (A), 97
 Well-Earned Testimonial (A), 187
 "Westward Ho!" 290
 "What, go you toward the Tower?" 323
 What Mr. Punch's Moon Saw, 28, 40, 53, &c.
 What Next? 118
 What they're Doing with Him, 267
 What will they Do with Them? 217
 Where is Wonderland? 36
 Whitehall Cantata (A), 126
 Wig and Gown, 186
 "Won in a Canter!" 279
 YACHTING for the Frostrate, 84
 Yankee Notions, 307

LARGE ENGRAVINGS.

BEWILDERED Butler (The), 151
 Brother Jonathan's Brotherhood, 55
 Difficulty Solved (A), 263
 Easter Holiday (An), 187
 First Witness (The), 199
 "Flourish of Trumpets!" (A), 91
 Government Big Gun (The), 139
 "Grand Transformation!" (The), 31
 John Bright, 163
 Lasting Impressions, 813, 319
 London County Councils! or, "The
 Same Old Game!" 79
 Mr. Boulanger as "General Buona-
 parte," 67
 Nailed to the Mast! 127
 Neglected Foundling (The), 239
 Patching the "Palladium," 103
 Peace (?), 1889, 19
 Penance! 115
 "Poor Little Bill!" 251
 Shah's Holiday (The), 303
 Slow—but not Sure, 43
 "Sugar!" 227
 Sunday à la Pharisee, 175
 Taking It Easy, &c., 325
 Time's "Annual," 7
 Uninvited Guest (The), 211
 "Westward Ho!" or, His Little Holi-
 day, 291
 "Won in a Canter!" 276, 277

SMALL ENGRAVINGS.

AFRICAN Cigarettes for his Mother-in-
 law, 294
 Angelina's Cure for Sweating System, 162
 Archbishop Walsh's Olive Branch, 246
 Architect and the Squire (The), 59
 'Arry and the Garçon, 320
 Automatic Policeman (The), 308
 Balfour on his Battering-Ram, 103
 Base-Ball Playing, 150
 Beasts, the Birds, and the Bat (The), 170
 Bismarck Piping to the Reptile Press, 36
 Blind Man and Jones in a Fog, 10
 Boulanger Flying-Fish (The), 173
 Bowser's Employment on the Press, 99
 Britannia's Instructions to Vulcan, 234
 Captain Highway's Hunter, 45
 Cautious Hunting-Man and Ditch, 93
 Chairman after L. C. C. Meeting, 172
 Chaplin parts with "Protection," 63
 Christening Marks on Boy's Arm, 233
 Churchill and Chamberlain's Boxing-
 Match, 206
 City Man and Clerk Fishing, 179
 College Principal's English (A), 155
 Compliments in Court, 299
 Conservatives below the Gangway, 142
 Court-yard of the Grand Hotel, 316
 Davis's Inability to Blow the Organ, 61
 Declining to Stay to Dinner, 13
 Depressed Artist and Hopeful Wife, 222
 Dinner in Paris (The), 321
 Disappointed Hostess welcoming Bore, 6
 Disappointed Lady and State Bail List, 279
 Dismounting in a Ploughed Field, 213
 Doctor and Married Rustic Patient, 22
 Dog Fashions for 1889, 42
 Drawing-Room Boxing-Match (A), 238
 Drawing the Human Foot, 165
 Editor asks his Bride for a Kiss, 70
 Elephant and the El (The), 146
 Equestrian Contrasts, 57, 69
 Equestrian's Slipping Saddle (An), 241
 Ex-King Milan Personally Conducted, 194
 Fancy Fair in Westminster Hall, 266
 France and the Image-breakers, 98
 "Frightful Creatures"—Heraldry in Par-
 liament, 273
 Gladstone as a Neapolitan Mandolinist, 21
 G. O. M.'s Lesson at Monte Carlo, 101
 Grosvenor Gallery Gems, 242
 Guerilla Warfare in the House, 154
 Harmony in London Smut (A), 78
 Hercules Bismarck and Geffecken, 74
 Horse "Looks before he Leaps," 9
 Horse that is "Clever with Hounds," 105
 Hunting Lady at a Closed Gate, 81
 Impecunious Lodger's I. O. U. (An), 87
 Indignant Citizen's Increased Rates, 259
 Irish Butler and the Best Claret, 234
 Irishman's Sound Teeth (An), 153
 Jockey Club in Court (The), 306
 Jones and a Crowd of Duchesses, 90
 Jones and his Type-writer, 27
 Jones's Buck-jumping Horse in Park, 265
 Keeping a Vicarage, 210
 Ladies—Semi-detached Neighbours, 290
 Lady Elfil Tourist Guides, 205
 Lady Godiva and High Dresses, 73
 Latest Valse Dancing (The), 186
 Little Fireeater and the Horsewhip, 143
 Little Miss Parliament's Dream her
 Twelfth-Night Characters, 23
 Little Rosebery, the Crossing-Sweeper, 26
 Lizzie's Little Dining-Room, 75
 Lobby of the House (The), 230
 London's County-Council Dream, 58
 London County Council Meeting (A), 214
 Lord Mayor and Volunteer Equipment, 286
 Lover's Excuse not a Reason (A), 271
 Lushai Expedition (The), 65
 Macbeth at the Lyceum, 15
 "Macwhuskey" visits his English
 Friends, 114
 Madams France and Le Duc d'Aumale, 134
 Marius-Shaw amidst London's Ruins, 14
 Marvellous Dinner (A), 814
 Masher and the Ancient Chaperons, 126
 Mashers at Monte Carlo, 147
 Meeting of Parliamentary Gods, 95

Meeting of London County Council, 106
 Militia Officer and New Recruit, 131
 Ministerialists Listening to G. O. M., 118
 Miss Green and the Paxon's Sermons, 107
 Miss Letitia Cox on "Chivalry," 159
 Mister Beer and Lord Champagne, 201
 Mob watching Descending Parachute, 298
 Modern Youth and Modern Literature, 47
 Mr. F. who takes Plenty of Rest (An), 287
 Mr. Brown's Sisters have Bad Colds, 66
 Mr. Mansfield as Richard the Third, 177
 Mr. Punch and John Bull's New Diary, 2
 Mr. Punch and Mr. Smith on Infantile
 Insurance, 80
 Mr. Punch and the Armed Police, 25
 Mr. Punch as a Beefeater, 161
 Mr. Punch's Notes of the Months, 38, 110,
 158, 218, 272
 Mr. Punch visits Paris, 318
 Mr. Rosebery and L. C. C. at the Derby, 280
 Mr. W. H. Smith at Monte Carlo, 72
 Musical Notes, 249, 257
 Naughty Little Michael, 89
 Nephew and Inebriated Uncle, 119
 Nervous Bridegroom and his Bride, 46
 New Hallery Gallery Pictures, 254
 New Readings of Macbeth, 35
 Not Baby's Grandmamma! 281
 Nupkins on Nightingale and Cuckoo, 307
 Old Gen practising Skating, 54
 Old Gen who has Missed a Train, 195
 On Visiting but not Speaking Terms, 171
 Opposition Listening to Balfour, 130
 Osprey and the Eagles (The), 122
 Our Artist and his Old Friend, 183
 Parliamentary Canvasser and Elector's
 Baby, 138
 Parliamentary Steeplechase (The), 178
 Parnell Master of the Situation, 166
 Past and Present Art Meeting, 71
 Patient at Sick Doctor's Bedside, 30
 Philanthropist and Juvenile Vagrant, 207
 Picture as a Wedding Present (A), 111
 Portrait of M. Eiffel, 324
 Prince of Wales and Imperial Institute, 187
 Pull Flocuet! Pull Boulanger! 83
 Punch and Figaro, 317
 Punch and Toby at Football, 1
 Putting Visitor's Hat into a Cabinet, 250
 Q. C.'s Sitting on a Celebrated Case, 296
 Railway Carriage—on Route, 315
 Rector's Wife and the Souris, 34
 Result of Our Artist Caricaturing Pic-
 tures, 247
 Riding with Snaffle, Curb, or Saddle, 117
 Riding with Spurs in One's Pocket, 305
 Right Hon. Arthur Gifford, M.P., 243
 Rosebery and the C. C. Paul Fry, 295
 Rough Sketch of the Opposition below
 the Gangway, 190
 Royal Academy Pictures, 223—226
 Royal Commission (The), 202
 Saxon Fisherman at an Irish Fishery, 203
 School-Board and the Pantomime Chil-
 dren, 83
 Scotch Local Government Haggis, 182
 Scotch Local Government Piper, 258
 Seeing the Last of a Friend, 51
 Shakespeare on the Streets, 49
 Short Gent's Attempt to Reach the Gas, 3
 Sir John Millais on National Portraits, 215
 Small Picture with Large Margin, 231
 Smith and Brown at Hairdresser's, 167
 Speaker prepares for the Sitting, 309
 Special Commissioners at the
 Derby, 269
 "Speed the Plough," 311
 Spirit of Speculation (The), 50
 Squire Bluenose's Private Road, 262
 Stable Companions, 285
 Stock Exchange Men and Gambling
 Clubs, 245
 Street Rough and Lady's Little
 Dog, 94
 Study on the Thames (A), 283
 Suitors of Samoa (The), 62
 Supporting Weights and Measures
 Bill, 255
 Tailor named Flaxman (A), 219
 Toby, M.P., drinks to Absent
 Friends, 11
 Tommy and the French Nurse, 174
 Tommy's Choice—Pony or Calr
 229
 Tommy's Dream of a Mammoth, 102
 Too Late to alter Lady's Name 235
 To Paris in 1889, 323
 Tourists flying to the Tower, 322
 Two Invitations to Waltz, 302
 Two Irishmen in Belgian Café, 191
 Two Lines of Descent, 312
 Waiter ordering up Gorgonzola, 82
 What he Ought to get for his Pic-
 ture, 135
 Why Smithers won't Take the
 Pledge, 123
 "Wolf at the Door" (The), 267
 Young Lady at Riding-School, 198
 Young Masham at a Scientific
 Conversazione, 13



